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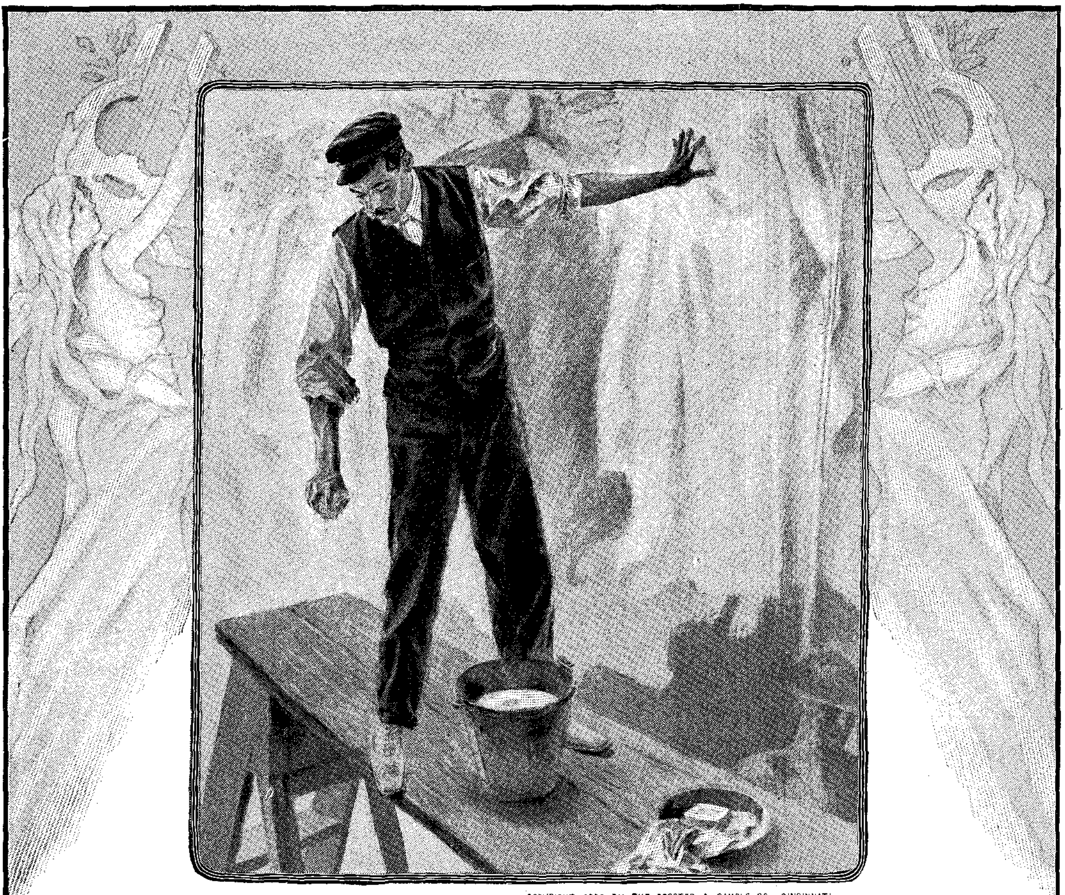

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The Outlook

SEPTEMBER 25, 1909

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"THE PINCHOT-BALLINGER CONTROVERSY"

What is popularly known as the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy is in reality a difference of both policy and opinion between the Interior Department, of which Secretary Ballinger is the head, and the Forestry Bureau in the Department of Agriculture, of which Bureau Mr. Gifford Pinchot is the head. The differences were referred to President Taft, who last week made public his decision in favor of Secretary Ballinger on every count. The decision is in the form of a letter addressed to the Secretary. In announcing his decision, the President authorizes Secretary Ballinger, in response to the latter's request for such authority, to dismiss from the Government service Mr. L. R. Glavis, Chief of the Field Division of the General Land Office at Seattle, who made specific charges of maladministration in Secretary Ballinger's department. The ground of this dismissal is stated in the following words quoted from the President's decision: "You are therefore authorized to dismiss L. R. Glavis from the service of the Government for filing a disingenuous statement unjustly impeaching the official integrity of his superior officers." The President also refers at some length to certain other charges against Secretary Ballinger, not contained in Mr. Glavis's report, to the effect that the Secretary is not in sympathy with the policy of conservation of National resources inaugurated by Mr. Roosevelt, which is also "the declared policy of this Administration." The President reviews the course of Secretary Ballinger in this respect, and closes his statement with this declaration: "In my judgment, he is the best friend of the policy of conservation of National resources who insists that every step taken in that direction should be within the law and buttressed by legal authority. Insistence on this is not inconsistent with a whole-hearted and bona-fide interest and enthusiasm in favor of the conservation policy. From my conferences with you, and from everything which I know in respect to the conduct of your department, I am able to say that you are fully in sympathy with the attitude of this Administration in favor of the conservation of National resources."

SECRETARY BALLINGER AND THE CUNNINGHAM CLAIMS

The President's letter definitely establishes the status of Secretary Ballinger as an officer of the Administration. The differences between the Interior Department and the Forest Service are now so acute and perhaps so fundamental that further public discussion is inevitable. The following review of the charges is therefore essential to a clear understanding of the situation. They fall into two divisions. First: It is charged that the Interior Department has attempted to facilitate the granting of extensive claims to rich and valuable coal lands in Alaska, known as the Cunningham claims—which claims are alleged to be fraudulent and contrary to public welfare. These claims cover an area of 5,280 acres near Katalla, and contain, according to the claimants' experts, 63,000,000 long tons of coal, and more or less timber and important water powers which may be used in connection with the mines. For more than three years the Government has been investigating the validity of these claims, and two years ago Special Agent Jones, of the General Land Office, submitted a report in which it was intimated that the entries were fraudulent and probably made for the benefit of the Guggenheim Syndicate. Immediately afterwards Mr. Glavis was put in charge of the cases. Mr. Glavis and Special Agent Jones have vigorously opposed the claims. In January, 1908, orders were issued from Secretary Ballinger's department that these claims were to be "clear-listed" for patent—that is, to be granted as soon as the formalities could be completed. A protest from Mr. Glavis resulted in a suspension of this order, and the investigation was continued. These events occurred when Secretary Ballinger was Commissioner of the General Land Office. In March, 1908, Mr. Ballinger resigned as Land Commissioner, and during the ensuing year became one of the counsel for the Cunningham claims, or at least received a fee from the claimants for legal advice, and, before the House Committee on Public Lands, urged legislation which would have, it is alleged, benefited the Cunningham claimants. After Mr. Ballinger became Secretary of the Interior, Agent Glavis was directed by that Department to bring his investigation to a prompt conclusion in order that the matter might be finally settled. Mr. Glavis asked for more time on account of the complicated evidence involved, and after considerable friction the controversy was brought to a head by his complaint to the President that the Interior Department was impeding his work and favoring the Cunningham claims. In substance his complaint resolves itself into this: That Mr. Ballinger's connection as legal adviser with the Cunningham claimants some time during the summer of 1908 gave him a special interest in those claims which prompted him to have his subordinates bring pressure on Mr. Glavis to make his investigations superficial and perhaps favorable. The President replies that Mr. Ballinger's legal connection with the Cunningham claims in the summer of 1908 was a very slight one and his fee amounted to a sum of only $250; that the pressure brought to bear upon Mr. Glavis was to aid in the commendable endeavor to clear his Department of an incubus of 30,000 accumulated claims, of which the Cunningham group numbered only 33; and that since he became the head of the Interior Department Secretary Ballinger has studiously refrained from personally having anything to do with the Cunningham claims, leaving the decision with regard to them entirely with his subordinates.

* * *

SECRETARY BALLINGER AND THE WATER POWERS

Of the two main charges alluded to above, we now turn to the second: It is charged that Secretary Ballinger has reversed the policy, inaugurated by Mr. Roosevelt and carried out by Secretary Garfield, of withdrawing from entry for private ownership lands in the public domain which contain valuable water power sites. In the latter part of Mr. Roosevelt's administration, Mr. Garfield, then Secretary of the Interior, withdrew from entry one and a half million acres of land in Wyoming, Montana, and adjacent territory. These lands were along rivers furnishing extensive water powers which could be developed for the generation of commercially valuable electricity. When Mr. Ballinger became Secretary of the Interior, he reversed Mr. Garfield's order and restored a large part of these lands to private entry. A little later he modified his procedure and again withdrew some of this territory which he had thrown open to public entry, but at the present time the amount of land withdrawn is 300,000 instead of 1,500,000 acres. This large difference in acreage, together with a controversy with the Reclamation Service as to contracts made with homesteaders and the refusal of Secretary Ballinger to permit the Forestry Bureau, of which Mr. Pinchot is the head, to take charge of forests on Indian reservations, is asserted to be a proof of Mr. Ballinger's lack of sympathy with the Roosevelt policy of conservation. In reply the President states that he is conversant with every detail of Mr. Ballinger's course in these particulars and approves it; that when Mr. Garfield withdrew the 1,500,000 acres he withdrew parts of townships that have no relation to water powers, and that Mr. Ballinger's 300,000 acres are so accurately plotted by the Geological Survey that they preserve the water powers as completely as Mr. Garfield's 1,500,000 acres, if not more completely; that the Attorney-General has sustained Mr. Ballinger's interpretation of the reclamation contracts; and that the Comptroller has ruled that the Forestry Bureau cannot, without additional legislation by Congress which Mr. Taft recommends, administer the forests on Indian reservations. The President states that no trust or monopoly or syndicate has obtained any water powers during Secretary Ballinger's incumbency, and expresses his belief that the present policy of the Interior Department will promote sound and sure development in conservation of resources, in the reclamation of arid lands, and in forestry. Mr. Taft's judgment concerning the direct or implied charges that Secretary Ballinger has been actuated by improper motives will be accepted as final and satisfactory by the country. Nevertheless, the fact cannot be ignored that Mr. Ballinger's acceptance of a counsel fee, even of $250, from claimants whose cause had been investigated by his own office, a cause which to this day lies under the charge of being fraudulent, may be called at least in bad taste. The size of the fee has nothing to do with the fundamental principle at stake.

THE RAPID DISAPPEARANCE OF PUBLIC LAND

In connection with the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy a rather remarkable article printed on the editorial page of the New York Sun of September 16 puts the need of a rigorous National conservation policy in a concrete and striking form—especially striking because the Sun is generally unsympathetic with the doctrine of Federal regulation for public welfare. It may therefore be regarded as an unprejudiced witness, and its advocacy of still more stringent laws is that not of doctrinaires but of a group who take a very practical view of social economy and prosperity. It approves of the homestead law enacted in the administration of President Lincoln, through which settlers were brought into the great West; it also approves of the "land grants on a gigantic scale" which made the transcontinental railways possible:

> Under this system endless miles of wilderness became one of the world's greatest producing areas and the home of millions of industrious and prosperous people. The change in conditions was not attended by change in the laws. There was a continuance of the policy of treating public land as of little or no value, to be given, or at best sold cheaply, to those who applied for it. Under these antiquated laws petty frauds and gigantic swindles came into existence and flourished mightily. All attempts to remedy the evil, to adjust the laws to the new conditions, were fought by the representatives of those who were making money by processes which were in fact the equivalent of robbery of the American people.

The people of the United States now own less than four one-thousandths of the public land formerly in their possession—a very small fraction. This is brought out in the following epitome of some of the facts stated by the Sun. According to the statistics of the General Land Office, there now are left 754,895,296 acres of unappropriated and unreserved public land; 368,000,000 acres of this land are in Alaska. Leaving out the Alaskan area, and the appropriated and reserved areas of the country proper, it appears that the United States is now the proprietor of 386,873,787 acres of the least valuable land out of an original possession of over one billion acres. Very little farming land remains for distribution. The mineral resources of the unsurveyed regions are either little known or quite unknown. The gift or the bargain sale of highly valuable forests and mineral land for the enrichment of the few by the careless liberality of the many is now a National folly. For what remains as National property new laws should be devised in the interests of the present owners, the people of the United States. One result of the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy should be to focus public attention upon some of the facts and some of the National needs which the Sun so clearly sets forth. There will be found elsewhere in this issue an editorial discussion of the principles involved in the controversy over Secretary Ballinger's administration of his Department.

THE MARCH OF THE LAND HUNGRY

Not since the opening of Oklahoma has so large an area of Indian reservations been given to white settlement in a single season as during the present year. Two more great openings, which will offer over a million acres, are yet to be added. At all these the rush of applicants for land has been enormous, and the officials in charge have with difficulty handled the flood of filings. In the recent drawing of lands of the Cœur d'Alene reservation 300,000 applications were made, and only 1,500 had a chance of winning. In reality not even that number could hope to gain a valuable prize, for a part of the land was semi-arid prairie not worth the expense of proving a title. With each succeeding drawing the number of seekers after lands increases, and they come from every station and every profession. Many make long journeys to be present, and men stand in line a whole day to get their name on the list. It is popular to refer to these throngs as the "land hungry," and to consider that they are eager to obtain homes. The fact is, however, that by far the greater portion is made up of men well-to-do who are attracted by the chance of securing a valuable prize without risk. The day of real land hunger passed many years ago; what now exists is at basis money hunger, for the rise in land values throughout the agricultural sections has inspired speculative ambitions and attracted every one with savings. As the price of farms has doubled and tripled on account of a series of good yields and high prices for products, investors have looked longingly upon land, just as formerly the town lot was a magnet. It is considered that every fertile acre of these reservations now being opened will in a short time be worth as much as are those of the improved farm of to-day. This makes a magnificent prize for which to strive. So, instead of the homeless and farmless, who should by good rights constitute the applicants, all sorts and conditions of men make up the mob, and those who really need land are in a hopeless minority. To this extent the drawings fail to fulfill the very purpose for which they are conducted; but it is difficult to see what change would eliminate the speculator and the undeserving. With the railways advertising excursions weeks ahead and the fortune of lucky winners heralded as an impetus for the next opportunity, ambitious Westerners for hundreds of miles in every direction become imbued with enthusiasm for the land lottery. It is not every day that they can tempt fate on such easy terms. As the number of reservations dwindles the fervor increases, and when the final drawing arrives it seems likely that it will take a regiment of clerks and police to conduct it. The object of the Homestead Law was to provide land for those who would settle upon it and cultivate it. If it cannot be so administered as to secure the land for this class alone, it is high time the law was amended or if necessary even repealed. The events in the opening of the Oklahoma reservations throw much light upon the whole problem of conservation of National resources.

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THE SICKNESS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

That the Democratic party in National affairs has fallen to a state of inefficiency is not the accusation of its opponents, it is the confession of Democrats themselves. At Saratoga, New York, week before last, several hundred Democrats of the State met in conference for the purpose of finding, if possible, some way of restoring the vitality of the party in State and Nation. The conference might well be likened to a consultation of physicians over a sick patient. First the members had to diagnose the disease and then suggest a remedy. Mr. Thomas M. Osborne and Mr. Edward M. Shepard, two of the conspicuously public-spirited men in the State, who have rendered great public service, both found a cause for Democratic decline in the character of the leadership. "In other relations of life," said Mr. Osborne, "one does not look to gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles," and he declared that the only way to bring success to the Democratic party was to intrust its political machinery to men of intelligence and character. And Mr. Shepard warned the Democratic Organization of New York City, which, as everybody knows, consists in the main of unsavory Tammany Hall and its no more savory Brooklyn rivals, that it would only injure the party in State and Nation if it should give offense in the character of the men it was about to nominate for city offices. In the first place, then, it is patent that many high-minded Democrats thoroughly distrust their party leaders. In the second place, there was some feeling, evidently, that the Democratic party had been unfortunate in its declarations of principles. Some evidently felt that the party was prone to attempt the revivification of dead issues; others felt that it had not been true to the principles it had espoused. The conference adopted a platform which included strict construction of the Constitution, support of legitimate Federal activities, resistance to Federal encroachment, tariff for revenue, economy, popular election of United States Senators, nomination and election reforms (though not specifically direct nominations), anti-imperialism, a Federal income tax, and, most significant of all, the confinement of the creation, taxation, and regulation of corporations to the States. If Democrats wish to seek reasons for the inefficiency of their party, they need look no further than this platform. The absorbing problems of to-day are those concerned with industry—the concentration of wealth, the organization of capital, the rights and powers of labor, the protection of the natural sources of wealth and their proper use for public benefit. The struggle is between those who wish to let industry remain unregulated and those who are determined that the Nation shall be sovereign over its creatures and preserve its own possessions. That struggle is a vital and real one, and, politically, it is keenest within the Republican party. While this vital struggle is in progress, the Democratic party has stood aside. In this Saratoga platform there is but one reference to this whole industrial problem, and that is the futile suggestion that corporations, though they be National in scope, inter-State in activities, and bulwarked by the Federal courts, should be left to the supervision of the States. As soon as the Democratic party takes a stand on one side or the other of the great struggle that is paramount in this country, it will become vitalized; but until it does that it is negligible.

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THE GOVERNORSHIP OF PORTO RICO For some time Governor Regis H. Post, of Porto Rico, has, for personal reasons, desired to resign. As our readers know, however, there has been a controversy in the island between a certain group of Spanish politicians and the representatives of the American Government. Briefly, this controversy was one over the question whether these politicians of Porto Rico should have the privilege of spending money raised by the United States. The politicians became so bitter in their feeling that they attempted to enforce their will by paralyzing the Government. Finally, a law passed by Congress at the instance of President Taft put an end to this attempted subversion of all orderly rule in the island. So long as this controversy was acute, Mr. Post could not conscientiously withdraw from the Governorship. Now, however, that the difficulty has been settled, Mr. Post has offered his resignation. He leaves with the congratulations of the President upon his administrative record. His frankness and courage have been mingled with a genuine and effective concern for the interests of the Porto Ricans and the future of the island. The recent Secretary of Porto Rico, Mr. Willoughby, was a few weeks ago appointed by President Taft as Assistant Director of the Census, a position for which by temperament and training he is conspicuously fitted. In his place as Secretary of Porto Rico the President has appointed Mr. George Cabot Ward. This appointment is not only a recognition of Mr. Ward's eminent services as Auditor of the island, but also a reaffirmation by the President of his approval of the course pursued by the American officials and of his disapproval of those Porto Rican politicians who for party advantage would, if they could, have put in jeopardy the welfare of the Porto Rican people. Mr. Post's successor as Governor is to be Mr. George R. Colton. Mr. Colton is not only a fluent speaker of Spanish, who has a knowledge of Latin peoples, but is in particular experienced in the administration of island dependencies. He has had military and civil experience in the Philippines and civil experience in Santo Domingo. His duties have made him acquainted with the financial side of government, and he is especially equipped on tariff matters. Porto Rico has been well served by men whose chief interest is not the commercial exploitation of the territory but the welfare of the inhabitants and the promotion of democratic ideals. The people of the

United States have reason to expect of the new appointee a continuation of the policy that has already been justified by its results.

DE KERCHE VAN KINGSTOWN'S TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS

The Old Dutch Church at Kingston, New York, devoted three days last week to a notable celebration of its long years of service in the Colonial, the Revolutionary, and the modern town. Only four of the churches of the Reformed communion antedate the church of Kingston, and the pastors of these—the Collegiate of New York, the First Dutch of Albany, and the churches of Flatlands and Flatbush, Long Island—were present to represent them. Four Presidents—Washington, Van Buren, Grant, and Arthur—and thirteen Governors, all of the State of New York, have in the course of the centuries worshiped in the Old Dutch Church. The first of the Governors, Clinton, now lies buried in the roomy green churchyard looking off towards the Kaatskills, whither so many Dutch worthies were laid a hundred years or so before his time. This first Governor, who presided in the old Senate House, just around a few corners, where the Constitution of New York was formulated, came late to his final fitting resting-place, for his body was brought from Washington only last year. An early stone church, burned by the British in 1777, was then a hundred years old, but was rebuilt. The present beautiful stone church was dedicated in 1852. Dr. van Slyke, whose historical recount of the work and sufferings of the ancient parish made the central interest of the week, is the fifteenth pastor in succession from Hermannus Blom, who fathered the church of 1660. Chartered by George III in 1719, it was served until 1808 by men from the universities of Holland and Germany—van Gaasbeek, Weekstein, Bosch, Micella Beys, Vas, Manicus, Meyer, and Doll. These made the church influential in town affairs, and the minister's house, built in 1661, was "used both for civil and religious affairs;" nor were the succeeding pastors, Drs. Gosman, Lillie, van Wagenen, Hoes, and Vanderveer, less effective in more recent years in touching the civic life of the town. At the opening service two silver communion beakers were used, the older of which is now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. Seven and one-half inches high, it was presented by the Classis of Amsterdam, in Holland, and bears in Dutch the inscription, "A token of love and truth to the Church in Kingston, 1711, November 21," with richly engraved ecclesiastical designs. As special commissioner to the celebration came the Rev. A. Eckhoff, of the University of Leyden, while Rutgers College and the New Brunswick Seminary were represented by their Presidents, Drs. Demarest and Searles. Mayor Crane spoke for the city, Judge Clearwater for the committee, Dr. Corwin, of New Brunswick, for "past generations," and the Rev. Mr. Seeley for such religious education as can alone make the Church of the past the Church of the future.

THE NEW POSITION OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

The recent annexation of Bosnia by Austria-Hungary caused in many quarters a feeling of regret that the latter days of the venerable Austrian Emperor should have been marred by something which seemed like a piece of sharp practice. We find this opinion reflected in Mr. Geoffrey Drage's just published "Austria-Hungary." He voices a general opinion when he says that the Emperor must have been strangely misled before he lent to such a course the immense prestige and respect which he enjoys in every civilized country. It is true that the annexation had been preceded by announcements made in autograph letters written by the Emperor to the heads of the other Great Powers. But the public announcement was received with indignation among those nations which believe that a treaty cannot thus be violated. The Treaty of Berlin (1878) placed Bosnia under Austrian administration. During the three decades which have elapsed Austria has redeemed Bosnia from Turkish misrule, not only politically, but economically and educationally. Doubtless when the treaty was framed, certainly since, the other Powers foresaw that Austrian occupation would lead to annexation. This, however, should have been accomplished by a conference of the Powers signatory to the Berlin Treaty, and doubtless ultimately would have been. It was Austria's cynical manner of swift accomplishment which justly alarmed the other Powers, save Germany. Yet whatever the unjustifiable and unnecessary manner of the final shifting of Bosnia from Turkey may have been, the world must applaud the proposed redemption of Austria's pledge of self-government to Bosnia. The provincial Parliament will consist of certain ecclesiastical members and seventy-two elected Deputies, one Deputy representing an average of twenty-five thousand electors, the same ratio as that observed in the Diets of Lower Austria and of Bohemia. The franchise is to be universal and direct. The electorate will be divided into three categories. To the first are to belong the largest taxpayers, all persons possessing academic diplomas, and members of the Chambers of Commerce. The second and third categories will be composed respectively of urban and country electors. An interesting provision is that in all categories parliamentary seats are to be distributed according to the numerical strength of the various creeds, and the electors of each creed will vote separately; furthermore, the President of the Diet, to be appointed by the Crown, will be selected from each creed in turn. Simultaneously with the Diet, district councils will be instituted. After reading Mr. Drage's well-informed pages, the fact that Austria-Hungary is becoming a powerful Slavonic State is more evident than ever. It is this trend which gives special interest to the reading of the book, perhaps the most valuable compendium on the subject of Austria which has yet appeared.

* * *

IDAHO RECLAMATION PROGRESS

Some years ago, when the Minidoka project of reclamation in Idaho was well under way, The Outlook called attention to it and gave a brief account of some of its features. Its progress to date and the success attending portions of the completed work seem to call for further notice. In all, the United States Government hopes to reclaim about 150,000 acres of desert land in southeastern Idaho on the Snake River, west of Pocatello. The great dam on the river—an account of which has been given in The Outlook—is now being partly utilized, and the lands to the north can be irrigated by gravity, while those south will be reached by means of huge turbines which generate power for pumping water to the higher levels on that side of the river. The water pumped to this higher level will fill a great reservoir about eight miles from the dam, while at this reservoir another set of pumps will lift the water to a still higher level, and a third will elevate it to a final height of eighty-seven feet above the mean level of the river. As it will be necessary to use the pumps for only a part of the year in lifting water for irrigation purposes, the excess will be utilized for light, heat, and power during at least seven months of the year. The Minidoka reclamation scheme is one of the most difficult and expensive in which the Government has yet engaged, but the results already attained seem to leave no doubt of its final success. Already some 73,700 acres on the north side of the river have been reclaimed, and about 70,000 on the south side are now irrigated. In other words, only a small fraction of the tract as yet remains unsupplied with water, and that, of course, the most difficult part. Practically almost all the land now irrigated has been taken up by settlers; the water on the north side having been turned on in 1907 and on the south side last May. The land is divided up into farms of eighty acres each, and this region, once an inhospitable desert, has already begun literally to blossom as the rose, and has become the scene of thriving industry and happy and comfortable homes supplied in most cases with all modern conveniences. The land, owing to the great cost of the reclamation work, is naturally high, the price being about $40 per acre for land and water rights. On the north side many of the settlers raised their first crop last year, and hence have already begun to realize on their investment. As in most irrigated regions of the West, fruits of all kinds, and especially apples, are the famed kinds of crops. The great dam on which the prosperity and future of this new community depends seems as solid as the eternal hills. It cost about $2,000,000, and already 128 miles of main canals and nearly 1,000 miles of laterals have been completed.

NATIONAL OWNERSHIP OF NATIONAL RESOURCES

We report on another page the facts respecting the controversy between the Interior Department and the Forestry Bureau of the Agricultural Department and the President's finding thereon. This controversy is partly due to a difference in temperament between Mr. Pinchot, the head of the Forestry Bureau, and Mr. Ballinger, the Secretary of the Interior, partly due to a difference in administrative methods, and partly to circumstances which gave rise to charges of corrupt practices in the Interior Department. The country will, we think, accept as conclusive, as does The Outlook, the President's decisive judgment of "not guilty" upon these charges, and will trust to his diplomatic ability to settle the temperamental differences and to his judicial ability to harmonize the administrative differences. But a far more important question is suggested, if not directly involved—a question which has a vital relation to the future welfare of the Nation. We are quite sure that Mr. Pinchot has not exaggerated the importance of this question; we are not equally sure that Mr. Ballinger has adequately estimated its importance. It is our well-settled conviction, founded upon careful historical and economic studies, that the forests, the mineral deposits, and the water powers within the National territory belong to the people, that the Government is the trustee for the people of this property, and that it owes to them the sacred duty of protecting for them this property against private spoliation. Mr. Pinchot's enthusiastic devotion to this cause of the people has endeared him to all who are familiar with his political career and his public services. Any failure to protect their property, now that public attention has been called to the dangers which threaten it, will not be easily forgiven by the American people.

That all public lands belong to the public, that all private titles to land are derived from the public, that no man in America owns so much as a village lot the title to which cannot be traced back to a deed from the community which is by law the primary and original owner, constitute a proposition not debatable. Some land titles in America are derived from English patents by which the English Government, holding the land for the English people, deeded it to favored grantees. Some of them can be traced back to purchases from Indian tribes which, owning the land in common, deeded it by tribal treaty either to the individual or to the Colony. Some of them are derived by purchase from the government which had acquired them by conquest from another government. Some of them, probably a majority of the land titles in the West, are derived from the United States Government, which gave them in small holdings to actual settlers. Squatters have sometimes claimed a title to land because they have squatted upon it; but no government has ever recognized this as constituting a legal title to the land so occupied, though sometimes, after long occupancy, and as a peace-making compromise, title to such lands has been given to the squatter by governmental action. But in such cases the legal title depends wholly upon the governmental gift. It is now too late to question in any Anglo-Saxon community this fundamental legal principle, that the land belongs to the people; that the natural title of all the lands of any territory is in the nation which is sovereign over that territory; and that all individual ownership is derived from the nation, either by gift or purchase, and in no other way. In claiming, therefore, that the great forests, the water powers, and the mineral deposits which have not been sold or given away belong to the people, and that it is a sacred duty of the Government to protect the rights of the people to this property, The Outlook is laying down no new principle; it is only reaffirming a legal principle which has been recognized and acted upon by the Anglo-Saxon race ever since the days of Alfred the Great.

And in affirming that these properties which belong to the people—the great forests, the mineral deposits, and the water powers—ought not to be given away and ought not to be sold, we are not proposing any new policy. It is true that for over forty years the Federal Government has been giving away the public domain. But it is also true that it has given it only in small lots of 160 acres and to actual settlers who would occupy and cultivate the land. It is also true that it has sold large tracts of public land to railway corporations—sold, because the consideration for the gift was an undertaking by the corporation to build a railway which would make the public lands available to actual settlers. This policy America has pursued because it has recognized the truth that the wealth of a nation depends, not on its possession of material resources, but on an industrious, virtuous, and intelligent population, who alone can make material resources of any value. To give lots of 160 acres to farmers who will settle on them and cultivate the land, and so build up a thrifty and prosperous agricultural community, was a wise policy, the wisdom of which experience has demonstrated. To give away water powers of unestimated value to great absentee capitalists, under pretense of giving quarter-sections to actual settlers, and to give mineral lands in area ten or twenty times that of a quarter-section to great corporations, who will pay very moderate and sometimes quite inadequate wages to the actual settlers and take the profits for themselves, to be spent in Eastern cities or in Europe, is not an adoption of the homestead policy nor a modification of it, but a practical reversal of it. One policy enriches the community which it creates; the other creates a community to enrich absentee landlords. One policy produces a Champaign County in Illinois; the other policy produces a Cripple Creek in Colorado.

It *may* be that Secretary Garfield withdrew from settlement in the West certain lands without sufficient previous investigation. It is *certain* that Secretary Ballinger did not make sufficient investigation before he reopened these lands to settlement. Whether his subsequent withdrawal from entry of the lands immediately contiguous to the water power streams is sufficient to secure to the Nation those water powers, or whether the adjoining forest lands may be so recklessly despoiled of their timber by private enterprise as at the same time to impair the water power, we do not know. It *may* be that all the entries of coal lands in Alaska have been honest. It is *certain* that the Government ought not to allow any of the titles partially acquired by such entries to be perfected until the charges of fraud have been very thoroughly investigated. Upon neither of these questions is President Taft's finding conclusive, for neither of these questions has been investigated sufficiently to make a conclusive finding possible, and on neither of them has President Taft rendered a decision.

President Taft is speaking to the people of the West as this issue of The Outlook goes to press, and it may be assumed that he will speak with his accustomed frankness and courage. We hope that he will listen as well as speak, and that there will be found men in the West as frank and as courageous as himself to tell him that the people of the West and the people of the whole country look to him to protect the people's rights to the people's property, and to see to it that the great forest and mineral lands and the great water powers now belonging to the Nation are not allowed to pass, by either gift, sale, or unqualified lease, from the control of the Nation. Neither a mistaken policy nor carelessness of administration should be allowed to deprive the Nation of its fair share in the profits which accrue from the administration of the Nation's wealth, nor from exercising over that administration whatever regulative control is necessary to safeguard the Nation's interests.

THE NEW TARIFF COMMISSION

In the statement given out when he signed the Tariff Bill President Taft said:

> The authority of the President to use agents to assist him in the application of the maximum and minimum section of the statute, and to enable officials to administer the law, gives a wide latitude for the acquisition, under circumstances favorable to its truth, of information in respect to the price and cost of production of goods at home and abroad which will throw much light on the operation of the present tariff and be of primary importance as officially collected data upon which future executive action and executive recommendations may be based.

In the appointment of the so-called Tariff Commission—"such persons as may be required" in the administration of the maximum and minimum tariff, the law says—the President has given evidence of his determination to carry out the intention expressed in his statement. Henry C. Emery, chairman of the board, has been Professor of Political Economy at Yale for the last nine years, and is a thoroughly equipped man in economics. James B. Reynolds, the second member, has been an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for four years, and has been in charge of the administration of the tariff law; he is an expert on the administrative side of customs duties. The third member, Alvin H. Sanders, editor of the Breeders' Gazette, is particularly familiar with agricultural matters and especially with the requirements for extending American markets. The personnel of the Commission will be a guarantee to the country of the high character of the work which will be done under its supervision, and it will not be open to the objection, attributed to the Speaker of the House while the tariff fight was in progress, that he did not propose to have Congress supplied with information by "a lot of free-trade college professors."

The need of such a Commission to gather facts for the use of Congress in revising the tariff was demonstrated in the recent special session. Even the members of the great committees in charge of the bill were working much of the time in the dark regarding the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad, which was to be the basis of the revision according to the Republican platform. When Mr. Andrew Carnegie was before the Ways and Means Committee of the House last December, the members showed a real anxiety to get at the difference of the cost of production in the steel industry at home and abroad. This colloquy ensued:

> *Mr. Longworth.* Is there any way that you can suggest to me, as a member of this Committee, with practically every facility, the right to summon all witnesses, the facilities this Government has, without the practical experience, and without the means of getting it, because we must act as promptly as possible—of finding out these things (the difference in the cost at home and abroad)?
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> *Mr. Carnegie.* I know of only one way that this Committee can arrive at anything approaching the real truth of the difference in cost, and that is to have men belonging to the steel industry, experts of the highest character and ability, to be charged with visiting the works of Europe, selecting in each country the best works.
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> *Mr. Longworth.* Mr. Carnegie, the trouble is that it is a condition and not a theory that confronts the Committee now. It is utterly impossible for us to send experts abroad.

Because of its inability to get the facts from impartial and authoritative sources, the Ways and Means Committee was obliged to rely largely—so far as it paid attention to the difference in the cost of production—upon the statements of manufacturers, who were, of course, interested witnesses. In a few instances researches made by agents of the Department of Commerce and Labor were available. The reliability of the figures obtained in respect to German industries was challenged by the German Chambers of Commerce which, at the request of the State Department, furnished statements on German wage costs. These statements, however, were not translated and published until the closing days of the special session, so they were not available for checking up information. Because the necessary information was not at hand, Mr. Payne, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, based his defense of the bill to the House, not on the differences in cost of production, but on the character of importations. Where importations were comparatively small, he said, duties had been lowered; where they were very great, duties had been raised.

On almost every schedule in the bill statements were quoted in the debate in the Senate, on good authority, of the most contradictory character. For instance, on the cotton schedule The Outlook has called attention to the statement of Mr. De Vries, of the Board of General Appraisers, that the new duties have been arranged merely to correct defects in the Dingley Law. Tables prepared by the Department of Commerce and Labor, and under the direction of Mr. C. P. Montgomery, chief of the Division of Customs, Treasury Department, show heavy increases throughout on all grades of cloth, and not merely on the higher qualities mentioned by Mr. De Vries. Such differences in statistics ought not to be possible, and they will not be under the supervision of the new Tariff Commission.

To be sure, Congress is not bound by anything that the President's experts do. At the same time it will be impossible for the lawmaking body to ignore the findings of the Commission. In the tariff as in other complicated affairs, publicity will be a powerful influence for wholesomeness.

The Commission will be busy for the next few months collecting information to govern the Executive in applying the maximum and minimum duties. Then we may expect to see it begin to collect data bearing on some specific schedule which the present law leaves in unsatisfactory shape. The woolen schedule has been widely criticised, and President Taft is understood to be interested in learning whether it cannot be improved. That schedule, which is of great importance to the American people, might well be the first to engage the attention of the Commission.

THE MUNICIPAL PROBLEM

THE IDEAL CITY

A baby less than a year old is sick in New York City. His mother takes him to the dispensary. There other mothers are with their babies. Is there an epidemic? No. It is only a customary sight in the city in the summer. Every year in New York thousands of babies die whose lives would have been saved if they could have been fed on clean and properly modified milk. Whose business is it to see that those infant lives are saved?

Some, still in the stage of paganism, would answer that it is only the business of the parents. Others, with a larger view, would answer that it is a task for the Church. The Church, however, has already, during these nineteen centuries, so spread abroad the spirit of altruism that philanthropic organizations have been formed to do just such a work. Tasks of this sort will not, however, be left to private organizations. As the spirit of altruism becomes mature it will develop into a sense of responsibility on the part of the community. Once the free school was an institution of charity for the poor; now it is an institution sustained by the whole community for the education of the children of the whole community. So, in other matters than education, as civilization advances charity will be supplanted by social action. No longer, then, will a city complacently see its children needlessly die by scores and hundreds and thousands; it will regard a high infant mortality as a hot shame; it will be as ready to save its children from impure milk as it is now to save its children from burning houses. And the city will do this because it will accept responsibility for conditions which the city creates. It is the city that prevents the child from having easy access to a fresh milk supply; so it is the city that should and will undertake to bring wholesome milk to the child.

In the ideal city, therefore, there will be municipal milk depots. The milk that goes to those depots will be inspected by the city from source to distribution. At those depots will be stationed nurses competent to modify the milk for infant feeding, and to give advice to mothers. In this way Rochester, New York, has materially reduced its infant mortality. This is but one example of the many functions now ordinarily left to private initiative which the ideal city will perform.

In the ideal city the multitude of problems that arise from the congestion of population will not be abandoned to the inhumanity of commercialism or to the chance of philanthropy. They will be taken up by the city itself. One of the reasons for congestion is inadequate transit facilities. The city will control those facilities, and will be master of its local railway lines and its ferries as certainly as it is master of its streets. Another reason for congestion of population is the concentration of factories and workshops in a limited territory. The ideal city will direct the location of such factories and workshops, and will thus prevent the herding of its inhabitants in unsanitary and brutalizing quarters; and, if need be, it will not hesitate to reserve land for residence purposes and even to build suitable dwellings.

The ideal city will not depend on philanthropy for the care of its dependent inhabitants. It will not only provide hospitals for the sick, but it will also provide schools for the blind, the crippled, and the defective, so that they may not become a burden themselves, but take their share in bearing the common burden.

The ideal city will promote the health of its inhabitants, not merely by fighting disease, but by increasing vitality. It will thus regard as part of its normal business the supply of proper milk for babies, the supervision of the diet of school children, and the regulation of its food supply.

The ideal city will ungrudgingly recognize play as a necessity, not a luxury. It will not force its children to play in the crowded, dirty streets, but will count it a wise economy to provide ample playgrounds and parks. As even to-day the far from ideal city recognizes the right of its inhabitants to have access to good books, and thus maintains public libraries, so the ideal city will recognize the right of its inhabitants to have access to good drama, good music, good art; and it will therefore maintain or encourage good theaters, opera-houses, concert halls, and picture galleries.

The ideal city will enlarge the present idea of public education. It will add to the common school for children classes for adults. It will not relegate to the saloon and the settlement the duty of providing social centers, but will develop social centers out of its school-houses and other public buildings.

The ideal city will be as ready to supply light and heat as many very imperfect cities of to-day are to supply water. It will regard its police not as a mere restraining force, but as a constructive instrument—well equipped to suppress crime, but equally well equipped to further the ease of traffic in its streets, to help the weak and infirm, and to inform and guide the stranger.

The ideal city will also value its own dignity and the beauty of its outward appearance. It will be intolerant of untidiness, shoddiness, bad taste in all that meets the public gaze. It will banish the shabby back yard. It will forbid glaring and disfiguring signs and advertisements. It will exercise such supervision over buildings as will insure beauty in its streets. It will value its water front, if it have one, not merely as a commercial convenience, but also as a priceless source of beauty. It will thus provide for municipal patriotism a worthy object. Love for his city will then be as natural for the city dweller as now, in America, it is unnatural and rare.

In these and other ways the ideal city will exercise self-correction and self-control. In that city not one part of the people will take philanthropic care of another part, but the whole people will take self-respecting care of themselves. The activities of the city as a city will be more complex because its life will be more civilized. If, however, a city is to multiply its activities, it must be equipped for its new duties. It cannot have an oligarchical or inefficient government. In America at least, where democracy prevails, the ideal city will be democratic; it will rule itself; subject to the sovereignty of the State and Nation, it will frame its own organic law. And by that organic law it will secure to itself a form of government not designed to further National or State policies, but to make of itself a habitable place and its people a happy people.

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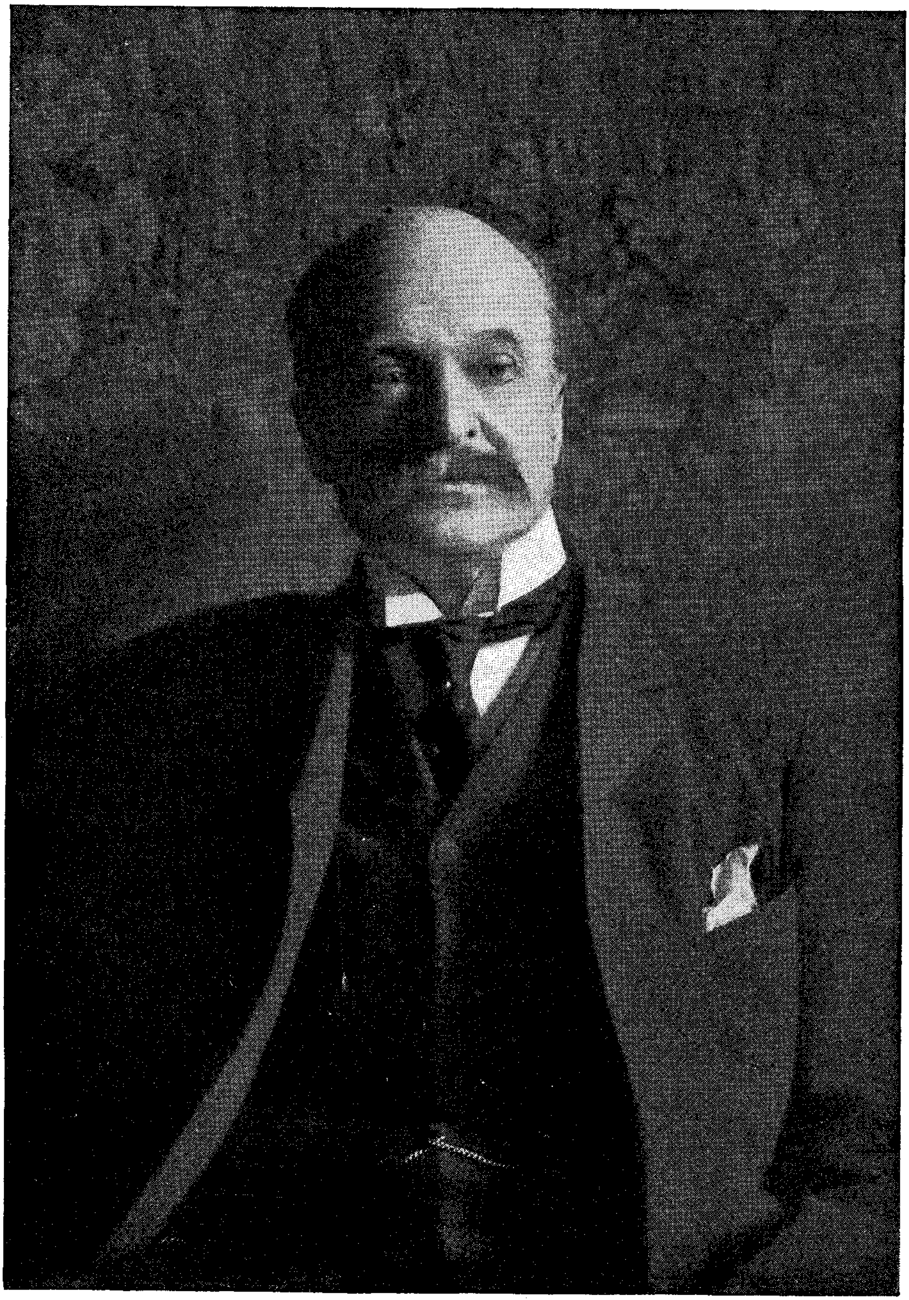
CHARLES FOLLEN McKIM

It is not improbable that hundreds of American admirers of the genius of Charles F. McKim, who died last week at his home near New York in his sixty-third year, are totally unfamiliar with his name. While he has been for a score of years America's most distinguished living architect, the modesty and simplicity of his personal character were so marked that he was scarcely known to the public at large. He preferred to merge his own reputation in that of the famous firm of Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, of which he was the head and guiding spirit. The name of the junior member of the firm, Mr. Stanford White, has been much more before the public eye, not only because of his tragic death by the hand of Harry Thaw a few years ago, but because Mr. White's methods of work were of a type that more quickly arrested popular attention.

The firm was singularly happy in its organization. Mr. McKim, having studied the principles of his profession at the Harvard Scientific School and the École


CHARLES F. McKIM

des Beaux Arts in Paris, entered the office of H. H. Richardson, one of whose monuments is the imposing building of Trinity Church, Boston. In that office he met William R. Mead, and established a partnership with him in 1877. Two years later Mr. White was admitted to the firm, and for nearly thirty years the three worked together in the closest personal and professional sympathy, and with brilliant success.

A list of the splendid public and semi-public buildings designed and erected by the firm would fill a column of this journal, to which might be added a notable array of private dwellings. Among the buildings created by the firm which are best known to the public, there may be mentioned the Boston Public Library, the Madison Square Garden, the Agricultural Building of the Chicago World's Fair, the University, Century, and Harvard Clubs in New York City, the Rhode Island Capitol at Providence, the Library of Columbia University, the Walker Art Gallery at Bowdoin College, Dr. Parkhurst's Church on Madison Square, New York, the new National City Bank on Wall Street, the Bank of Montreal, which is perhaps the finest structure of its kind on this continent; the remodeled White House at Washington, the new buildings of the University of Virginia, and the small but perfect library building belonging to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. Some of these buildings, like the Boston Library, the New York University Club, and the Morgan Library, are expressions of Mr. McKim's personal genius.

His connection with the physical side of the development of college and university life in the United States was a very unusual one. The impress of his professional skill, as well as of his personal taste and character, is found in the buildings of Columbia University and New York University in this city; the University of Virginia; the Art Gallery of Bowdoin College; the building of the Harvard Union; the fence which incloses The Yard at Harvard, giving to it a little of the sense of academic privacy which the English universities obtain from their famous quadrangles; and, lastly, the beautiful room in the Harvard Club of New York known as Harvard Hall. No room that we know of in this country has so succeeded in reproducing the atmosphere and sentiment of one of the great common rooms in an Oxford or Cambridge college. Harvard Hall is perhaps the last piece of work to which Mr. McKim gave his personal attention. Although his mind worked in great enterprises and on a great scale when necessary, his fidelity to minor details when he wished to produce an important architectural effect is illustrated by the fact that he personally changed the coloring of the plaster between the beams of the ceiling at Harvard Hall four times before he was satisfied with the final scheme.

Mr. McKim was a man of public spirit, and gave freely of his influence and services in behalf of the advancement of architectural education and municipal improvements. In recognition of his services to architecture the King's Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects was awarded to him in London in 1903, a distinguished honor shared by only one other American. Mr. McKim's life was one of integrity, industry, and the best artistic achievement. He contributed much more to the real advancement of American life in comfort, welfare, and beauty than many men who have achieved a greater fame in newspaper headlines.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION

A clergyman in one of our smaller cities received a call to a large metropolitan church which had been without a pastor for some time. He went on to look at the field, and the largeness of it attracted him at first. Then he began thinking, and asked a few questions. They were answered encouragingly as far as material assistance was concerned. Yes, workers among the poor were needed; the church would pay the salaries of several deaconesses, if he wanted them. Yes, any money needed for Sunday-school equipment would be forthcoming, and the teachers would be paid, if necessary. Yes, the salaries of kindergartners, physical directors, sewing and cooking teachers, etc., would be gladly supplied, if he desired to inaugurate institutional work. There was no trouble about money—the church had plenty, and would finance anything willingly, if that was what he hesitated over.

But men? Well, the answer was halting. The older men of the church were very busy men, driven hard by the demands of their large affairs. The younger men were striving toward business success with all their might. The women were prominent in social life, and also hard driven. Some were in business, and were under constant strain. Besides, the distances were great, and, after coming to church regularly, not much more could be expected. There were some very active members. One woman, for example, was the president of the Home Missionary Society, the chairman of the Pastors' Aid Society, and teacher of the infant class. One man was the president of the Men's Club, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, and the chairman of the Pew Committee. Twenty active, prominent women in the whole membership? No, hardly that—not prominent, at least. Twenty active, prominent men? No, there might be ten, if those attending to the business side of church affairs were counted in. But really, with such a good, strong, efficient staff as they proposed to give the pastor, what difference did it make in the end?

The clergyman shook his head. "In my home church," he said, "I have men and women to help me who love the church and work for it. I have a paid worker or two, very valuable—in their special work. But they do not represent the personal equation. You offer me money—money enough to buy all your Christian service done for you. I want men and women, not money." And he refused the call forthwith, on these grounds.

Was he not wise? Yet how few churches to-day have a sufficient number of members who give personal service? The men, in many of them, have long ago thrown most of the work upon the women's shoulders. That was all very well when a woman's time was of no value, commercially speaking. But nowadays, when so many women of the ablest type are drawn into business life, church work suffers for lack of their volunteer energy and staying power, which used to be freely at its service any day in the week. All the paid specialists in the world cannot make up the lack of the personal consecration of each member to the service of God and man. It is not better doctrine the churches need to-day—it is the living sacrifice of their men and women in the cause of Christ. To have one man fill three positions, each needing all the thought and effort he can spare—is not that crippling to each department? To have one woman bear three burdens of work, each of them asking for all the powers she can devote to it—is that not bound to spell failure all around?

The tendency toward the professional worker and the salary is not an unnecessary and gratuitous one. It comes out of conditions that leave no choice. Where volunteer charity refuses to devote itself, professional social workers must step in. Nobody questions their tremendous value and the thorough way in which they do things. But how about the men and women who are losing or refusing the chance to consecrate their lives to the service of the poor, the suffering, the oppressed? How about the spiritual life of the churches who are paying deaconesses and Sunday-school teachers to do what should be done by the members? All over America there are devoted workers who have given themselves to noble effort for God and man. Having money, having time, they have consecrated both, and their lives are blessed both to themselves and others in consequence. They are precious, but they are far too few. Is it not time for them to be reinforced, not by money in the plate, not by checks for institutions, but by the personal dedication of some of the rest of us?

WAITING FOR PEARY

BY GEORGE KENNAN

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

IN the course of a somewhat adventurous life, many extraordinary announcements have been made to me by telephone; but few of them have given me a keener or more pleasurable thrill of excitement than that contained in the words "Peary has reached the Pole." I had long anticipated that the North Pole would some time be reached, and had long hoped that Peary would be the man to reach it; but the sudden announcement that my anticipations had been realized and my hopes fulfilled found me almost as unprepared as I should have been for the news that communication had been opened with the planet Mars.

Early the next morning, as I sat by an open fire in my country house reviewing in imagination long-past experiences in the Far North that had been recalled by Peary's achievement, I received a telegram from The Outlook asking me to act as its representative at Sydney, C. B., when the Roosevelt should arrive there from the Polar Sea. I ran hastily through my Arctic index, looked up my latest circumpolar map, packed my round-the-world suit-case, and, joining a magazine editor and a publisher at the village pier, took the first boat for Iona, the nearest station of the Intercolonial Railway on Cape Breton's beautiful inland sea.

An hour and a half later we entered the parlor car of the train for Sydney. The car was filled with keen-eyed, alert-looking young men in tweed suits and traveling caps, some of them looking out over the blue water of the Bras d'Or and asking to be shown the residence of Alexander Graham Bell; some gathered in little groups, holding consultations, apparently, over telegrams or charts; and a few writing busily on pencil-pads held in their laps, and now and then crumpling or tearing up an unsatisfactory sheet of manuscript and throwing it on the paper-littered floor. To the most inexperienced eye it would have been apparent that this was a party of trained professional reporters going somewhere on an important "assignment." In less than ten minutes I had renewed acquaintance with four men whom I had last seen in places as far apart as Santiago de Cuba; Fort de France, Martinique; Tokyo, Japan; and the dining-room of the "Ends of the Earth Club" in New York City. There, too, were Mr. Bridgman, of the Peary Arctic Club, and Mr. Evelyn Baldwin, of the Baldwin-Ziegler Polar Expedition, whose interest in Peary's achievement was even greater than that of the special correspondents.

Sydney, which has been Commander Peary's port of departure and return for nearly thirty years, is chiefly noted for its mines of bituminous coal and its great manufactories of iron and steel; but a visitor who sits at one of the windows of the Sydney Hotel and looks out over the tranquil water of the landlocked harbor sees nothing whatever to remind him that he is in one of the most important industrial centers in the Maritime Provinces. But it is not the Sydney of coal, iron, and steel, nor the Sydney of attractive summer residences, nor the Sydney of picturesque Nova Scotian scenery, that now holds the expectant attention of the world; it is the Sydney of Commander Peary—the Sydney that was the last to bid him good luck and good-by when he sailed away into the mysterious North, and that will now be the first to welcome and congratulate him when he returns.

No sooner had the special correspondents got their bearings in Cape Breton and oriented themselves with reference to Newfoundland and Labrador, than they began to get together in little professionally segregated groups and devise plans to circumvent one another in opening communication with the Roosevelt and getting a "scoop" on Commander Peary's "follow story." The first group to vanish suddenly and mysteriously was that of the Associated Press men, who secretly chartered a small but powerful ocean tug and sailed away into the stormy sea between Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland with the intention of intercepting Commander Peary on his way south, or going through to Battle Harbor, Labrador, in search of him. At last accounts these journalistic adventurers were struggling up the rugged coast of Newfoundland toward the Strait of Belle Isle with a heavy sea breaking over their little vessel fore and aft, in sheets of spray. Soon after the disappearance of the Associated Press men I missed the representative of the United Press, but whether he had followed the example of his rivals or not I could not ascertain. Most of the correspondents decided that it would be safer to await Peary's arrival here than to go north in search of him, because if they should take the latter course they would run the risk of passing him unseen, either in fog or in the darkness of night. For two or three days, therefore, they thronged the writing-room and lobbies of the Sydney Hotel, sending and receiving telegrams, scribbling notes, or gathering in little groups to discuss the probable reason for the detention of the Roosevelt at Battle Harbor. The tedium of waiting was relieved for them a little by a personally conducted excursion to the great mills of the Dominion Steel Company, and by an invitation to visit and inspect the French cruiser Isly, which happened to be lying in the harbor just opposite the town.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Peary arrived with her children from the coast of Maine, and this created another ripple of interest. We did not have an opportunity to see her until the following morning, when she obligingly consented to be photographed with all the newspaper men on the steps of the hotel piazza. It happened to be the sixteenth anniversary of her daughter's birth, and as daughter and mother—two young women of equal height—stood side by side, out of doors, in the searching sunshine of a glorious autumnal morning, some of us thought that, in spite of the strain of separation, fear, and dread that Mrs. Peary has been under during nearly the whole of her married life, she might easily be taken for her daughter's sister.

In order to avoid the loss of time that would result from an attempt to deal with the correspondents separately, Mrs. Peary agreed to meet them all together twice a day in the parlor of the hotel, and to give them at these stated hours any news from her husband that she might receive. But she did not have to meet them all many times. Thirty-eight of them soon became tired of hanging about the hotel with nothing to do, and on Monday afternoon they went to North Sydney, embarked on an old transformed passenger steamer named the Tyrian, which is now in the Government service, but which the authorities placed at their disposal, and went to sea with the intention of meeting the Roosevelt somewhere up the Cape Breton coast. It is currently reported in the hotel that the member of Parliament for this district obtained permission from the Government to send with the correspondents on the Tyrian more than a hundred of his constituents; and that he hoped to "make himself solid" with the latter by giving them this free Peary excursion. I hope, for the sake of the seagoing newspaper men, that these reports are wholly unfounded. The Tyrian now has sleeping accommodations for only ten or twelve passengers, and if she encountered a heavy swell outside, Monday night, as she probably did, the bodily and mental state of the hundred and thirty-eight journalists and excursionists—most of them inexperienced landsmen—who were jammed together, without beds or bedding, in her main saloon, can better be imagined than described. The member of Parliament was perhaps far-sighted and judicious enough to remain at home himself; but if he expects that his meeting the Peary excursion will increase his popularity among the constituents whom he sent on it, he is liable to be disappointed, because they may have reason hereafter to associate him with the most wretched night of their innocent lives; and when he stands for re-election they may say, "Let's vote for t' ither mon; this one sent us to meet Payry whatefer!"

As for the correspondents, such experiences are all in their day's work, and they will undoubtedly meet Peary if they stay outside long enough. But he has not left Battle Harbor yet, and the New York Times correspondent and I—the rear guard of the grand journalistic army—are still waiting for him in Sydney.

Sydney, Cape Breton Island,
September 15, 1909.

DISCOVERY OF HUDSON RIVER BY HENRY HUDSON A·D·MDCIX
THE AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY
HUDSON-FULTON CELEBRATION COMM.
HALVE MAENE

Finding the Hudson

By

Hamilton Wright Mabie

AT the entrance to the formal garden of one of the most beautiful country places within reach from New York two large stone dogs stand like sentinels. They were found in Italy, and bear the inscriptions "Indus" and "Nilus," curiously suggesting, as one looks past them into the garden, the connection between great rivers and fertility and beauty. From the earliest time rivers have appealed not only to the adventurous spirit but to the quick imagination; they have been highways for daring navigators, and they have been the channels of romance and poetry. To name them is to recall the richest historical associations, to bring before the mind some of the most charming scenery in the world, and to enumerate the busiest routes of trade. The Indus, the Euphrates, the Oxus, the Nile, the Danube, the Rhine, the Loire, the Thames, the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the Columbia, the Mississippi, the Amazon—these are the glowing titles to some of the most fascinating chapters in history! They have the magic which resided in certain names in the old necromancy, not by reason of a secret power, but because they stand for so much achievement in the great adventure of life, and because so much beauty rises before the inward eye when they are repeated.

It was Henry Hudson's good fortune to add to the list of waterways one of the most beautiful. He did not discover the

Hudson in the sense of seeing it for the first time, but he explored it and brought it so clearly into the view of the world of his time that trade and colonization followed close upon his historic passage to the site where Albany now stands. Years before that first sail up the river, shadowy vessels flitted past the entrance to the harbor of New York, and more than one of them was substantial enough to anchor between the "low-lying shores of a beautiful land." Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutchmen, Englishmen, Frenchmen, were touching here and there the coast of the New World in a prelude to its settlement which curiously touched the great motives of its later history: mixture of races, hospitality to all creeds and nations, generous borrowings of population and idea from the Old World, and equally generous holding of the door wide open for all men to come in and find places for themselves. From the hour when the first faint trails from one community to another were broken by the earliest caravans, the discovery of the Hudson, the Mississippi, and the Columbia was inevitable.

In this irregular but tireless searching for a waterway to the Far East many vessels had sailed past the entrance to the Hudson without thought of the variety and nobility of the landscape beyond the Narrows and of the fertility that was to follow fast upon discovery. The Italian Verrazano, sailing under the French flag, seeking a passage to the Indies, passed through the Narrows and entered the Lower Bay in 1524. In the same year Gomez, a Portuguese flying the Spanish flag and bound on the same errand, passed up the coast, and probably entered the harbor of New York, though no definite account of his doings on this part of his voyage survives. Mr. Janvier, in his brief but exhaustive book on "Henry Hudson" (Harpers), quotes Dr. Asher in support of the belief that Gomez entered the bay: "It is certain that the later Spanish seamen who followed in his track in after years were familiar with the river and called it the Rio de Gamas." These casual visitors, who may have seen the Hudson eighty-five years before Hudson, are shadowy figures who failed to understand what lay before their eyes or to make any effective report of it to the world.

Henry Hudson is as definitely a historic figure as Columbus, but there are few men of equal fame about whom so little is known. He was born in England, at a place and on a day not known; his immediate ancestors were sailors and explorers, and were associated more or less intimately with the Muscovy Company. On the 19th day of April, 1607, in St. Ethelburga's, in Bishopsgate Street, London, a venerable church still standing, Hudson and eleven other men "did communicate with the rest of the parishioners," in preparation for a voyage upon which they were to set out four days later "to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China." On that voyage and on one made the following year, Hudson, under the direction of the Muscovy Company, did not see the New World, but skirted the coasts of Spitzenberg and Nova Zembla. It took a good many years to convince the adventurous business men who managed the great commercial companies of the day that the North Pole was not on the direct route to the Far East. It is interesting to note, in passing, that for nearly a hundred years Hudson held the record for nearness of approach to that elusive Pole. It is also interesting to recall the fact that on the second of these voyages Hudson records the appearance of a mermaid to two of his companions. She showed great curiosity about the ship, and the upper part of her body was like a woman. "A sea came and overturned her," and "in her going down they saw her tayle, which was like the tayle of a porposse, and speckled like a macrell." It is one of the misfortunes of a less imaginative age that this vision which appeared to Thomas Hilles and Robert Rayner, like Hudson's delightfully individualistic spelling, has gone the way of many pleasant fancies; the unpoetic fact probably is that these two honest seamen saw a seal.

Hudson's third voyage had momentous consequences: it made his name famous! On the 8th day of January, 1609, the Directors of the East India Company of the Chamber of Amsterdam, a rival of the Muscovy Company, agreed to equip a ship of thirty tons burden, and Henry Hudson agreed to sail in this ship in search of a passage around Nova Zembla, and to receive as support of himself and family during his absence the sum of about three hundred and forty dollars, with equally modest provision for his family in case of his failure to return. The Half-Moon sailed late in March, and had doubled the North Cape when the hardships of an Arctic voyage caused quarrels among a crew which was partly English and partly Dutch, and Hudson changed his course, turned westward, and, after a hazardous voyage, entered the Lower Bay of New York on an early day in September, 1609. The probabilities are that he had satisfied himself that the Nova Zembla passage was impossible, and was glad of an excuse to investigate the reported passage through North America. Two years earlier a settlement had been made at Jamestown, and Englishmen were beginning to be familiar with the five rivers which open up what used to be called on the old maps "the Empire of Virginia;' two months earlier Champlain had seen for the first time the beautiful lake which bears his name.

In the log of one of Hudson's company there is a minute report of the passage of the Half-Moon into the mouth of the river, the Indians regarding the tiny vessel with "mighty wonder, and looking upon it as a sea monster, declaring that such a ship or people had never been there before." The later residents of Manhattan Island are not regarded as unsophisticated by people in other parts of the country, and the condition of mind which made the Half-Moon an object of awe and later sold the island for twenty-four dollars has long been a thing of the past.

Ten days later Hudson was at anchor in the Upper Bay and saw the river which was to bear his name. Eager to confirm his hope that he had found the long-expected passage to the East, he sailed up the river; not, let us hope, indifferent to the changing beauty of a valley which was to associate his fame with a landscape of singular variety and loveliness, but with mind intent on one great purpose. On the night of September 22, not far from the site of Albany, a boat sent out from the Half-Moon returned from sounding the river with the report that it was "at an end for shipping to goe in," and, doubtless with a heavy heart, the intrepid explorer turned southward. As so often happens in the divine illusion we call life, he had failed to attain an end on which he had set his heart, but had reached a goal beyond his fondest dreams. On the 4th day of October the Half-Moon sailed homeward, and on the 7th day of November the sea-worn explorer and his companions were feasting their eyes on the cliffs of Devonshire.

Rivalry between the two companies resulted in an authoritative direction to Hudson to leave the Dutch service, and his fourth and last voyage was made under the management of a group of Englishmen, among whom was Sir Dudley Digges.

The bark Discovery sailed from London on the 17th day of April, 1610, and in September was at the lower end of the bay which was also to bear Hudson's name. There had been trouble among the seamen on the way, and Hudson had been compelled to make a vigorous use of his powers as commander. He finally called a meeting of the men, gave them an opportunity to state their grievances, and promised the offenders to forget their insubordination if they would "behave themselves honestly" in the future. For seven weeks the Discovery sailed up and down the bay, and by the 10th of November was fast bound in ice and darkness. The winter was one of sore trial to men unaccustomed to the appalling monotony of an Arctic winter; bickerings went on in the small company imprisoned in the ship; men who had been disloyal from the start became mutinous, and on a Sunday morning in June Hudson was seized as he came out of his cabin, his arms bound behind him, and, with eight others, he was put in a small boat and turned adrift. So he vanishes on the great inland sea to which he gave his name; a tragic ending of a great career. The mutineers suffered many things on their way homeward, and in 1613 it was recorded of them that "they exposed Hudson and the other officers in a boat on the open sea, and returned to their own country. There they have been thrown into prison for their crime, and will be kept in prison until their captain shall be safely brought home." There the record ends; the dauntless captain never returned. There are few incidents in history more striking. Hudson's name was written in water, as, in a moment of weakness, Keats thought his name would be, and yet it was recorded imperishably on the very structure of the earth.

The voyage of the Half-Moon up the Hudson was in its way as picturesque as the voyage of the Argo; it was one of the great adventures of the seventeenth century. The voyage of the Clermont, on the other hand, was one of the most striking achievements of the nineteenth century. The earlier age made vast additions to the available territory of the earth and added to the history of the world a stirring chapter overflowing with courage, romance, and the energy of expansion: the later age developed, utilized, and put into service the world-wide discoveries of previous generations. For two centuries after Hudson's memorable trip the river ran through a slowly growing country, content with quiet ways and modest rewards. From the little city on Manhattan Island, already cosmopolitan by reason of a population Dutch, English, and French living together on a broad basis of religious and civic liberty, the tide of settlement moved slowly up the river, past the Palisades, the broad expanse of Tappan Zee with its perils to slow-moving Dutch craft, through the Highlands, past the Catskills sleeping in Indian summer repose against the western sky. A grea calm hung over the river in those days; a quiet often akin to sluggishness. The good women of the river villages went to New York by sloop or schooner to do their annual shopping, and, if winds and tides were favorable, got home at the end of a week. Estates of baronial magnitude were held by patroons who lived generously in capacious manor houses, of which a few remain to bear witness to colonial comfort. Churches like the quaint little building still standing at Tarrytown bore testimony to the piety of the settlers.

The storm of war stirred the river people deeply, for the Hudson was on the line of the grand strategy of the Revolution, and became the scene of some of its most important movements and striking incidents. Then came another period of repose, and then came Robert Fulton and the voyage of the Clermont.

Hudson was not the first man to see the Hudson, nor was Fulton the discoverer of the uses of steam for navigation; he was the first to apply it successfully. Fulton was a man of genius, who might have made his mark as an artist if he had chosen to follow the lead of one of his various gifts. He combined artistic and inventive ability in an uncommon way. One gift he cultivated under Benjamin West, the other gift was fostered and energized while he was learning how to mix paints in London. He studied canals with such zeal and intelligence that while still a young man he wrote a suggestive treatise on the subject and invented a device to obviate the necessity for locks. This was the first of a number of important inventions made by a man whose mind was fertile in practical as well as artistic ideas.

For a century and more experiments in steam navigation had been made; for the development and application of a great force, like the discovery and unfolding of a great idea, is always the product of many minds unconsciously co-operating to one end. A small group of European experimenters had made some progress before the Clermont went to Albany, and in this country James Rumsey had run a primitive boat on the Delaware, and John Fitch had kept a screw steamer afloat on a pond in New Jersey; both had gone within sight of final success, but neither had reached it. Fulton used the knowledge which this long series of experiments had accumulated, and found a helper at the critical moment in a man whose name ought always to be associated with his own—Robert R. Livingston, a statesman and jurist of the highest distinction, the first Chancellor of the State of New York. Livingston had already tried his hand at steam navigation when, as Minister to France, he met Fulton in Paris, and the two began working together at the problem. Their first boat sank in the Seine; but in failure, as so often happens, the way to success was made clear, and the building of a boat for trial on the Hudson was enthusiastically begun. The engine was made in Birmingham, under Fulton's direction, the cost of the experiment so far exceeding the estimates that it was necessary to raise a sum of money by subscription. The little steamboat was built on the East River, and was one hundred and thirty feet long, sixteen feet wide, and four feet deep. The tiny craft had uncovered wheels and a very high smoke-stack, and was as ungainly and uncouth as are some of the air-ships which are now passing through the same experimental stage.

On the 11th day of August, 1807, the momentous experiment was made. One of the throng who watched the awkward craft start says: "Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The minds of the most incredulous were changed in a few minutes. Before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder."

On the voyage up the river the Clermont made one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours; the return trip was made in thirty hours, an average speed of five miles an hour. Soft wood was burned, and the strange craft moved in such clouds of smoke and with such strange noises that there was justification for the remark of an up-river farmer, reported by Mr. Edgar M. Bacon in his delightful book on "The Hudson River," "The devil is going to Albany in a sawmill."

In this slow-moving boat on its sluggish voyage Fulton took possession of the river and added another chapter to the great story of faith, patience, and genius triumphant against ignorance, skepticism, ridicule, and manifold obstacles in the stubbornness of materials and the blindness of men. His dream came true; the dreams of genius backed by courage and sagacity have so often come true that the "Arabian Nights" reads like a free-handed prophecy of modern achievement. Within the next five years seven or eight steamboats were carrying people to Albany in thirty-six hours, at a charge of seven dollars!

One of these predecessors of the ocean "greyhounds" was named the "Car of Neptune;" thus early were poetry and business combined on the Hudson. Happily, they have never been wholly dissevered. The river has become a thoroughfare of commerce—one of the great highways of trade, bearing every kind of craft and every sort of merchandise on its current. It has built up prosperous cities and charming villages; a great section to the west, connected by Governor Clinton's statesmanship in constructing the Erie Canal, has been immensely aided by it; and in countless ways it has enriched the whole country. Its story of material service is written on the face of the earth; but the story of its influence on the imagination and its fruitfulness in the arts must be sought elsewhere. Its lovely and striking scenery was an inspiration to the earliest school of American landscape painters, who saw the facts of nature with fresh eyes and reported them with singular sincerity and simplicity. It is the background of two American legends which will always give Sleepy Hollow and the Catskills that atmosphere of mystery and naïve romance of which the country as a whole is so bare, while the gentle genius of Irving will interpret its lower reaches and invest its upper mountain ranges with sentiment, humor, and the charm of simple faith and feeling. Though not one of the great rivers of the world, it is one of the most beautiful. George William Curtis somewhere says that the beauty of the Rhine is lyrical, while that of the Hudson is epical: a poetic way of pointing out the fact that, while the Rhine is lovely at romantic points, the Hudson has a sustained and organized beauty from the sea to its sources among the hills.

Every lover of beauty discovers the Hudson anew; but to the brave English sailor who first spread sail upon it and to the equally brave Fulton, who made it practically navigable, all who love it for its landscape and its history, as well as all who use and are served by it, owe the debt which is due to the great benefactors of mankind.

THE SOCIAL ENGINEER IN PITTSBURGH

BY

PAUL U. KELLOGG

IN a phrase or two, such as "a clatter of hoofs on the village street," Longfellow told how a horseman brought knowledge of a common foe to the Minute Men of Lexington and called them out to action. In these days, when a city is complex and spread out, it would take a week to gallop through the streets. Its common foes are not toddy-drinking redcoats to be met at a bridge, but intricate, devious enemies that beset life from beneath, above, and beside; hard to get at, hard to extricate from the general forces of city life, hard to hold up to view so that we can down them.

The Pittsburgh Survey was in a sense an attempt to do this sort of thing; and in as simple a way as I can—for the suggestion of other cities—I shall set down its principal features as a plan of work.

Municipal growth is bringing large problems to America, and any new method of approach which shows elements of general usefulness is worth going into. Pittsburgh is a type of those industrial cities in the United States not so big that, like New York, they have lost self-consciousness, yet too big to manage themselves by the methods of little towns and older days. The country has demanded steel of Pittsburgh, and it has got it. The big men in the industry have gone after money in steel, and they have got it. One way of looking at the situation is to hold that the reason that the town itself has not prospered in a human way, comparable to its success as a production center, is because the interest and ingenuity of these men have been engrossed in great industrial projects, so that conditions have crept in in the social and civic life which have been wasteful and damning; and so that people who have stood for better things during the past fifteen years and more in Pittsburgh have felt that they were crying in a wilderness. But what could be done about it? Where profit-making enterprises have been dependent upon the present and future needs of the city, self-interest forced a consideration of those needs that was fairly comprehensive; where human life and civilization have been at stake, this has not been the case. For instance, the Pittsburgh Street Railway Company some years ago elaborately plotted the whole urban area, estimating populations for years ahead, street by street, by wards and outlying boroughs, as a basis for extending its lines. In contrast to this, the Pittsburgh Bureau of Health for the years from 1899 to 1907 did not issue an annual report showing how people died; no wonder the city failed to take adequate measures to keep them from dying. Our effort was an experiment in applying to conditions of life and labor as accurate methods for determining present needs and tendencies as had been found worth while from the point of view of five-cent street car fares.

The Pittsburgh Survey, then, we said, was a first-hand inventory of social and living conditions in the American steel district. Its business was to get at facts and to put those facts before people. It was no part of its elementary function to undertake to bring anything about.

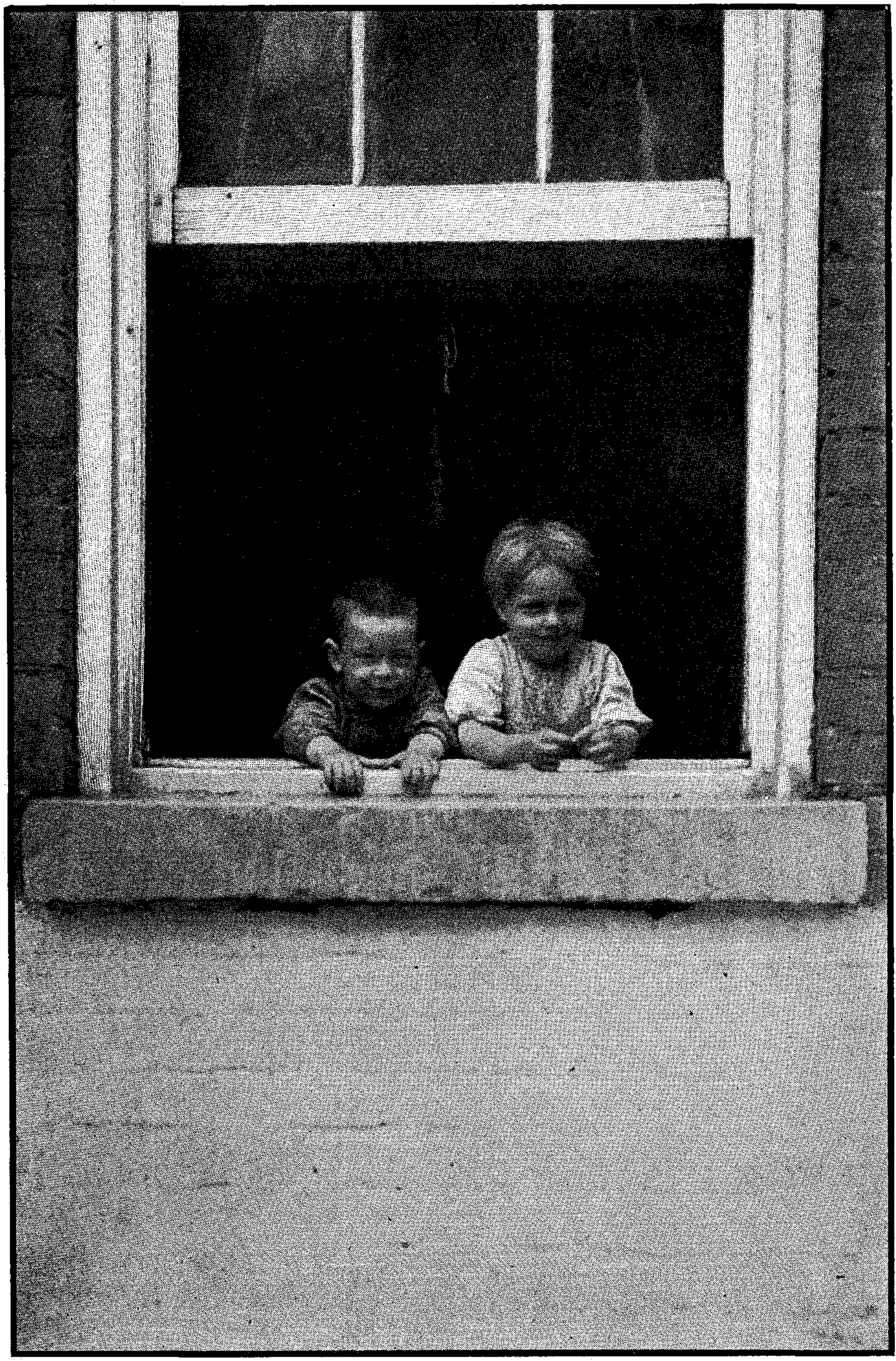
It was called the *Pittsburgh* Survey because that was the name of the laboratory where the work was carried out—not because its results would have merely local significance.

It was called a Survey because we proposed to employ methods of social engineering—to go over the field somewhat in the way the geologist plots the ores and elevations of a mountain chain, or a railroad explores the country it is going to penetrate with viaducts, tunnels, and grades, or a modern farmer takes an inventory of his soil and stock.

Before going into the history of the undertaking, let me put down four elements for our plan which in their combination, at least, mark it off from other enterprises.

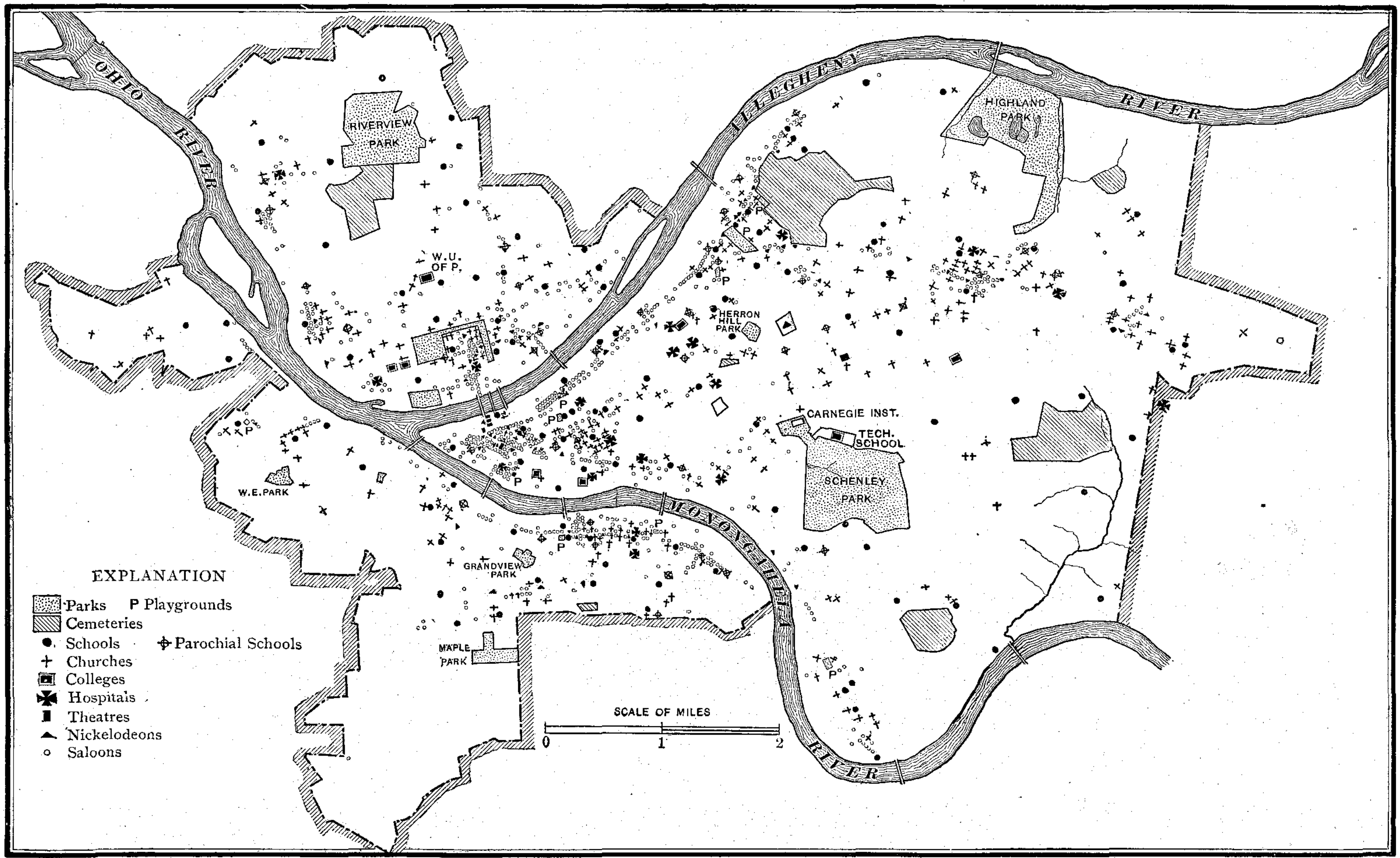
First, we brought the experience and the experts of a whole range of cities into one in a belief that such a study of that one would be nationally suggestive. Thus we brought to Pittsburgh a State factory inspector whose pioneer work in Illinois set standards for the rest of the States; a member of the faculty of the Woman's College of Baltimore who has specialized on the social bearings of primary school education; a sanitary inspector of twenty-five years' experience in another great city; the best plumbing inspector in the United States; a mendicancy expert whose name is known among yeggs and police officials throughout the country; an American health officer whose methods for obtaining clean milk for a municipality are standard throughout Europe; the secretary of the famous New York Tenement-House Commission of 1900; one of the chief experts of the Federal Industrial Commission of 1900, and so forth. It would be interesting to speculate on the advances which any single city would make could it command permanently the services of such a staff of specialists picked from the working force of other municipalities.

Second, we considered the town as a whole, technically and geographically. There have been many studies of child labor, industrial education, housing, tuberculosis, sanitary problems, and crime carried out in one part of the country or another, and at one time or another. Here we considered these and other social problems in their groupal relations; we studied them as manifested currently in the workings of one city. Such a consideration brought out that all of them are inexorably related, and not one can be solved adequately without a general improvement of living conditions. Thus, while typhoid fever is attributable primarily to an infected water supply and Pittsburgh has built one of the greatest filtration plants in the country to lessen it, the Pittsburgh Typhoid Fever Commission, with its staff of bacteriologists, physicians, and sanitary engineers, has been at work for over a year in studying secondary sources of infection. For here, as elsewhere, the typhoid problem involves the whole housing problem. It is in the vaults of the old residences of Pittsburgh, in the common hydrants and common privies; in the water taps reached only by going through the living-rooms of adjoining families; in vaults emptying upon open hillsides; in the cluttered housekeeping of one and two room families where cook and nurse are the same person; and in the lodging-house conditions where men sleep five, eight, and ten in a room, that the secondary sources of contagion have been located. Moreover, back of this housing problem is the whole taxation and transit problem of a city shut in between hills and rivers; just as back of the water and sewerage dilemma Pittsburgh has had to face has been the sanitary problem of the whole range of mill towns in the river valleys above, for there are those who hold that a thoroughly polluted stream cannot be entirely purged by the best filter. Back of that again has been the problem of floods, which inundate large regions of the inhabited lowlands each year, and beyond that the problem of forestation on the scarred mountain ranges of western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, which involves the well-being of the whole region; just as back of the sick-room found



PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS W. HINE

THE ONES WHO NEED THE SUNSHINE


OHIO RIVER
ALLEGHENY RIVER
MONONGAHELA RIVER
RIVERVIEW PARK
W.U. OF P.
HIGHLAND PARK
HERRON HILL PARK
CARNEGIE INST.
TECH. SCHOOL
SCHENLEY PARK
GRANDVIEW PARK
MAPLE PARK
W.E. PARK
EXPLANATION
Parks
P Playgrounds
Cemeteries
● Schools
✚ Parochial Schools
+ Churches
Colleges
Hospitals
Theatres
Nickelodeons
○ Saloons
SCALE OF MILES
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A MAP OF PITTSBURGH'S SOCIAL CONDITIONS

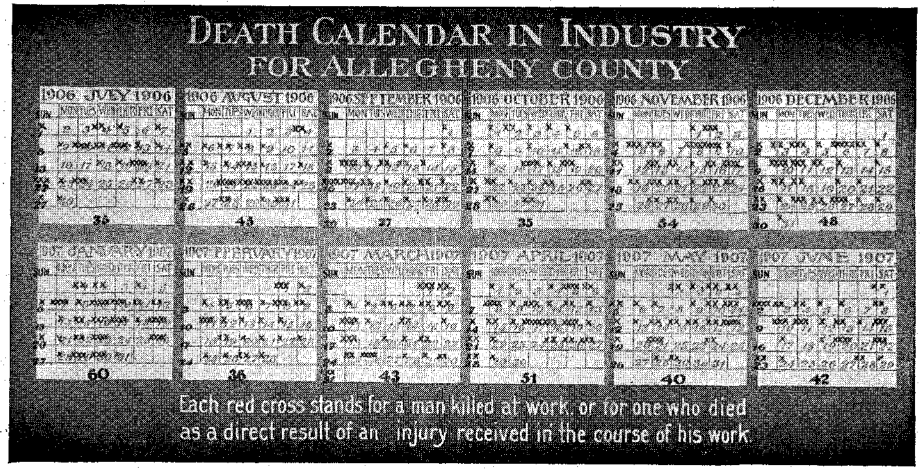
by our visiting nurse, with its improvised cots, where an entire family lay ill of the fever, was the whole hospital problem of the city, where institutions, subsidized by the State and supported by gifts, have been known to refuse fever patients because they were not only sick but poor.

In another and even more obvious way our work brought out the fact that the civic and sanitary needs of a city must be dealt with as a unit. I mean in the matter of geography. To beautify life in one section or neighborhood, like the East End in Pittsburgh or Brookline in Boston, may do no more than relieve well-to-do people from the necessity of laying hold of ills which beset the community at large and to put off spending the time and money which are necessary to rid the community of those ills. Again, merely to describe the piled-up evils in a slum neighborhood such as Skunk Hollow or Sawmill Run in Pittsburgh may only confirm the complacency of well-to-do sections. A town must do business as a whole. Let me illustrate: We found in Pittsburgh good schools, well-managed hospitals, excellent settlements; yet the schools are maintained on a vestry system of ward control and taxation (except as to teachers), and in some districts, where the children have least cultural influences at home and where the teachers need the best equipment the city can put at their disposal, they were found to be housed in old fire-traps with a hundred or more children in a room, with the rooms badly lighted and badly ventilated, and with plumbing facilities which were downright indecent. Again, districts where great numbers of children live were found to be without any large amount of taxable property, while the piled-up wealth of the business district of Pittsburgh dodged any taxation for school-building construction and maintenance except for a few hundred children. Again, because of this very absence of centralized control, there are wide discrepancies in expenditure. For instance, in the year studied it cost twice as much to light 470 children in one school as it did 1,062 children in a neighboring district.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS W. HINE

A WAIF OF THE INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT

Turn to another social institution, the hospitals. Through the action of an autocratic board of trustees, one hospital plant, erected ten years ago in Pittsburgh as a memorial, has never been thrown open; but this to us was not so significant as the fact that when seven new hospitals which have been building in the last year or so are completed, they will be found to operate in overlapping spheres of service



THE STORY OF THE DEATH CALENDAR

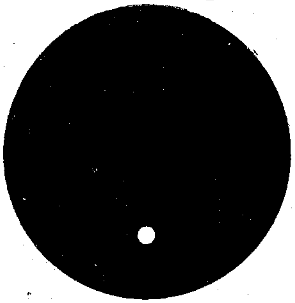
near the well-to-do sections. A great belt of river wards where disease is rife, where home conditions make hospital service sorely needed in case of sickness, will be entirely without convenient hospitals. Here, again, we found need for the city to plan as a whole instead of letting each institution work out its salvation on its own lines. Another example—the vigorous neighborhood work at Kingsley House and Columbian Settlement in the Hill District, and at Woods Run House in Allegheny—is a plea for similar activity in other parts of the city which need it as much; with one or two exceptions, the Pittsburgh school-houses are not serving the social needs of their neighborhoods in a way comparable to the civic centers in the Rochester public schools.

A comparison of hospitals and schools with, we will say, the telephone system of Pittsburgh, or the moistening omnipresence with which the brewing interests plant the district with saloons, will make my point. But it is not necessary to go out of the range of social work for comparison. The Carnegie Library in Pittsburgh, through a system of branch libraries, library clubs, and centers, is an example of a city-wide system of library service which is probably not matched in any other municipality in the country.

By considering the town as a whole, then, we saw the interaction of social and sanitary problems, and found the need for a more comprehensive treatment of the whole city area by social, medical, educational, and recreational agencies.

In the third place, we studied civic and industrial conditions at the same time. For the most part, civic commissions and labor bureaus have not had much to do with each other. Yet these two factors as found in the life of an industrial district are utterly bound up in each other. What good does it do an employer to get skilled men, to give fair wages, to work short hours, in the hope that the efficiency of his men will respond, if the water supply these men drink is bad and sickens; if the houses they can rent near the works are poorly ventilated and primitively equipped, so as to lack comfort, healthfulness, and refreshment; if the air is contaminated by a hundred privy vaults; or if the car service to the suburbs is so wretched that it fags out the strap-hangers?

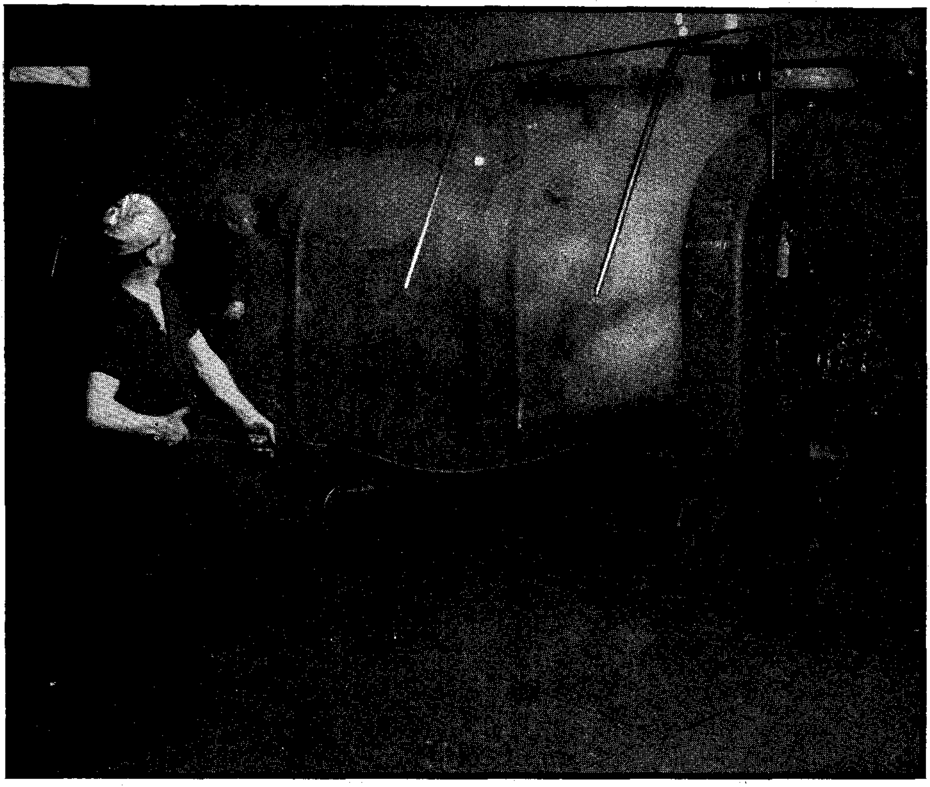
Turning the question round, what good does it do a city to build great filter beds, parks, and libraries to give dignity and delight to life, if you deny people all decency and security by the conditions of their employment—if the pay and hours make a pitiful farce of home life, as we know home life in America; and if the treatment of the immigrant labor gangs in the works



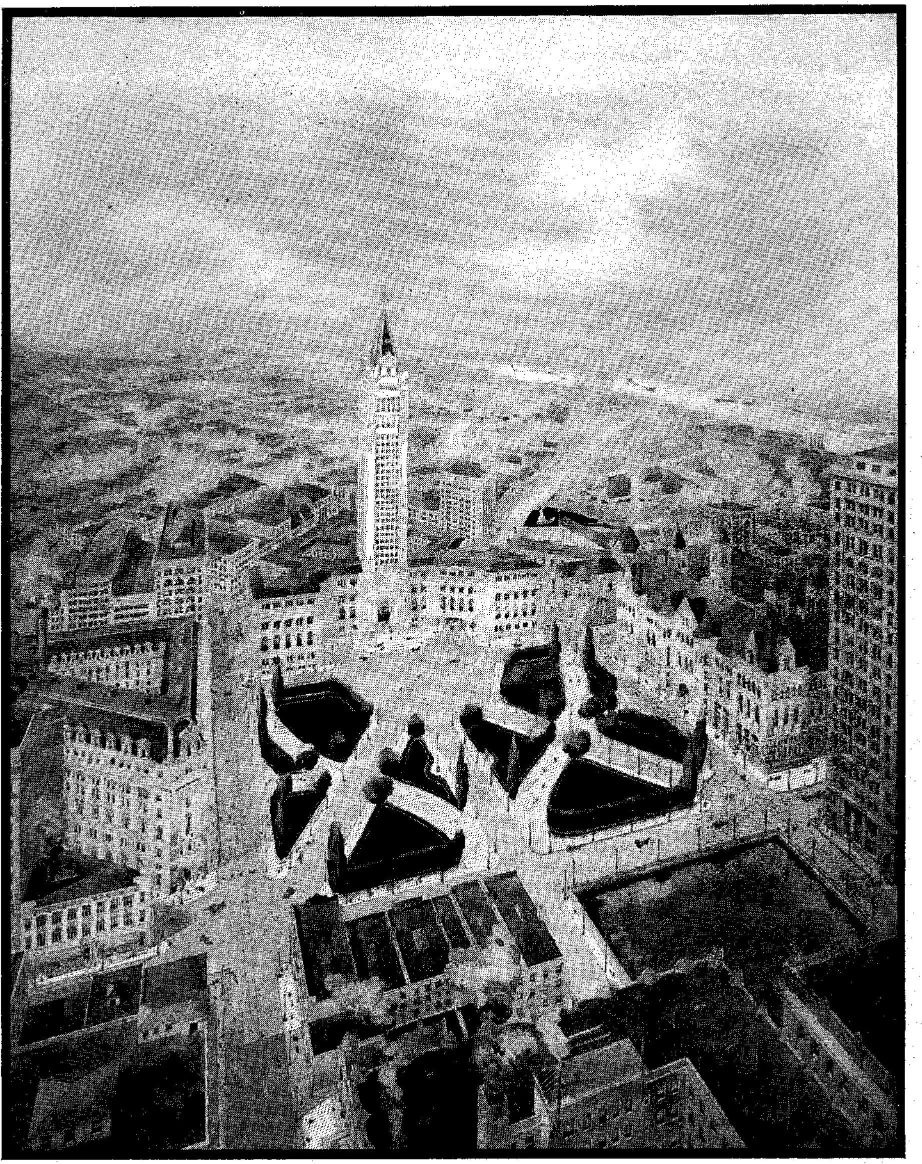
Black circle shows total loss of income to six men totally disabled for life (based on earnings and expectation of life). White circle, total compensation paid to these six men brutalizes clean country boys, as their parents knew them in the old country?

Applying this twofold standard to the steel district, we noted, on the one hand, that there has been much building in Pittsburgh in the past ten years by private owners and real estate companies, yet the population of the district has swelled so enormously that it was no exaggeration to say that by 1907–8 the supply of shelter had broken down. As extreme instances, we found men standing on street corners in the evening waiting for beds to be emptied of night workers who had slept in them during the day; and we found five hundred people in a row of houses owned by the United States Steel Corporation dependent upon one pump for their drinking water. Two great manufacturing concerns who thought of coming to Pittsburgh decided against it that year, purely on the ground that there were not housing facilities at hand for the sort of working force which was indispensable to them.

On the other hand, we found that in mill towns like Duquesne, Braddock, and Homestead, where the twelve-hour day governs, where in the blast furnaces there is a seven-day week, and where, as in many departments of the steel mills, when night and day shifts change once a fortnight, the workmen put in a long turn of twenty-four hours in the heat and drive of the mill, where unionism has been crushed out so hard and persistently that workingmen never meet together as such, and where the heat and speeding exhaust a man in the long hours—we found that these labor conditions were costing those communities dearly. The men cannot be the sort of fathers, citizens, social human beings which they have the stuff in them to be if the industry made less protracted demands on their physical and nervous energies. These boroughs lack the "get up and go" of Western towns. Duquesne is a sad contrast to a spruce New England village. Under the eaves of the Carnegie steel plant in Homestead, one child in every three dies before it is two



THE SORT OF MAN THAT A CROSS ON THE CALENDAR STANDS FOR

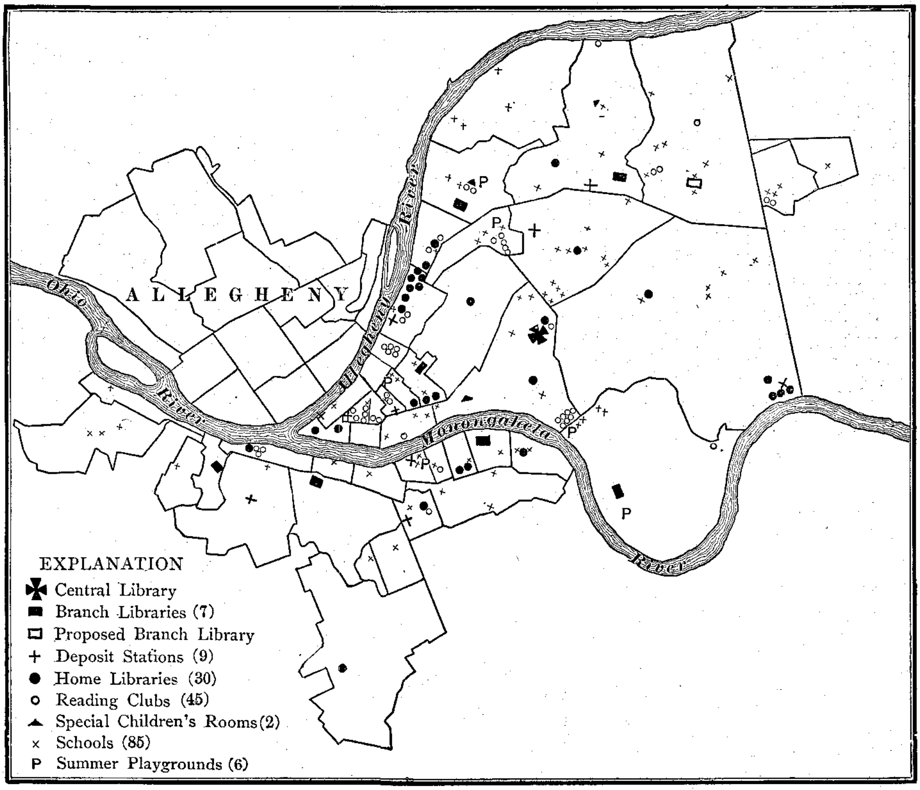


A PLAN WHICH PITTSBURGH ARCHITECTS PROPOSED FOR A NEW CITY HALL

years old, because in this Second Ward where the immigrants live the health conditions are at low ebb. Yet some of the fairest people in America live in Homestead—their houses on the hillsides above show it. Indeed, too much of the burden of life is thrown on the home; the town itself had not collective virility enough for years to make the railway which runs through its very heart put up gates at grade crossings where each season brought a string of casualties.

Finally, our investigation dealt intentionally with the wage-earning population. We were not concerned primarily with the needs of the very poor, for Pittsburgh is a community of workers; nor with either the episodical doings of a millionaire lunatic or a steel president, or the art, music, and cultural activities of the well-to-do; but with those things which affected the normal life of the great bulk of the wage-earning population. It was the social well-being of America as a producing nation that we sought to gauge. In our charity for the needy and our emulation of the self-sufficient rich, we have too often neglected the interdependent needs of those of us who are wage-earners and who must live in city aggregations where, unlike farming communities, a man cannot work out for himself many of the healths and goods and joys of existence as by-products of his ordinary day's work. A workman coming into a mill town must take the water supply which the town furnishes; must rent such a house as he finds there; must subject himself and his family to the schools, the courts, the health regulations which he finds in force.

In dealing with this wage-earning population in the Pittsburgh district, we tried to put our investigation on an individual and family basis; that is, instead of relying on abstract categories, such as death rates, or of telling pathetic stories of tragic individual figures such as the novelists use, we tried to draw upon the common experience. By systems of accounting and units of time and material, the modern manufacturer knows what the costs are that go into a finished shoe, or steel plate, or iron bedstead. So, too, the propaganda of the Bureau of Municipal Research pleads for such an ordering of municipal budgets and accounting as will get at just what the taxpayers' money goes for, where the wastes are, and what, for example, is the actual educational product of the twelve months' business of a public school. So we sought to get at those drains upon the means and life of a wage-earning population which the year brings round. Let me illustrate in the work of the largest single line of inquiry we prosecuted. Pittsburgh has had the highest death rate from industrial accidents of any industrial center in the country. Occasional writers have called the city a slaughter-house. When we talked to a public-spirited merchant, he would tell us that nothing was so cheap in the mills as human life; when we talked to the average mill superintendent, he told us that


Ohio
ALLEGHENY
River
Allegheny River
Monongahela River
P
EXPLANATION
✠ Central Library
■ Branch Libraries (7)
☐ Proposed Branch Library
+ Deposit Stations (9)
● Home Libraries (30)
○ Reading Clubs (45)
▲ Special Children's Rooms (2)
× Schools (85)
P Summer Playgrounds (6)

A LIBRARY MAP OF PITTSBURGH

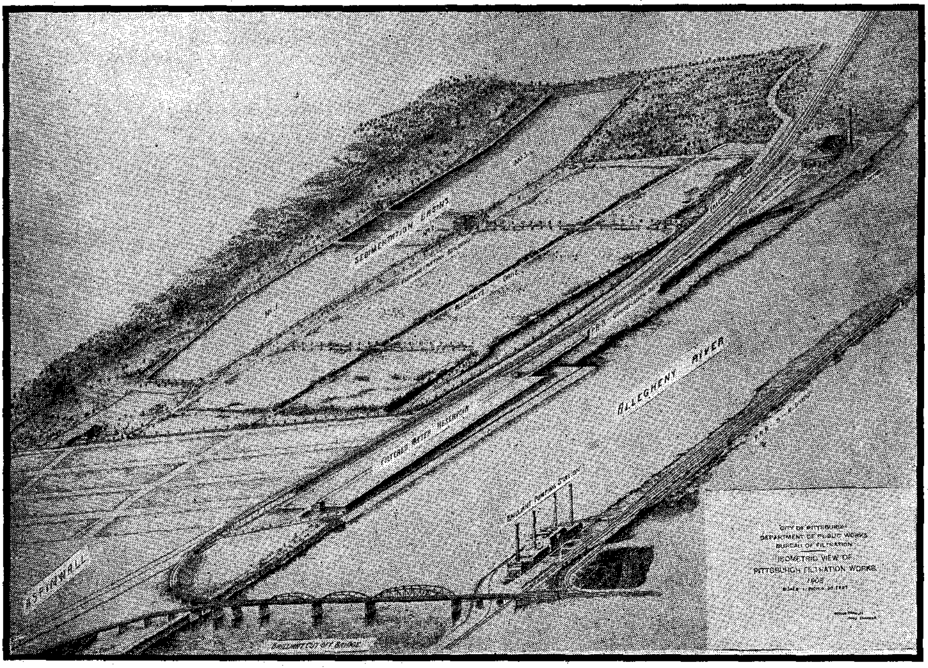
Showing how books are brought within reach of the people in all parts of the city by branches, sub-stations, and clubs ninety-five per cent of the accidents were due to the carelessness of the men themselves. All these statements were wide of the mark. But no one knew how many were killed in industry, for the coroner's records were poorly kept; still less how many were injured, for no adequate reports are demanded of the mills by the State authorities, and the hospitals give out nothing as to their cases other than as so many amputations, fractures set, etc.

Our work began with a digest of the coroner's records for one year—July, 1906, to June, 1907. There was usually evidence that showed, not that responsibility could be fixed solely on one or the other agent in production, but that the man himself, his fellow-workman, his foreman, or his employer (as responsible for the construction of the plant, etc.)—that one or all of these had contributed to the accident. These data were checked off on a five-by-eight printed card, together with a story of the accident. These blanks were blocked out and submitted for criticism to the statistician of one of the great industrial insurance companies, a member of the Illinois State Industrial Commission, a State factory inspector, the statisticians of relief societies in New York and Chicago, etc. They were tried out on a month's cases, and the results resubmitted for criticism before they were adopted in their final form. In all, four blanks were used.

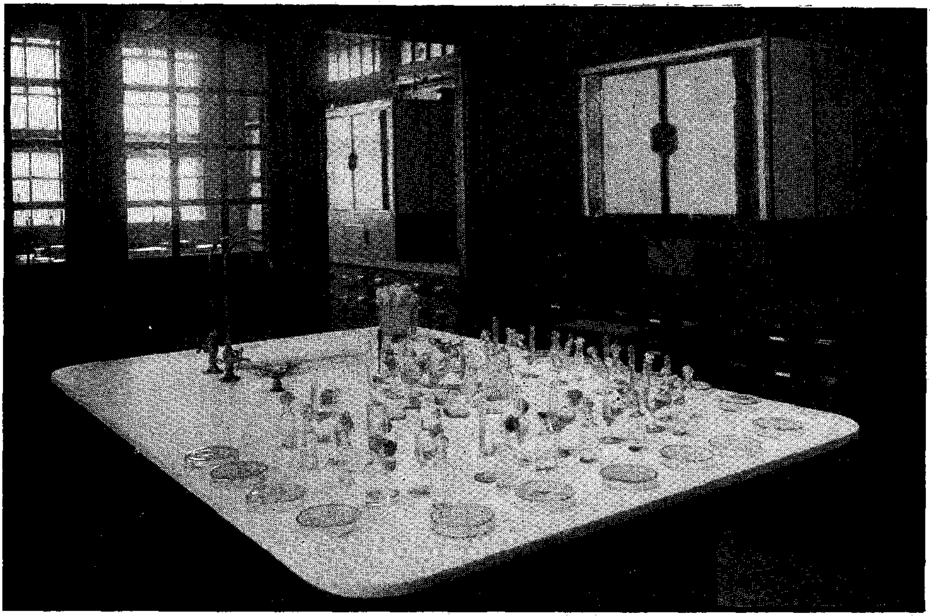
The next step was to visit the families in their homes. The industrial towns in Allegheny County are spread over a wide area. Railway and street car connections are not of the best. Tenants are constantly shifting, and a year had elapsed in some cases. Families of deceased foreigners go back to the old country. Half a dozen races and tongues were represented. It was no easy matter to run down these cases, but it was done in a majority of them. The responsible investigator in this field was Crystal Eastman, a graduate of Vassar and of the New York University Law School, who since then has been elected Secretary of the New York State Commission on Employers' Liability, to which she was appointed by Governor Hughes. The staff included as visitors a Cornell graduate and three interpreters—Italian, Russian, and Bohemian. These visitors elicited the family's version of the accident and secured facts as to the man's wages, number of dependents, insurance, savings, any payments by a Relief Association, settlements by claim agents or through the courts, etc.

The third step was twofold: first, to secure from a company's operating department its statement of the accident (visits were paid to the mills in company with technical men and a consulting electrical engineer whom we called in as counsel on our staff); and, second, to check over our facts as to wages, payments, etc., with the records of the claim agents and legal departments. In this last we were only partially successful. Such data were given us by a number of large concerns; they were refused by others.

The final step came in analyzing statistically the data thus gathered, and interpreting them with illustrative instances from the case records. The results were a body of facts more intimate and thought-provoking than any which hitherto had been brought out on this social and industrial problem in America. Within the past few months State Commissions have been appointed in New York, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, to make studies of industrial accidents and employers' liability in those States, and they will make use of these methods. I can do no more than suggest here the concrete nature of our findings. We found that of the half-thousand men killed in the year studied, half were Americans; that it was the ranks of steel workers and trainmen who suffered most—the pick of the workmen in the district; that 82 were under twenty years of age; 221 between twenty and thirty; that 50 per cent of the men killed were married, with families to support, and an additional 30 per cent were single men partly or wholly supporting a family; that over half of the men killed were earning less than $15 per week (thus disposing of the persistent legal notion that wages cover risk); that in 28 per cent of the cases the cause of the accident could be attributed solely to those killed or their fellow-workmen; in 30 per cent to the employer, or those who represented him in positions of authority; in 26 per cent to neither; in 16 per cent to both; thus disposing of the wide claims as to responsibility which had met us at


SEDIMENTATION BASINS
FILTERED WATER RESERVOIR
ALLEGHENY RIVER
CITY OF PITTSBURGH
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS
BUREAU OF FILTRATION
ISOMETRIC VIEW OF
PITTSBURGH FILTRATION WORKS
1908

PITTSBURGH'S FILTRATION PLANT
Its biggest civic enterprise



THE INCUBATOR ROOM
Where the health of the community is safeguarded

the start of our inquiry. More important, our analysis of the details of accidents showed a large proportion preventable; such as—

Faults in construction—projecting set-screws, shafts without railings, uncovered cog-wheels—conditions which we found repeatedly had been overhauled "after the man was dead."

Long hours of work and too great speed.

Inadequate inspection—resulting in broken chains, scaffolds, collapsed floors, a cracked grindstone, etc.—and failure to remedy known defects.

Inadequate warning and signal systems.

Inadequate instruction and direction of ignorant workers. For instance, in 22 out of the 132 deaths in which the men were in a measure responsible for their own deaths the victim was a "greener." Thirteen were not men, but boys.

We could point to the recent action of the United States Steel Corporation and of certain other individual employers in setting special inspectors at work in developing safety precautions in their plants. Here was a challenge to all employers, engineers, claim agents, and workmen in the district to get together in a general campaign to reduce the great death roll of industry.

When we made an analysis as to where the economic cost of these accidents fell, it came home to us with terrific force that the permanent method to keep down the accident rate would be to make killing and injury come higher to the employer. For instance, take six men who were totally disabled for life during the three months studied—one of whom lost an arm and a leg, one of whom is paralyzed, and four of whom will walk on two crutches the rest of their lives. Our figures showed that, of these men, one received $365, one $125, one $30, and three no compensation. Bearing in mind the broad policy of the Carnegie Relief Association, and of the standards of compensation set by exceptional employers whose names are known throughout the Pittsburgh District, the bald fact remained that Miss Eastman's tables showed that, in the case of both injuries and deaths, including both married and single men, *no dollar of compensation* was received from the employer to take the place of lost income[1] in considerably over half the cases.

Thus our inquiry showed that a large proportion of industrial accidents in Allegheny County was preventable, but that there was no concerted movement to prevent such accidents; that, as industry is carried on, another large proportion was unavoidable, but that in these, and all others, the economic loss involved was not charged off against the cost of production, to be met ultimately by the consumers, but fell on the families of the wage-earners themselves; breaking up homes, sending widows to work, taking children from school, and lowering standards of living. More than that, our inquiry disclosed profound dissatisfaction on the part of many claim agents, superintendents, attorneys, and progressive employers with the present master and servant law, which leaves these industrial losses to the gamble of the courts, and a disposition among them to give even-tempered consideration to ways out that will put American industrial practice on a footing comparable to the Workingmen's Compensation Laws in England or the Imperial Industrial Insurance in Germany. There are employers to be found in all parts of the country, no doubt, who treat their disabled workmen handsomely; but the common law in the different States is much the same, and the standards on which the general run of employers meet their responsibilities in industrial casualties may well be reflected by this Pittsburgh study, which for the first time interpreted the situation in terms of wage-earners' families in the aggregate. It showed a drain on the life and treasure which the working people of no industrial district can afford to meet; and which no industrial district can afford to have them try to meet.

At some length, then, I have stated the distinctive working methods of the Pittsburgh Survey. We brought experts from other cities to Pittsburgh; we studied the operation of social institutions against the background of the needs of the city as a whole; we considered civic and industrial conditions as interrelated; we limited our inquiry to the bearing of institutions and conditions upon the great wage-earning population; and we sought for causes and tested effects in terms of the lives of the wage-earners themselves. In so far as this is a working programme applicable to any city, I have assumed that it is more to the purpose here to set it down than to detail the history of the Pittsburgh work or to recapitulate our findings. It would be interesting to tell of the spirited way in which a staff of first-rate people opened up what was to them, in a social and industrial sense, unexplored territory; to describe the aggressive civic undertakings which we found taking head in Pittsburgh, and to analyze the way in which different elements in the community took to heart our hard sayings.

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[1] This excludes, of course, hospital and funeral expenses, often met by the employer.

The Pittsburgh Survey was instituted and managed by the Charities Publication Committee,[1] which publishes The Survey, formerly Charities and The Commons. Five years ago we published a special Washington number, dealing with housing, child labor, compulsory education, public charities, etc., at the National capital. Practical results were obtained. An invitation came to us from Pittsburgh to undertake a similar venture in a typical industrial capital, but it was not till a year later, at the instigation of Mr. Tucker, a member of the Publication Committee, that the work was entered upon. In the early weeks of 1907 we put the plan before several progressive local men, and three of them, George W. Guthrie, at that time Mayor of the city, H. D. W. English, then President of the Chamber of Commerce, and Judge Joseph W. Buffington, of the United States Circuit Court, acted as our references throughout the work. This required no little courage. The Committee had only limited funds, and practically no money was forthcoming from Pittsburgh sources for what seemed a vague and not altogether pleasant enterprise. In the spring of 1907 the Russell Sage Foundation for the Improvement of Living Conditions was created by gift of $10,000,000 from Mrs. Sage, and one of its first grants was of $7,000 to develop the Pittsburgh Survey. We invited the co-operation of other organizations, such as the Industrial Committee of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, the National Consumers' League, the Association for Labor Legislation, Seybert Institute (Philadelphia), and the Department for the Improvement of Social Conditions of the New York Charity Organization Society. After some little exploring during the spring and summer, in which the co-operation of William H. Matthews, head worker of Kingsley House, was invaluable, we injected into Pittsburgh in September what might be called a flying wedge of investigators, who were on the ground for from six weeks to two months. Each was a specialist in a given line, and the commission of each was to make a diagnosis of the situation. The returns from this exploring process were such that, following a visit to Pittsburgh by Mr. John M. Glenn, Director of the Sage Foundation, the first of two further grants was made, which enabled us to round out a full year's work. In certain further instances the plan of getting people to diagnose special problems was carried out; and in this way we covered in brief reports the immigrants and negroes among racial groups; housing, health and police departments, hospitals, aldermen's courts, playgrounds, children's institutions and schools, among social institutions; and factory inspection, child labor, industrial education, and general labor conditions, in the economic field. The more sustained work of the Survey was carried out by a small group of responsible investigators who practically put in the year on the work; and they were assisted by visitors, notably representatives of the immigrant races of the district. These investigations included that of industrial accidents, which I have described; and an inquiry into the economic cost of typhoid fever in six wards, made in co-operation with Columbian Settlement by Frank E. Wing, Associate Director of the Survey, now Superintendent of the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute. For the first time in this country, the women-employing trades of a city were investigated *en masse*—stogy factories, food production, mercantile establishments, sweatshops, machine works, etc.

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[1] A constituent National committee of the New York Charity Organization Society, of which Robert W. de Forest is Chairman; Frank Tucker, Treasurer; Graham Taylor, Jane Addams, Jacob Riis, Julian W. Mack, and a dozen other leaders in social work throughout the country, members.

The investigator was Miss Elizabeth B. Butler, former Secretary of the New Jersey State Consumers' League. John A. Fitch, now an expert of the New York Department of Labor, spent the year in the mill towns, interviewing workmen of all grades, ministers, employing agents, superintendents, etc., in an analysis of the hours, wages, speeding, and other conditions of the steel industry. Taking up her residence in Homestead (with two assistants, one of them a Slovak interpreter), Miss Margaret F. Byington, a former district agent of the Boston Associated Charities, obtained an even more intimate knowledge of the effect of industrial conditions on the home life and families of the steel district. An informal steering committee of three, bearing a more or less intimate relation not only to investigations in their especial fields, but to the general work of the Survey, were on the ground at occasional intervals throughout the year. These were Professor John R. Commons, of the University of Wisconsin; Mrs. Florence Kelley, a Pennsylvanian, who is Secretary of the National Consumers' League; and Robert A. Woods, of Boston, a native Pittsburgher, who, as head of South End House and a member of many State and civic commissions, has contributed vitally to the citizenship of New England.[1] The gist of our reports was put into three special numbers of Charities and The Commons, which were distributed by the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce to its full membership; and our findings will be published in the fall in a series of volumes by the Russell Sage Foundation. In summarizing them I can do no better than quote from the digest made by Edward T. Devine, to whom, as editor, I was responsible for the field work, and whose vigorous inspiration and broad knowledge contributed vitally to the project throughout:

1. An altogether incredible amount of overwork by everybody, reaching its extreme in the twelve-hour shift of seven days in the week in the steel mills and the railway switch-yards.

2. Low wages for the great majority of the laborers employed by the mills; not lower than other large cities, but low compared with the prices—so low as to be inadequate to the maintenance of a normal American standard of living; wages adjusted to the single man in the lodging-house, not to the responsible head of a family.

3. Still lower wages for women, who receive, for example, in one of the metal trades, in which the proportion of women is great enough to be menacing, one-half as much as unorganized men in the same shops and one-third as much as the men in the union.

4. An absentee capitalism, with bad effects strikingly analogous to those of absentee landlordism, of which Pittsburgh furnishes noteworthy examples.

5. A continuous inflow of immigrants with low standards, attracted by a wage which is high by the standards of southeastern Europe, and which yields a net pecuniary advantage because of abnormally low expenditures for food and shelter, and inadequate provision for the contingencies of sickness, accident, and death.

6. The destruction of family life, not in any imaginary or mystical sense, but by the demands of the day's work, and by the very demonstrable and material method of typhoid fever and industrial accidents; both preventable, but costing in single years in Pittsburgh considerably more than a thousand lives and irretrievably shattering nearly as many homes.

7. Archaic social institutions, such as the Aldermanic Court, the ward school district, the family garbage disposal, and the unregenerate charitable institution, still surviving after the conditions to which they were adapted have disappeared.

8. The contrast—which does not become blurred by familiarity with detail, but, on the contrary, becomes more vivid as the outlines are filled in—the contrast between the prosperity, on the one hand, of the most prosperous of all the communities of our Western civilization, with its vast natural resources, the generous fostering of government, the human energy, the technical development, the gigantic tonnage of the mines and mills, the enormous capital, of which the bank balances afford an indication; and, on the other hand, the neglect of life, of health, of physical vigor, even of the industrial efficiency of the individual. Certainly no community before in America or Europe has ever had such a surplus, and never before has a great community applied what it had so meagerly to the rational purposes of human life. Not by gifts of libraries, galleries, technical schools, and parks, but by the cessation of toil one day in seven and sixteen hours in the twenty-four, by the increase of wages, by the sparing of lives, by the prevention of accidents, and by raising the standards of domestic life, should the surplus come back to the people of the community in which it is created.

This is a list, after all, of objective facts. In judging of them it were well to distinguish between those conditions which the community, through civic and political action, can reasonably determine, and those elements in the industrial situation, true of other industrial districts as of Pittsburgh, which local people do not govern, and which will respond only when public opinion is aroused nationally. With respect to these latter, there is little encouragement in the Pittsburgh situation. This summer's fight between the Steel Corporation and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers will probably see the ousting of workingmen's organizations from their last foothold in the steel industry—the sheet mills; and the history of the employers' régime, which came in with the breaking of the old autocratic union in the Homestead strike, has been one of multiple autocracy—of increasing hours, seven-day work, and repeated wage cuts. Moreover, absentee capitalism, by which the dominant industry of the entire district is owned by stockholders all over the country, has been a stumbling-block to purely civic advances in Pittsburgh.

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[1] In all this work we had invaluable local co-operation which I cannot attempt here to acknowledge.

Yet a stirring chapter could be written on the coalescing of public interest in Pittsburgh during the past fifteen years and the steps by which the upward forces of the city, against inertia and opposition, have set about the conquest of their physical environment and the enrichment of cultural life: the development of a park and boulevard system under E. M. Bigelow, the typhoid fever campaign leading up to the erection of a $5,000,000 filtration plant to clear the water, the Chamber of Commerce's smoke campaign to clear the air, the housing movements led by Kingsley House and the Civic Club, the skirmishing to free bridges and to bring the traction monopoly to terms, the system of recreation centers which is developing under the Playground Association, the successful movement to merge Pittsburgh and Allegheny into the greater city, the rigorous reforms of the Guthrie administration and the broad policies announced by Mayor McGee, the graft prosecutions which have sent five aldermen and two bankers to jail, the building of the great Carnegie institutions in the East End—Library, Technical Schools, and Institute—the sustained work of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, and the enlarged scope and plans of the rechristened University of Pittsburgh.

That the Survey was alive to this new, quickening public spirit in Pittsburgh, as well as to the untoward conditions of the city, was evidenced by services it was our good fortune to render during the year. While the Survey was primarily an investigation, we regarded the work as a going concern, and at no time hesitated to make available such information as would serve local movements for improvement. Thus, the first fortnight we were on the ground we were instrumental in closing up four abominable lodging-houses which were nests of disease. Our preliminary housing report was circulated by the Chamber of Commerce in mid-winter, in a campaign which resulted in doubling the municipal inspection force, in a complete tenement-house census, and in the earing down of some of the worst structures. Pittsburgh was the last great American city without a central organization of its charities. Movements to this end had been blocked for ten years, and the secretary of the Field Department of the Charities Publication Committee was able to bring them to a head. Our economic study of typhoid cases led up to the creation of the Pittsburgh Typhoid Fever Commission. The Survey as a whole paved the way for the Pittsburgh Civic Commission, which is organizing active committees on city planning, sanitation, housing construction, industrial accidents and overstrain, minor courts, schools, etc., and through which, if successful, the Pittsburgh district will present a united front in addressing itself to the large problems of city construction before it.

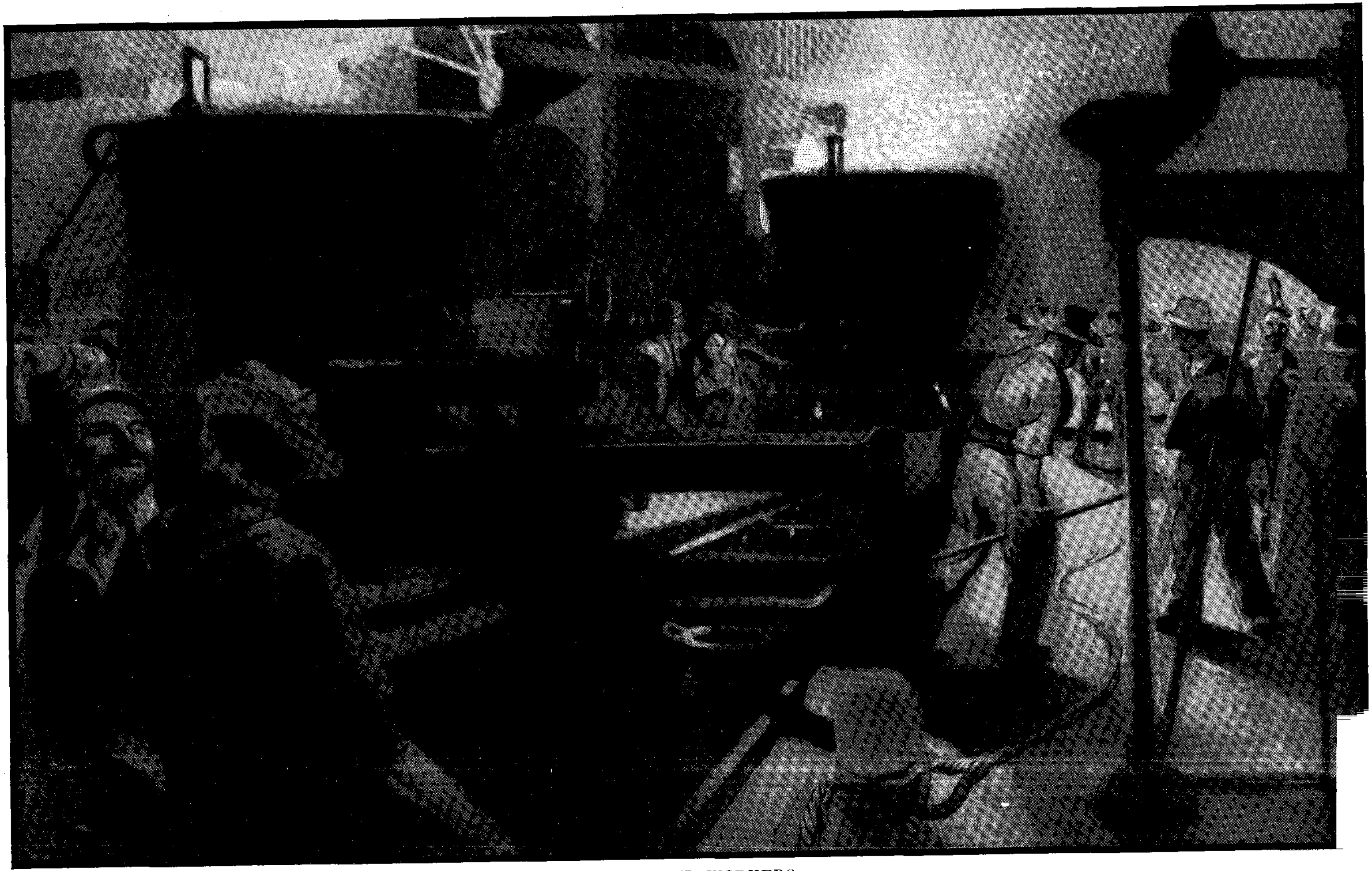
The Survey, as stated, dealt with facts—facts which we sought to make graphic, real, compelling, understandable, to a great center of business men and engineers. The general interpretation to be placed upon those facts we left to whoever read them; thus John Hayes Holmes, in the Christian Register, saw in them a burning revelation of failure of the Church to meet its responsibilities; Miss Tarbell, in the American Magazine, found them the most severe arraignment of an American institution (the tariff) since the days of slavery; various Socialist commentators saw here fearful evidence of the breakdown of the capitalistic system; to some they were a call to forceful industrial leaders to invest the same sort of ingenuity and builders' instinct into the civic life of the district as had gone into the ordering of production from ore bed to I-beam; to others they were a new declaration of the economic rights which workers must wrest for themselves in a democracy.

Details of our reports have been challenged, but the points to be changed in our final presentation will be surprisingly few, considering the variety of our subject-matter. For, despite the easy assertion which I have heard in more than one quarter in Pittsburgh that our findings were utterly discredited, no material statements have thus far been dislodged. At a recent public meeting in Pittsburgh it was brought out that local investigations had affirmed our facts as to hours of work, and had found our description of housing conditions an understatement.

Sharp resentment was to be expected in those quarters where our hard sayings struck home, and disparagement from that type of citizen who, for fear of hurting his city's business—or his own—would suppress publicity as to his city's ills rather than advertise its progressive determination by cleaning them out fearlessly and in the open. For the most part—to judge by editorials, by letters received, and statements from Pittsburgh sources—we measurably succeeded in putting out our findings not so harshly as to discourage the frankness and loyalty of the men who would improve things, nor so softly as to leave the stupid, the exploiting, and the criminally negligent at peace with themselves and their neighbors. No better evidence of how deep the Survey's findings reached could be had than the quick resentment with which the Pittsburgh press hailed the stand taken by the officials of the twenty-five-million-dollar Pressed Steel Car Company at the opening of the McKees Rocks strike—the silly bombast that the issues between a corporation with headquarters in New York and several thousand residents of Allegheny County were none of the public's business.

While our facts themselves have not been successfully disputed, opinion can fairly differ as to the correctness of the emphasis we placed upon them. To explain the Survey in our introductory report, we said we were attempting a blueprint of Pittsburgh. A clever newspaper man said it was more of a black-and-blueprint. He was not far wrong. So far as the great bulk of the wage-earning population is concerned, there is no use blinking the fact that the industrial and civic environment in Pittsburgh does bruise the right living of vast numbers of the people. And, as one of my colleagues put it, Pittsburgh "is unique only in the extent to which tendencies which are observable everywhere have here actually, because of the high industrial development and the great industrial activity, had the opportunity to give tangible proofs of their real character and their inevitable goal." We were attempting a diagnosis of Pittsburgh as a wage-earner's proposition. In a diagnosis a physician does not stop to expatiate on what a wonderful organ the heart is, or how marvelous the flexing of the muscles in the human frame. He goes for those functions of his patient which fall below normal. Now the norm of life for the industrial districts of the United States is not the average of all such districts. America never has been and never will be content with attaining averages. That may do for second-rate nations and cities.

The answer to our findings is not that Pittsburgh is no worse than Cleveland, or Cincinnati, or St. Louis, or Milwaukee, in this or that. Those findings will be answered only when Pittsburgh—or any of these cities—matches the standards in every line attained by any or all of them in their moments of civic inspiration and large practical achievement. Pittsburgh is the first city to co-operate in an undertaking to measure itself against any such National standards to see how far short it falls in each line—how much further it must go in all. As a result of the Survey similar undertakings have been proposed in Buffalo, Atlanta, and Chicago. The programme of the Boston-1915 movement incorporates the idea in its dynamic aspects. The Survey has not given Pittsburgh a black eye. Rather, Pittsburgh is pointed to as the city which, in our present time of deficit in urban well-being, has had the civic grit to take an inventory and publish a statement.



THE STEEL WORKERS

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

HOME THOUGHTS FROM EUROPE

BY

HENRY VAN DYKE

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again to God's countrie,
To the land of youth and freedom, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine and the flag is full of stars.

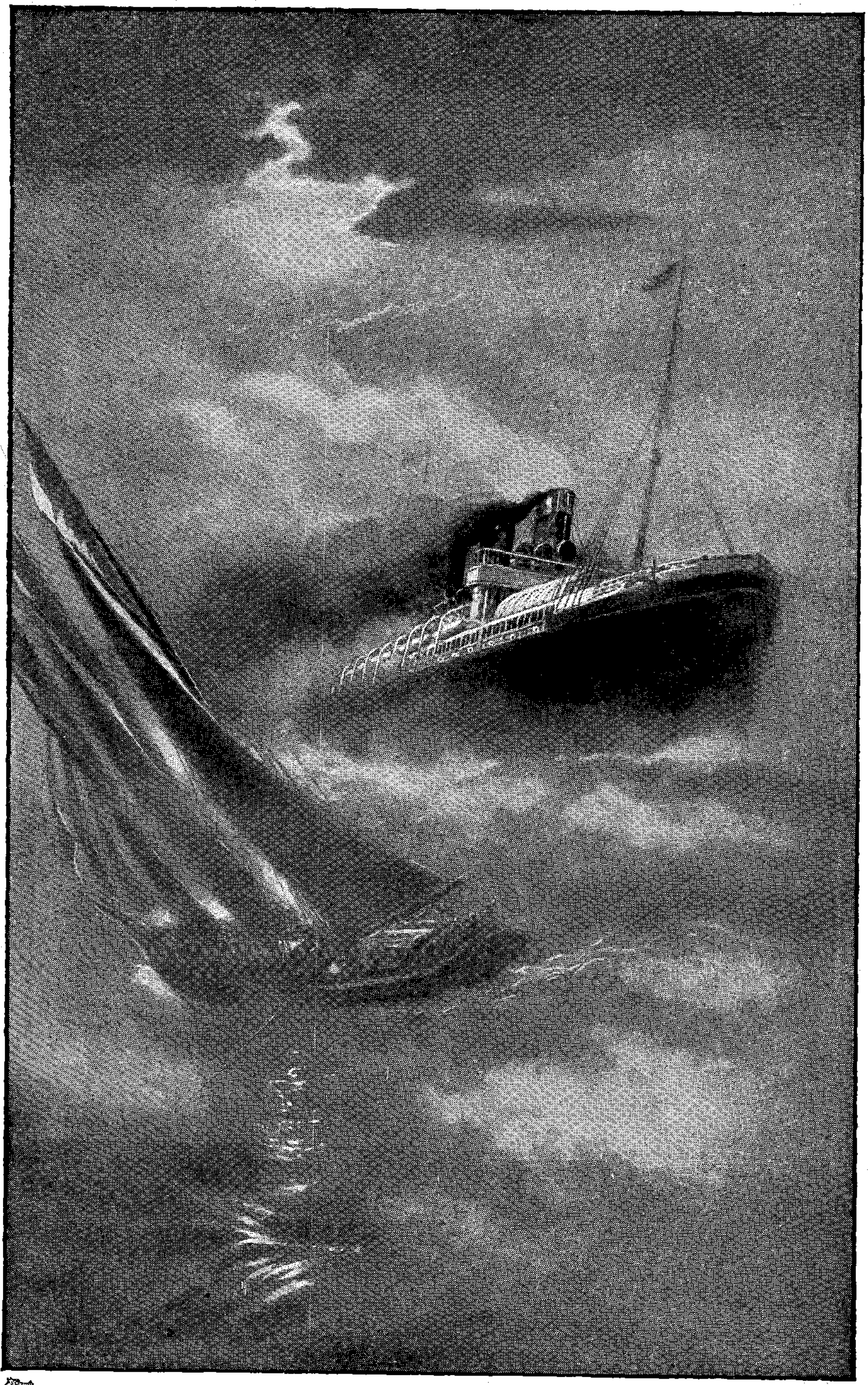
It is good to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous countries and the cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles, and the monuments and kings;
But soon or late you have enough of antiquated things.
So it's home again, and home again, etc.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to loaf in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.
So it's home again, and home again, etc.

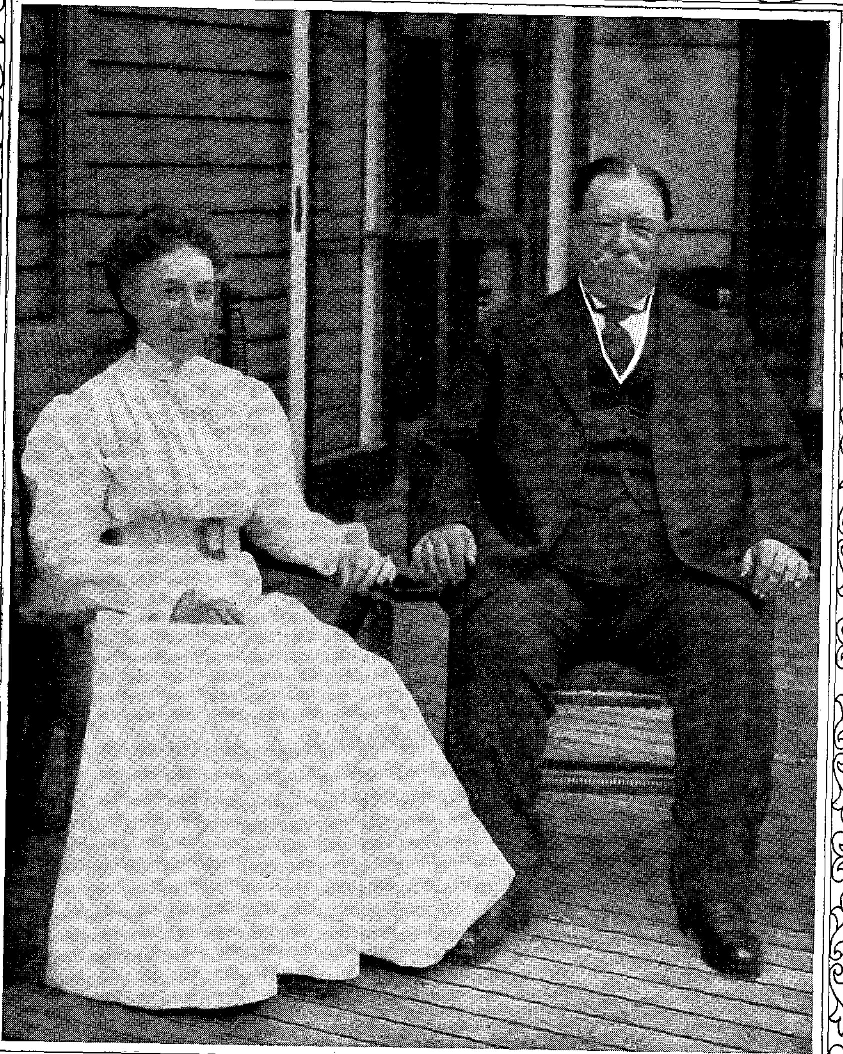
I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly Western woodland where Nature has her way!
So it's home again, and home again, etc.

Oh, Europe is a fine place, yet something seems to lack,
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back;
But life is in the present, and the future must be free;
We love our land for what she is, and what she is to be.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again to God's countrie,
To the blessed land of Room Enough, beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunshine and the flag is full of stars.



HOMEWARD BOUND
Drawn by I. W. Taber



THE PRESIDENT
AND MRS. TAFT
AT THEIR SUMMER HOME
BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS

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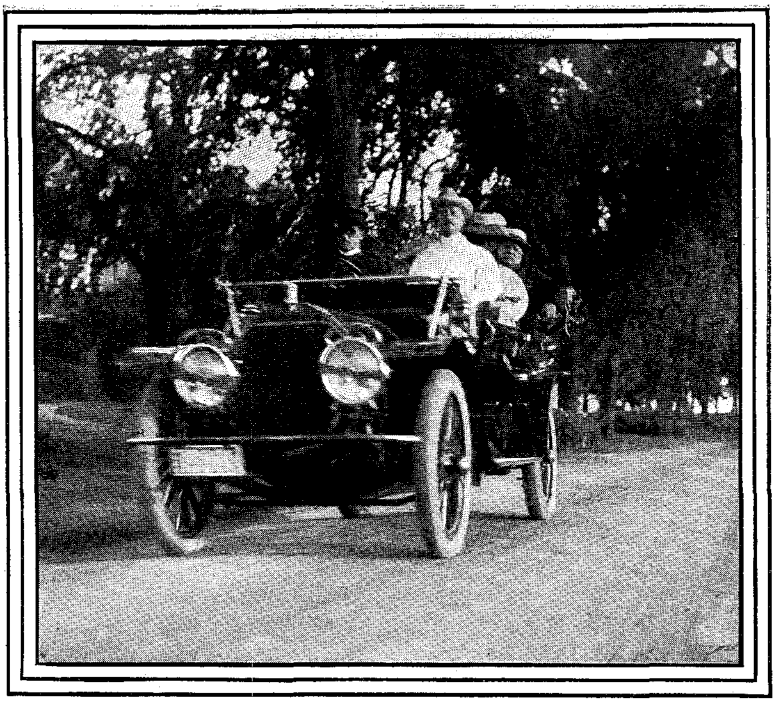


THE PRESIDENT ON HIS WAY TO THE GOLF COURSE

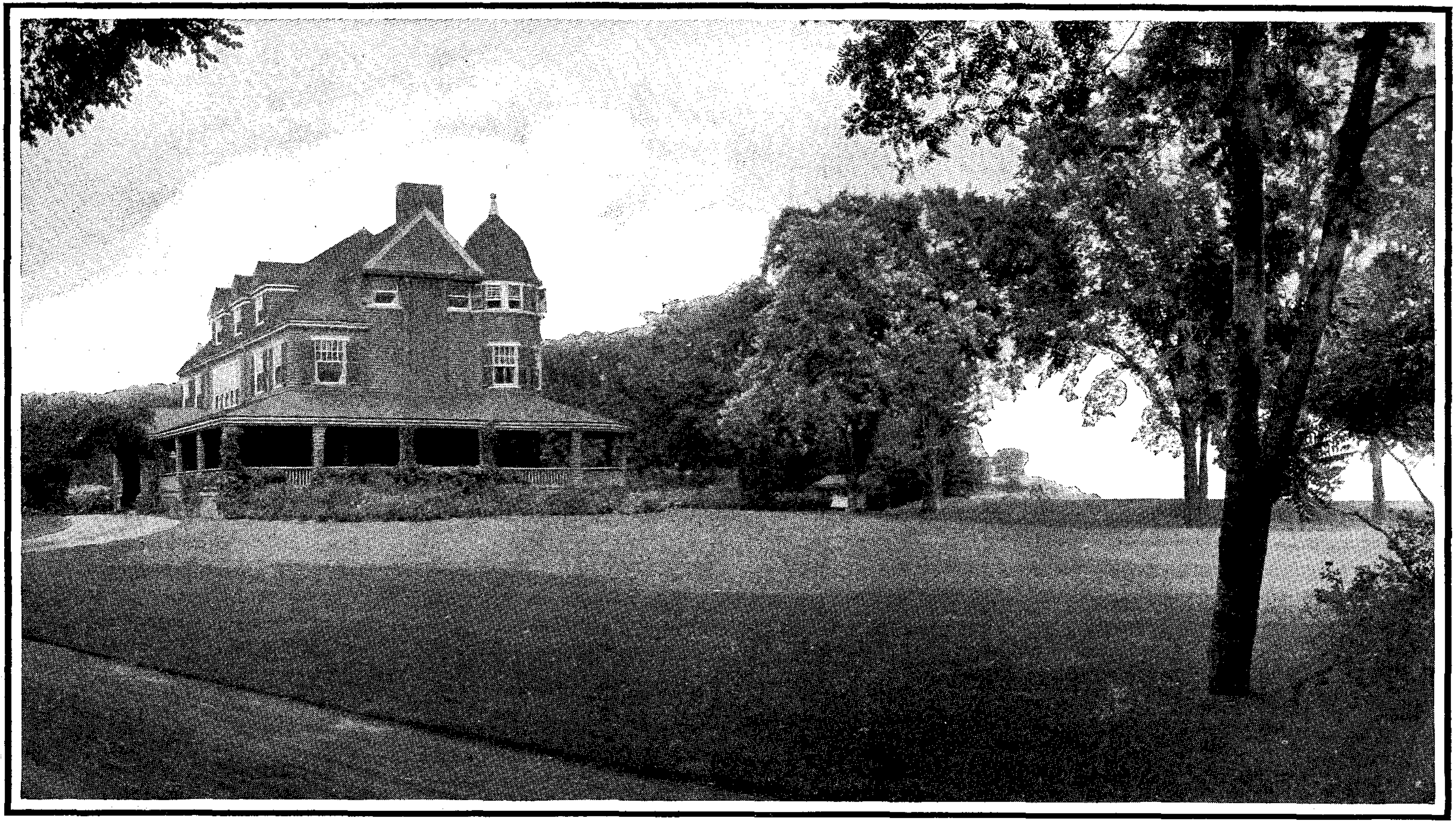
THE SUMMER CAPITAL

BY

MABEL T. BOARDMAN

"IF we could annex Murray Bay, the summer plans of the President would be easily settled," was the remark a member of his family made to a friend last March. But Murray Bay, with all its quaint charms and beautiful scenery, could not well be appropriated even temporarily. Moreover, the simple cottage, with its single partitions of rough boards and a place for Mr. Taft's desk at the back of the small and constantly traversed hall, which proved a happy summer home for Mr. Taft while Secretary of War, was hardly suitable for the President of the United States. It is true that, with his frank nature, he was not troubled by the fact that the entire household could hear the contents of his letters as he dictated them to a secretary in the early morning hours. When questioned on the famous Philippine trip, as to why he had included four Senators of the Democratic party and only three of the Republican, he replied: "If our policy in the Philippines cannot stand the investigation of our opponents, it is a policy that had better be given up." Such a character is not annoyed by publicity and has no fear of eavesdroppers. Nevertheless, the dignity of the Presidential office requires a summer home that is suitable for the Chief Magistrate of this country.

President Taft, when he first went to the Philippines, sold his house in Cincinnati, and so, being possessed of no rooftree he can call his home, it became necessary to find some convenient place for his family and for himself, when he could join them, to pass the few hot summer weeks. What more natural than that he should turn to New England? Massachusetts was his mother's native State.



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THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER HOME AT BEVERLY

From his boyhood he was familiar with her scenes and felt at home within her borders. One of the summers of his early married life was passed at Magnolia, and the loveliness of the North Shore had never been forgotten. During the campaign of last year he was heard to say that, after his own State, he would rather carry Massachusetts than any other, and splendidly did the old Bay State respond to the wish of one who may well be called her grandson.

James Russell Lowell, in one of his letters, says of Beverly: "Find the Yankee word for Sorrento and you have Beverly; it is only the Bay of Naples translated into New England dialect." Even allowing for poetic license in the thought, there is but small truth in the comparison. These gently rounded hills bear faint resemblance to the volcanic cliffs over which Vesuvius frowns; the oaks, the pines, and the hemlocks that rise above the red rocks of the North Shore are little like the orange groves that drop their luscious fruits over the palisade-like walls of Sorrento into the Bay of Naples; but true it is that the sea itself upon which the President gazes from the porches of his summer home often reflects a sky as clear and dark a blue as does the Mediterranean.

Just across the old Essex Bridge beyond Salem, that town of witch renown, lies Beverly, on the "Cape-An-Side," as the old records call it. Once on the Cape itself, there is a coolness in the very thought that only a few miles north from the southern coast, with its wooded shores, where the trees wander down to the ocean's brink, lies again the open sea with bleaker sand-dunes, long stretches of white beaches, and Castle Neck looking away to the Isle of Shoals. When President Taft motored into Boston, he probably little thought that, more than a hundred years ago, Washington, the first President, as he, the last, crossed this same old bridge on his way to inspect the first cotton factory in the country, making the journey in some slow and stately high-swung coach of those old days.

A house suitable for the President's use was not easily to be discovered. The finding of such a place the President left entirely to Mrs. Taft's good judgment. The house she finally selected lies on a point of land jutting out into Beverly Cove at the entrance to Salem Harbor. The Presi-

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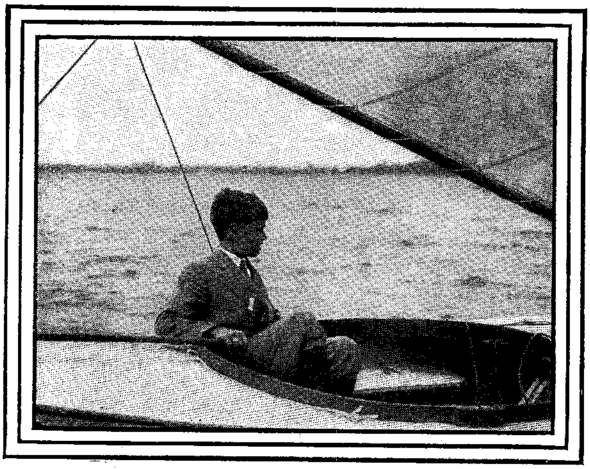
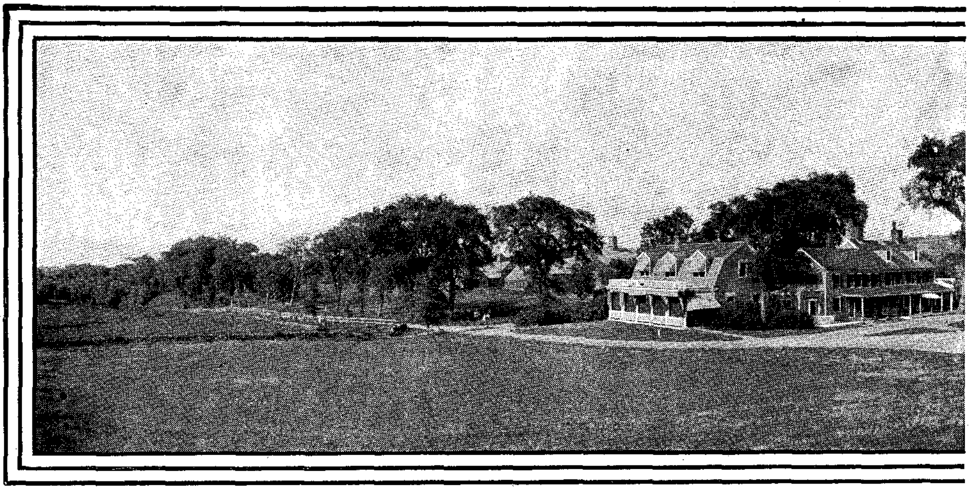
MISS HELEN TAFT



CHARLES TAFT IN THE BANDIT



THE MYOPIA CLUB, WHERE

dent and his family do not leave the train at Beverly, but, continuing a few miles farther on, stop at Montserrat, whose pretty little vine-clad station lies amid lawns, hedges, and bright flower-beds. From there a straight, well-wooded road leads almost directly to the house. The entrance to the point is through a low stone wall that incloses the grounds. Unfortunately, the house does not stand alone within the inclosure, but the three others to which the same entrance leads are not near. The parklike lawns, shrubs, trees, and flower-beds lend an English beauty to its surroundings. The house itself, with the stable, now used as a garage, is of wooden structure and dark green in color. Around it are broad porches, one side looking under large elm trees out to sea, and the other towards the waters of Beverly Cove. The lawn runs over a low sea-wall that protects it from storms and autumnal tides, and below is a beach broken by seaweed-covered rocks hardly visible at high water. Not far from the shore the Sylph lies anchored, and from a private dock on the point the President can go directly to the boat.

With the constant burden of heavy cares, it is the duty of the President to keep himself in as good condition as possible, and well it is for President Taft that exercise in the open air, so necessary to physical well-being, gives him pleasure. He is an enthusiast over the ancient and honorable game of golf; for truly often upon a man's honor does his score depend, and therefore, in the noblest sense of the word, has it been called a "gentleman's game." Six miles inland the President finds, at the Myopia Club, one of the best golf courses in the country, and one which the professional English golfer will often compare favorably with that of St. Andrew's. As, however fond he is of the sport, the President hardly lays claim to professional golf, the somewhat shorter and more picturesque links of the Essex Club, at Manchester-by-the-Sea, better suit his game and his taste. This pretty village, farther out on the Cape, is on the coast; and only five miles to the north, just beyond the village of Essex, is again the open sea. For this reason on warm summer days it is far cooler here than on the inland links. As the President stands near the seventh hole he catches a glimpse of the ocean on the one hand, and on the other the links lie like a broad green ribbon between the rocks and trees of the bordering hills.

Not more than a mile from the house at Beverly is the small Montserrat Club, and here the younger members of the President's family find plenty of tennis, golf, and companionship. The three children, inheriting as they do from both father and mother remarkable intellectual ability, lead in all their studies; Robert at Yale and Helen at Bryn Mawr each entered their collegiate career at sixteen, and Charlie, the younger son, if allowed, will be ready to enter Yale at fifteen. Yet nowhere could be found keener partici-

THE PRESIDENT PLAYS GOLF

pants in outdoor sports than among the President's children. Robert plays a game of golf that calls forth the President's best efforts to conquer, and Charlie, when not busy in nautical ways in boat, fishing, or swimming, is devoted to both golf and tennis. So natural, modest, and unassuming as they all are, their pursuit by the kodak and newspaper photographer is often unpardonable and most annoying.

Social life at the Summer Capital has little official atmosphere about it. Nothing of the formality of Newport or some of the other summer resorts prevails on the North Shore, where outdoor life, with its tennis, golf, riding, boating, bathing, and motoring, holds sway, and where the "God of the Open Air" finds innumerable shrines. Women discuss their gardens more than fashions, and take far greater interest in the flowers that flourish around their houses than in those which decorate their hats. If a little dinner, whose invitations have been sent by telephone, gathers some of them together, in not a few there will be such a contrast between the tanned face and neck and the white shoulders that it will suggest the children's game in which on a slip of paper is drawn a head, that is then folded back so as to be invisible to the one who completes the picture.

The great majority of the houses scattered along the Shore are frame structures whose interiors are simply though attractively furnished and decorated. Some few of more pretentious aspect are the real homes of their owners, who spend nearly the entire year in the country. With all this simple summer life the President and his family are in full sympathy.

His days are divided between the work and duties he cannot escape and life in the open air. After breakfast with his family, there is time given to his secretary, who has culled from the immense mail the important documents for the President's consideration. Then comes the morning game of golf at Essex or Myopia. To those who know the President's genial nature it is not strange that this is generally a foursome rather than the game limited to two, who are apt to be within speaking distance only at the tees and holes. The President enters into the game with the heartiness of a boy. A fine drive on his own or his partner's part delights him, but he shows the enthusiasm of the true sportsman over the good play of his adversaries. The applause of a group of children hanging over the fence as he makes a long drive far beyond the brook that traps so many balls on their way down from the Gloucester Road brings a smile to his face. He makes few preliminary swings before he strikes, but has a way of gazing steadily at the ball for a moment before he raises his club for the stroke—an action as characteristic of the man in his play as in his work.

After his luncheon, which often consists only of fruit, the President is again ready for his work. In spite of its being his vacation time, interviews with him are in

THE REPORTERS WAITING FOR THEIR
DAILY INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT

constant demand, and Mr. Carpenter has a difficult task to select those of real importance, for every one who desires to see the President considers his mission of vital interest, at least to himself. Certain official papers must be read, letters dictated and signed. The President is in constant touch with the members of his Cabinet. His interest is so earnest in all their work, his sympathy so keen in every important matter in each department, that they are anxious to consult with him. It is characteristic of him to place much confidence in the men he has placed in important offices and then to give them his strong support. This has a tendency to give a man confidence in himself and to bring out his best efforts. Whether men agree with the President or not as to his policies, he commands their admiration by his frankness and his firmness, and their affection by his kindness and his courtesy. Just after the extra session was over a member of the Senate remarked to one of his friends, "The fact is, we have all fallen in love with the President and are all glad that he won his fight."

When the interviews are over and the letters signed, only an hour or two remains before dinner, and this the President devotes to motoring, with Mrs. Taft and other members of the family, up and down the shore or back into the country, for in all directions the roads are good and the scenes beautiful. He enjoys the exhilaration of a long motor ride in the coolness of the late afternoon, but he will not permit carelessness on the part of the chauffeur, to whom written instructions have been given to avoid any reckless driving which might imperil the lives of others. He himself seems never conscious of danger. In the interior of Mindanao, riding the chance horse that a small army post could provide, on a small and uncomfortable saddle, and over roads that were like mud-covered stairs, his mind and his conversation were devoted to projects for the utilization of the water power to improve transportation for the benefit of the camp. His sympathy was expended on the horse, and no thought given to his own discomfort or danger.

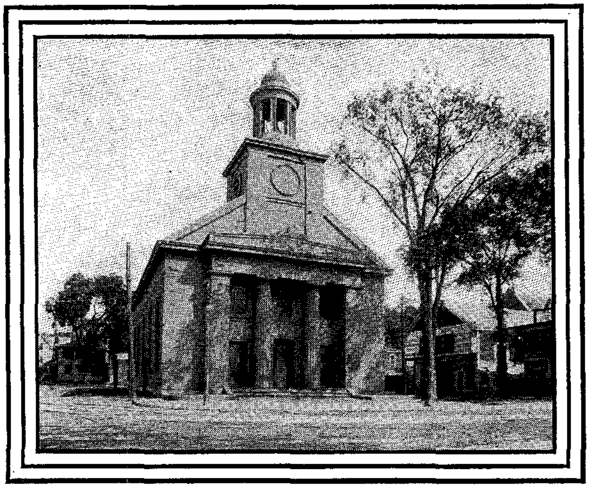
In driving or motoring the President's place is on the right of the carriage or automobile, but so unconscious is Mr. Taft of the merely conventional honors of the position that he has occasionally to be reminded of them. He has a particular dislike to placing a lady on his left in a carriage, his natural chivalry being disturbed by the proprieties of his office. President Roosevelt used sometimes jokingly to say at small White House dinners when he insisted upon the ladies preceding him in leaving the dining-room, "This is informal enough for the President to be a gentleman." Let no one think, though, that, with all his geniality, with all his modesty and consideration for others, President Taft lacks one iota of the dignity that suits his office. Once or twice while he was Secretary of War some disgruntled officer made the mistake of thinking that he might venture to express his indignation by his attitude to his superior, only to learn to his dismay how instantly and firmly came the reproof. But, the reproof accepted and the conduct changed, the officer was made to feel how quickly he was pardoned. Not the man who occupied the office was offended, the disrespect had been to the Secretary of War. Here at the Summer Capital, surrounded by simplicity and informality, full of the happiness of having his family and his friends around him, Mr. Taft is none the less always the President of the United States. He is one of those rare exceptions who proves the rule and is a hero even to his valet, be that man the little Filipino he brought from Manila or the tall colored messenger who followed from the War Department to the White House, who are now both part of the household of the Summer Capital.

At half-past seven comes the family dinner hour. The soul of hospitality, the President delights in having his friends about his board and in lingering around the table to discuss affairs of state when the comfort and the satisfaction of the inner man smooths away the knotty problems of a strenuous day. The dining-room of the house at Beverly,

> "Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
> Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
> An easy entrance, night and day,"

are like those of Longfellow's "farm-house old." After dinner on warm evenings the piazza is a pleasant resting-place. The President does not smoke, but his guests may enjoy their cigars while watching the glitter of the moonlight or the flash of some distant lighthouse and the lights of many ships flitting over the summer sea. Even in August the northeast wind sometimes makes a bright wood fire on the hearth in the large hall very welcome. Around this, with the lamps on the table in the center, the members of the family gather with their books, for all of them are very fond of reading—a luxury, though, in which the President rarely has time to indulge. His desk in an adjoining room, on which are apt to lie the never-to-be-escaped public documents, may command his attention, or some Government official with some important question to discuss, some tangle in his department to be straightened out, robs him of the evening hours, but even this is a robbery in which he himself is ready to act as an accomplice.

Then comes the night, when, lulled by the sound of the waves on the beach and the wind in the trees, with a conscience void of offense for the day that is past, and with a happy optimism for the work of the morrow, the President sleeps the sleep of the just in this home of the Summer Capital.



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH AT BEVERLY

A WOMAN AT THE HEAD

BY

JOHN EVANS

CHICAGO has turned over the management of her $50,000,000 school system to a woman. She is, of course, an unusual woman, but all the same she is a woman and she has displaced man.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young was elected Superintendent of Schools in that city July 28. Her salary was placed at $10,000, while that of her assistant, John D. Shoop, was made half that amount. There were unusual circumstances about this remarkable selection. In the first place, the office of the Superintendent in Chicago has been a customary scene of turbulence for many months, and yet a woman was chosen to subdue the unruly factions. In the second place, Mrs. Young is sixty-four years old. She is vigorous and alert, but it is quite certain that no man at that age would have been elected. And, in the third place, Mrs. Young was the one woman in a list of sixty educators selected by a special committee as fitted for the place.

Mrs. Young is a Chicago woman. She was born in Buffalo, New York, January 15, 1845. She was brought to Chicago a few years later by her parents, and there she has stayed since. Her education was received in the schools she will now rule, and some of the pupils she taught in the lower grades are now her associates on the Board of Education. Advocates of woman suffrage thought at first that this very definite proof of woman's progress in the world of affairs would strengthen it, but the disillusionment followed soon. Mrs. Young believes in woman and in her work, but she believes more in the home, and she has the courage to say so. It was the striking personality of the woman and her genuine power that won for her the place at the head of the second largest school system in the country.

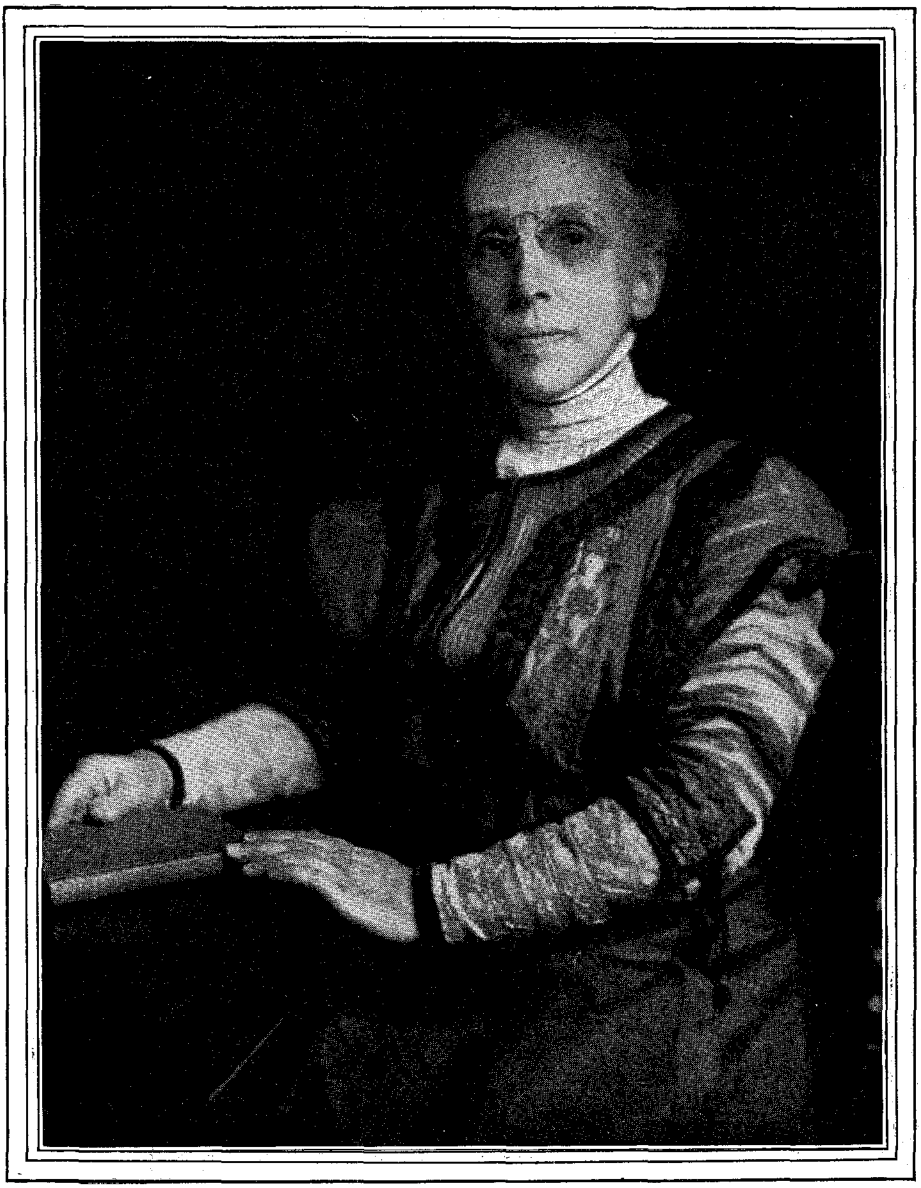
On the day of the election Mrs. Young and five men were summoned before the Board singly. The five men were called first. Each of them was given twenty minutes to discuss some topic of education. It was dinner-time when Mrs. Young was called, and the Board members were frankly tired. Yet they felt they must listen to the woman as they had to the men. Mrs. Young talked, not twenty minutes, but two hours, and when she finished there was not a bored man among the fifteen listeners. When she left the room, she was unanimously elected as the official head of the Chicago schools.

Some of Mrs. Young's "boys" lined up outside her office to congratulate her the day she assumed her new duties. There was Peter Finley Dunne, of "Mr. Dooley" fame. "I never thought Peter would turn into a Dooley," said Mrs. Young to the group as she greeted them. "He was a good boy, but—well, I had only moderate hopes for Peter." And Mr. Dunne smiled and giggled much like the school-boy of old.

And then millionaire Granger Farwell was humbled by Mrs. Young's excellent memory. "Granger was a student in the Scammon School practice department," said his former teacher to the "boys," "and one day he said something funny. A group of superintendents and principals from other States were visiting there. One of them described a coral island and its formation and growth. Afterwards the teacher said, 'When you see how wonderful these islands are, you would hardly believe they exist, would you?' 'No,' piped up little Granger, 'and I wouldn't believe it if I saw one.'"

And the "boys," now leading men in Chicago, blessed their former school-teacher, a little less awestruck than they were a half-century before, but with more love and respect than ever in their hearts for her.

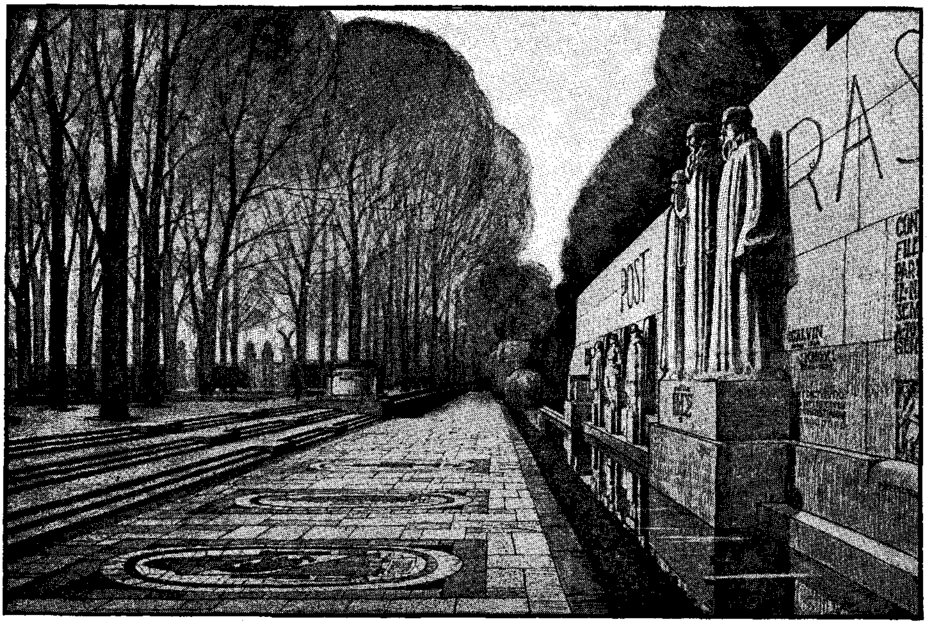
This woman, who has fought her way into the second highest executive position in the public schools of this country, has the simple tastes and the gentle manners



MRS. ELLA FLAGG YOUNG

of the old school woman. For twenty-five years she has been a widow, and the mother-love in her has been given to the thousands of children she has taught and befriended ever since the day, fifty years ago, when she became a teacher in the old Foster school.

One looks in vain for any evidence of the "new" woman in Mrs. Young. She is all that is feminine. She is described by those who know her as being as good a cook as a scientist, and as fond of her hours at the coffee or tea table as of those at the desk. She is a womanly woman, but she has opened, as she says, "the real road to the kind of suffrage women need." She means by that, that work well done is paid for in money and in honor and in power by the world.



PART OF THE REFORMATION MONUMENT

CALVIN & GENEVA

BY

ELBERT F. BALDWIN

THE city of Geneva is one of the sights of Switzerland. Its situation is singularly impressive and charming. Its architecture is dignified and appropriate. Its people represent an admirable mixture of the aristocratic and the democratic, and are particularly sympathetic to Americans. Its history has been notable—so notable that it has been called the Protestant Rome. No one has been such a factor in giving it this title as has John Calvin. Calvin was a Frenchman. But he could not propagate his ideas of religious and social liberty in his native country. Only on the freer soil of Switzerland could he obtain such freedom. In 1536 he arrived in Geneva to spend the night on his way to Strasburg. Farel, the impetuous Genevese reformer, told him about the new-born Genevan republic and its resistance to the Dukes of Savoy. The two men talked about religion and education as well as about politics. Farel pleaded with Calvin to remain in Geneva. Calvin remained. "Maître Jehan," as he was then called, evolved out of Geneva as he found it a fortress, a church, and a school. The fortress is no longer needed and its walls have been taken down, but the church and school are still needed and are flourishing.

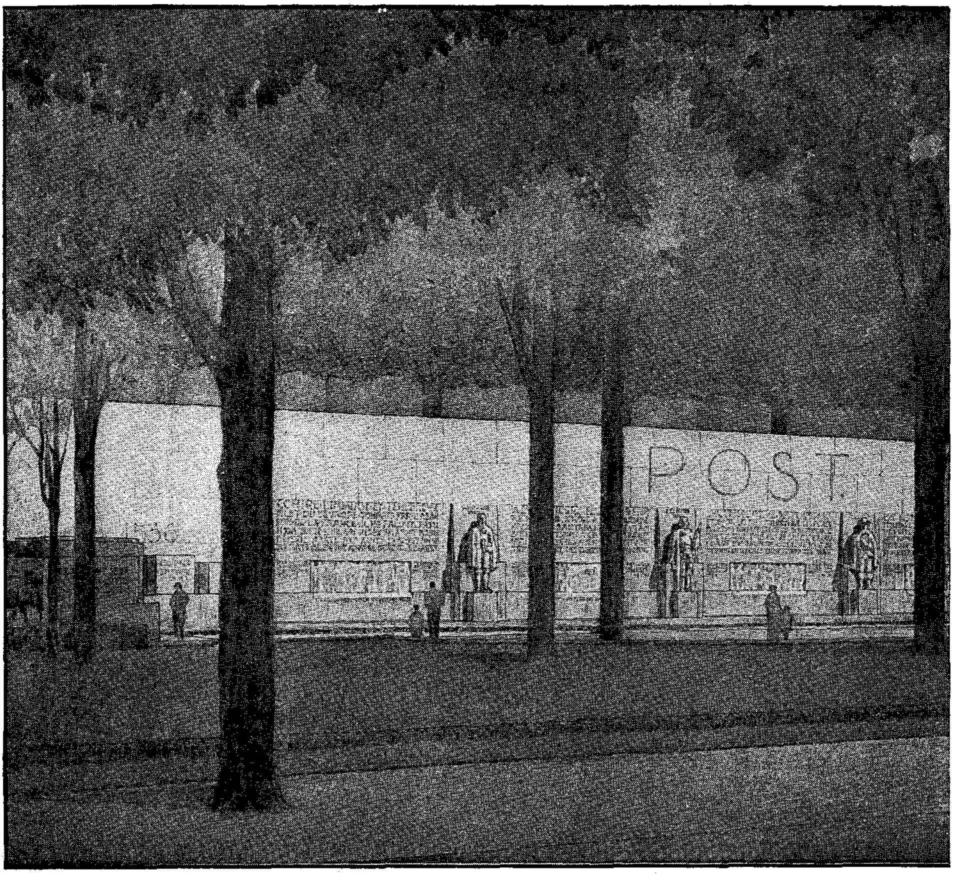
When Calvin came to Geneva, he discovered, to his satisfaction, a political and social foundation already made. Geneva and the other communities were independent commonwealths. It has been impossible for any one to conquer the Swiss. The last redoubtable antagonist of Swiss independence and religious freedom was the Duke of Savoy, who claimed Geneva as fief of his neighboring duchy. He got as far as putting Bonnivard in prison in the Castle of Chillon, at the upper end of the Lake of Geneva, but the Duke got no further. The people of the little city, backed by the people from Berne, were too many for him. To prevent his coming back, they pulled down their suburbs and repaired their ramparts or bastions. Hence when Calvin arrived, he found a political ground prepared by centuries of self-defense for his coming. He found a people with a tradition of self-dependence. On this foundation he built. He made immediate friends. One of these friends was, of course, Farel, but another was Théodore de Bèze. The last named, a fine type of the Genevan Reformation, became the first rector of the new school for higher instruction which Calvin founded in 1559—the Schola Genevensis. Thus the school celebrates this year the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. Calvin placed it in charge of the Venerable Company of Pastors. Appropriately enough, it became the chief seminary of the Reformed Confession, just as Geneva itself became the center of the new world movement. The school was popularly known as the "Académie de Calvin," and long remained titularly an academy after it had really become a university. In the nineteenth century, however, it became a university in name also. Theological and humanist at first, it was later noted for its courses in jurisprudence under Godefroy and Burlamaqui. In elaborating liberal and democratic ideas the great Huguenot jurists cleared the way for modern constitutional law. The university has also been prominent in science and literature. A degree from the University of Geneva has universally been appreciated in proportion to its eminence among universities. Two years ago Dr. David Jayne Hill, American Ambassador to Germany, who had been Minister to Switzerland and in close association with the university professors, was given a doctorate by the University of Geneva. In commenting upon this, he said: "Were I an Englishman, and had I just been knighted, I could not feel more honored than I do by this distinction."

Calvin made friends not only of Genevans like Farel and Bèze; he made friends in other countries. John Fiske well says somewhere that Calvin was the spiritual father of three men who personified the political movement to which the Reformation gave birth—Coligny, William the Silent, and Oliver Cromwell.

Politically, religiously, and socially, Calvin fought like the men of his time. He gave no quarter whenever he felt himself summoned to avenge that which he called "the honor of God." Tolerance apparently did not exist for him. The burning of Servetus is an indelible blot on his memory, even if we do take into account the rude and brutal customs of that and succeeding ages. But politically Calvin's discipline was necessary. Farel's rule had become demagogical. Even the non-religious, fearing, on the one hand, the insecurity of Farel's politics, and, on the other, the danger from the Duke of Savoy, finally besought the stern Calvin "to stay with us forever," even if they knew him for a strict regulator of manners. Calvin stayed, and in 1541 he established his famous theocracy. Whatever its merits, the theocracy, in its application to manners and morals, contained such remarkable clauses as—

> Item, that no man, of what estate, quality, or condition soever be he, dareth be so hardy to make, or cause to be made, or wear hosen or doublets, cut, jagged, embroidered, or lined with silk, upon pain to forfeit.
>
> Item, that no Citizen, Burger, or Inhabitant of this City dareth be so hardy to go from henceforth to eat or drink in any tavern.
>
> Item, that none be so hardy to walk by night in the Town after nine of the clock without candlelight and also a lawful cause.
>
> Item, that no manner of person, of what estate, quality or condition soever they be, shall wear any chains of gold or silver, but those which have been accustomed to wear them shall put them off, and shall wear them no more upon pain of threescore shillings for every time.
>
> Item, that no women, of what quality or condition soever they be, shall wear any verdingales, gold upon her head, quosies of gold, billiments or such like, neither any manner of embroidery upon her sleeves.

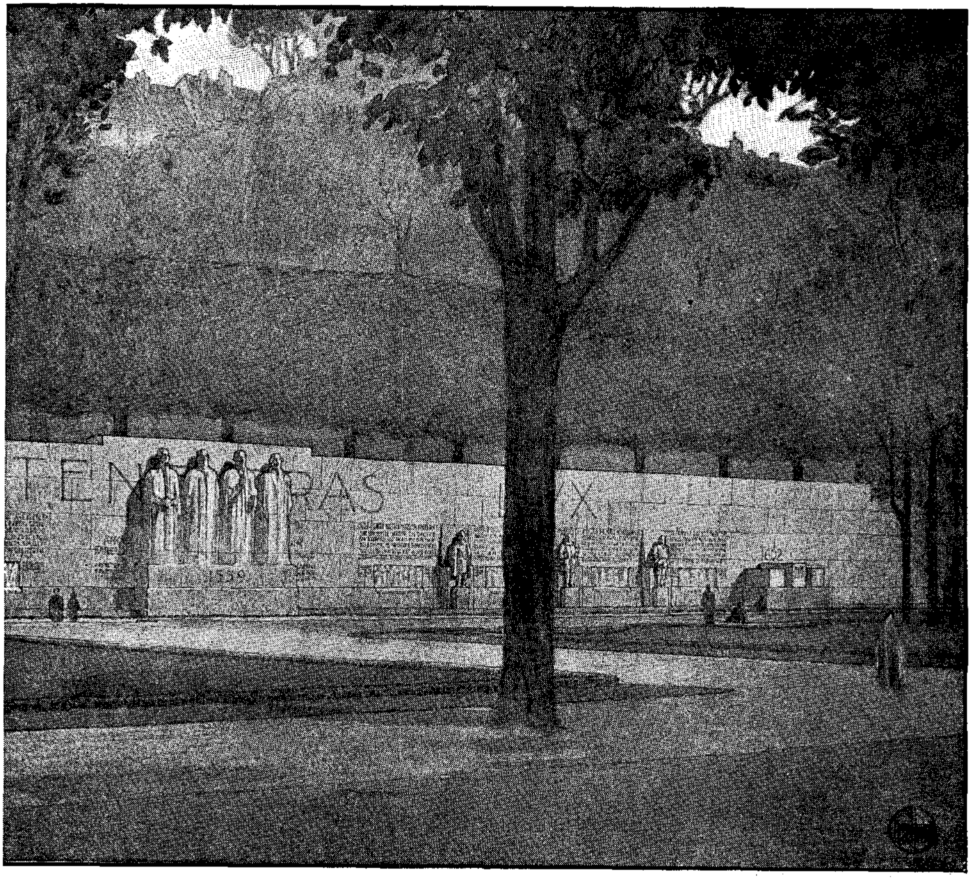
To-day, as the stranger in Geneva walks along the Promenade des Bastions, he comes upon a part of the original wall. This is the spot chosen for the great Reformation Monument, the corner-stone of which was laid last July, men from many nations participating, not only Calvinists, but Roman Catholics and the Protestants who reject some of Calvin's central dogmas, together with the Protestants who accept them. The participants, however, were united on those religious, political, and educational dogmas which, tried by the test of time and experience, have been shown to be worthy of respect. The monument is to symbolize the idea of Geneva as the fortress of



A PART OF THE ORIGINAL WALL ALONG THE PROMENADE DES BASTIONS

the whole Calvinistic reform, religious, social, educational, political, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Against this wall a rampart of granite is to be built on which will be graven in gigantic letters, "Post Tenebras Lux" (After Shadows Light). The legend is at once the motto of the city of Geneva and expresses the faith of the Reformation. In the middle space against this wall are to stand four statues, those of Calvin, Farel, Bèze, and John Knox. This arrangement has been carefully thought out, so that the monument will be not so much a Calvin as a Reformation Monument. The date, 1559, on the wall will recall the year when these four men were working simultaneously and in accord. In that year Farel organized the Reformed Church of Nassau-Saarbruck. In that year Bèze became the first rector of the Académie de Calvin—Bèze, that pleasing contrast to the gloomier Calvin. The saying grew up in Geneva that it would be better to go to hell with Théodore de Bèze than to heaven with John Calvin! Also, in 1559, John Knox, pastor at Geneva of the First Puritan Congregation, was recalled to Scotland and preached the reform at Edinburgh. But before he left he called Geneva under Calvin's theocratic rule "the most perfect school of Christ that was ever in the earth since the days of the Apostles."

On either side of these four figures the following inscriptions recall particularly proud dates in the history of Genevan education and politics: "The 21st May 1536 the people of Geneva, assembled in General Council, ratified the edicts of the Reformation and decreed public and compulsory instruction." "The 12th December 1602 the people of Geneva victoriously repulsed the attempt of the Duke of Savoy and maintained their political and religious independence." It



IS THE SPOT CHOSEN FOR THE GREAT REFORMATION MONUMENT

was the Duke's final attempt. The two thousand Genevans had held their own against eighteen thousand Savoyards in the field, and now they held their own against the Duke's final attempt to climb the Genevan bastions. No wonder the patriotic Genevan of to-day likes to walk along the Promenade des Bastions.

On the socle, or base, on which the four statues are to stand there will be engraved I H S (Iesus Hominum Salvator); furthermore, the Sun of the Reformation, displayed with flames darting from its rim, as one finds the emblem on the arms of the old Genevan Republic, of its church and school, and of the Universities of Oxford and Utrecht. Bas-reliefs to the right and left of this central *motif* will recall the first preachings of Farel at Geneva and of Knox at Edinburgh. Again to the right and left, placed here and there against the wall, are to stand the statues of the great men who have protected or propagated the Reformation—Coligny, William the Silent, and Frederick William of Brandenburg on one side, and on the other Oliver Cromwell, Stephen Bocskay, that Prince of Transylvania who established Protestantism in Hungary, and, last but not least, a name to thrill all American lovers of religious freedom, Roger Williams. Between the colossal figures of these protectors and propagators are inscriptions summarizing the history of the different countries represented by these six men—France, Holland, Germany, Hungary, England, and the American Colonies. In addition, the monument also evokes by appropriate inscriptions the memory of two great reformers who accomplished their work outside of Calvinism, Luther and Zwingli, and also recalls the souvenirs of such precursors of the Reformation as Peter Waldo, John Wyclif, Jerome of Prague, and John Hus.

THE REAL ROBERT ELSMERE

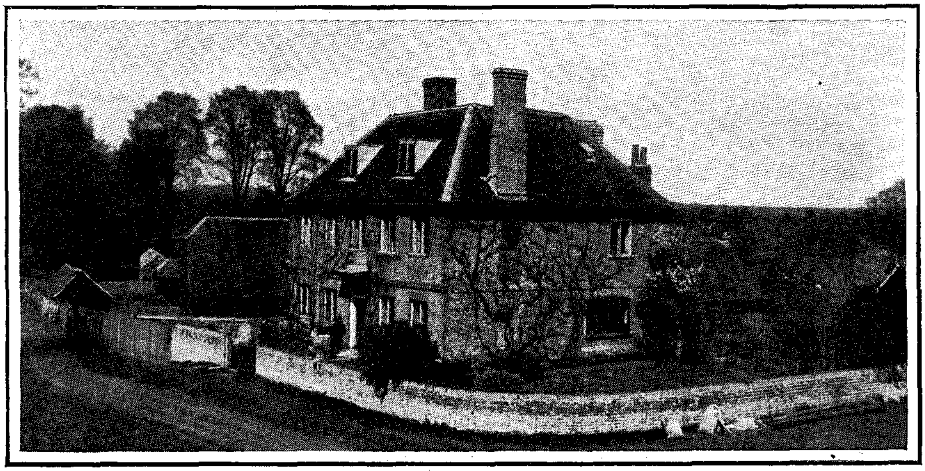
BY CHARLES S. OLCOTT

With Photographs by the Author

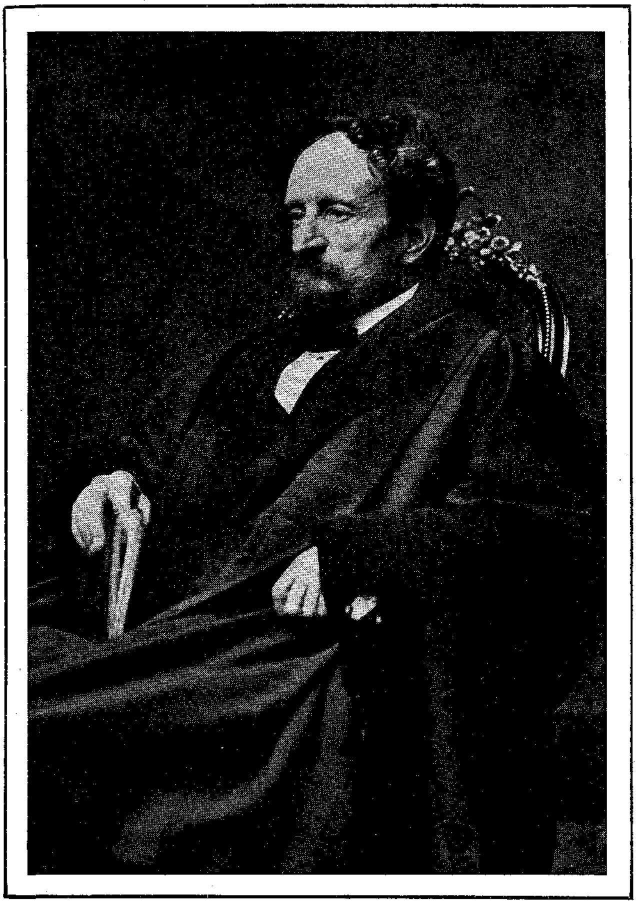
IN seeking to point out the real persons and places of Mrs. Ward's novels, it is only fair to the author to begin with her own statement as to the story-teller's method of procedure: "An idea, a situation, is suggested to him by real life, he takes traits and peculiarities from this or that person whom he has known or seen, but this is all. When he comes to write . . . the mere necessities of an imaginative effort oblige him to cut himself adrift from reality. His characters become to him the creatures of a dream, as vivid often as his waking life, but still a dream. And the only portraits he is drawing are portraits of phantoms, of which the germs were present in reality, but to which he himself has given voice, garb, and action."

It is the purpose of this article to point out some of these "germs of reality" in Mrs. Ward's work, relying for the essential facts, at least, upon information personally given to the writer by the novelist herself. For Mrs. Ward does not hesitate to admit that certain characters were drawn from real life; but she insists upon a proper understanding of the exact sense in which this is true. Because "Miss Bretherton" was suggested by the career of Mary Anderson it does not follow that all that is said of the former is true of the latter. There is a vast difference between a "suggestion" and a "portrait." The thoughts and feelings or the personal characteristics of a certain individual may suggest a character who in his physical aspects, his environment, and the events of his career may be conceived as an individual totally different. Mrs. Ward's novels contain no portraits and no history. But they abound in characters suggested by people whom she has known, in incidents and reminiscences of real life, and in vivid word pictures of scenes which she has learned to love or of places with which she was personally familiar.

A study of the scenery of these novels properly begins in the County of Surrey. About four miles southwest of Godalming is an old-fashioned brick farm-house, reached by a drive over country that seems in places almost like a desert—so wild and forsaken that one can scarcely believe it to be within a few miles of some of the busiest suburbs of London. But it has a splendid beauty of its own. The thick gorse with its golden blossoms everywhere waves a welcome. There are now and then great oaks to greet you, and



BOROUGH FARM, WHERE "ROBERT ELSMERE" WAS WRITTEN



PROFESSOR MARK PATTISON

The Roger Wendover of "Robert Elsmere"

graceful patches of white birch. And everywhere is a delightfully exhilarating sense of freedom and fresh air such as only this kind of open country can suggest. Here Mrs. Ward lived for seven summers, finding in the country round about some of the most interesting of the scenes of her first novel, "Miss Bretherton," and of "Robert Elsmere."

"Miss Bretherton" was published in 1884. Mary Anderson was at that time the reigning success on the London stage, while Sarah Bernhardt, in Paris, was startling the world with an art of a totally different character. The beauty of the young American actress was the one subject of conversation. Was it her beauty that attracted the crowds to the theater, and that alone? Was she totally lacking in that consummate art which the great Frenchwoman admittedly possessed? These questions suggested to Mrs. Ward the theme of her first attempt at fiction. The beautiful Miss Bretherton is taken in hand by a party of friends representing the highest types of culture. In their effort to give her mind and body much-needed rest from the exactions of London society she is carried away on two notable excursions. The first is to Surrey, the real scene of this outing being a place near Borough Farm called Forked Pond, well known to Mrs. Ward and her family while residents at the Farm. The other is to Oxford, where, after admiring the colleges, which brought many happy recollections to the gentlemen of the party, Miss Bretherton is taken to Nuneham Park, a beautiful place on the river where a small rustic bridge enhances the romantic character of the surroundings. This, of course, was familiar ground to the author, who spent sixteen happy years in that vicinity as a resident of Oxford. Through the kindness of these friends, and particularly by the influence of Kendal, who becomes her lover, Miss Bretherton is made to take a new view of her art, and is transformed into an actress of real dramatic power.

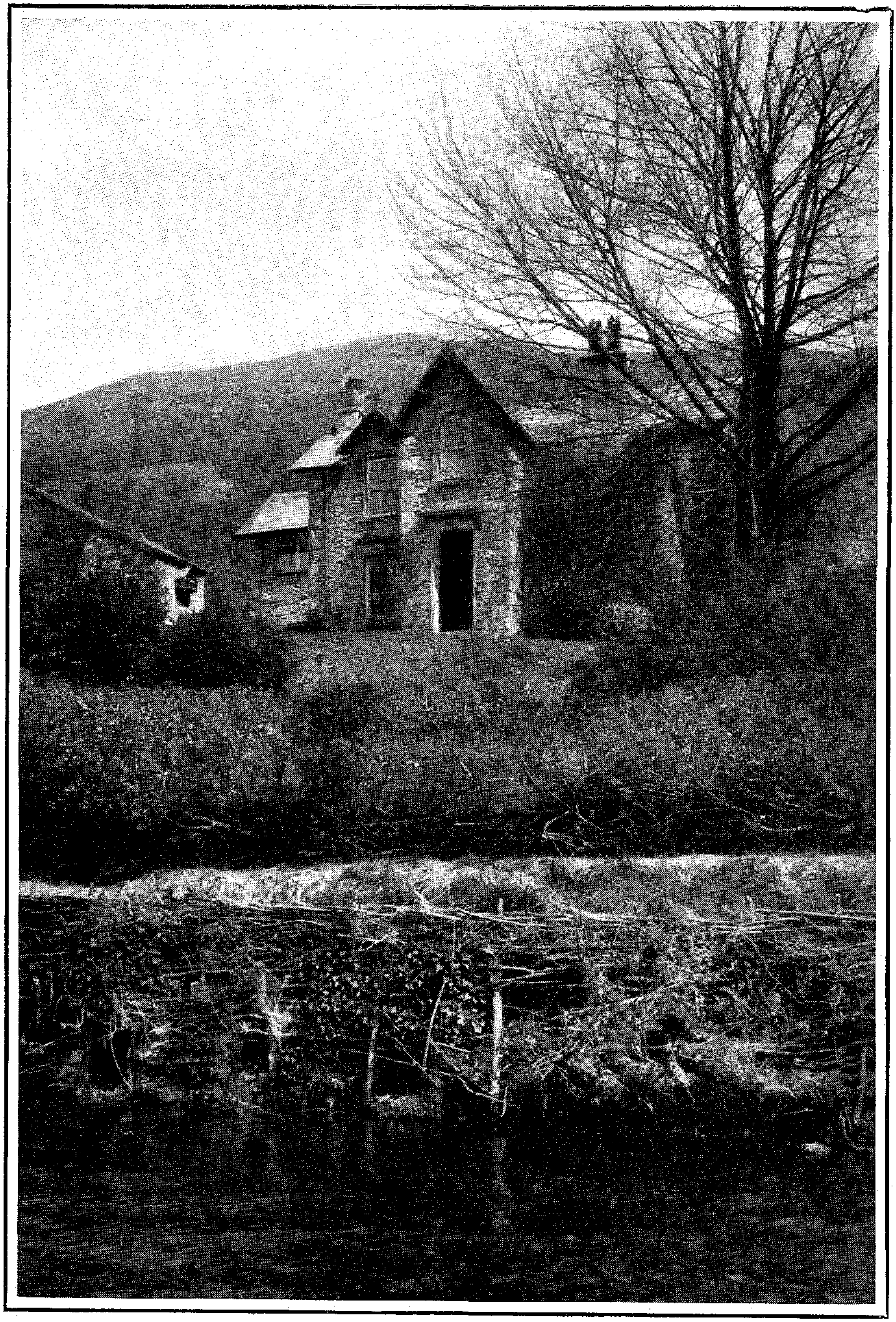
Although a charming story, "Miss Bretherton" did not prove successful and had little part in making the reputation of the novelist, who is likely to be known as "the author of 'Robert Elsmere'" so long as her fame shall endure. For this great book created a sensation throughout the English-speaking world when it appeared, and aroused controversies which did not subside for many years.

The scenery of "Robert Elsmere" combines the Westmoreland which Mrs. Ward learned to love in her childhood with the Oxford of her girlhood and early married life and the Surrey where so many pleasant summers were spent. Not wishing, for fear of recognition, to describe the country near Ambleside, with which she was most familiar, Mrs. Ward located the scenes of the opening chapters in the neighboring valley of Long Sleddale, giving it the name of Long Whindale. Whinborough is the city of Kendal, and the village of Shanmoor is Kentmere. Burwood Farm, where the Leyburns lived, is a house far up the valley, which still "peeps through the trees" at the passer-by just as it did in the days when Robert Elsmere first met the saintly Catherine there. A few hundred yards down the stream is a little stone church across the road from a small stone school-house, and next to the school a gray stone vicarage, standing high above the little river, all three bearing the date 1863. At sight of this group of buildings one almost expects to catch a glimpse of the well-meaning but not over-wise Mrs. Thornburgh, sitting in the shade of the vicarage, awaiting the coming of old John Backhouse, the carrier, with the anxiously expected consignment of "airy and appetizing trifles" from the confectioner's.

At the extreme end of the valley the road abruptly comes to an end. A stone bridge leads off to the left to a group of three small farms. In front no sign of human habitation meets the eye. The hills seem to come together, forming a kind of bowl, and there is no sound to break the stillness save the ripple of the river. It was to this lonely spot that Catherine was in the habit of walking, quite alone, to visit the dying Mary Backhouse. The house of John and Jim Backhouse where Mary died may still be seen. It is the oldest of the three farms above mentioned. A very small cottage, it is wedged between a stable on one side and a sort of barn or storehouse on the other, so that from the road before crossing the bridge it seems to be quite pretentious. The house dates back to 1670.

Mary Backhouse never existed except in imagination, but Mrs. Ward, upon seeing the photograph of the house, exclaimed with much satisfaction, "Yes, that is the very house where Mary Backhouse died." So real to her are the events described in her novels that Mrs. Ward frequently refers to the scenes in this way. Behind the house is a very steep hill, covered with trees and rough stones. It was over this hill that Robert and Catherine walked on the night of Mary Backhouse's death. Readers of "Robert Elsmere" will remember that poor Mary was the victim of a strange hallucination. On the night of Midsummer Day, one year before, she had seen the ghost or "bogle" of "Bleacliff Tarn." To see the ghost was terror enough, but to be spoken to by it was the sign of death within a year. And Mary had both seen and been spoken to by the ghost. Her mind, so far as she had one, for she was really half insane, was concentrated on the one horrible thought—that on Midsummer Night she must die. The night had at last arrived, and Catherine, true to her charitable impulses, was there to comfort the dying girl.

The weather was growing darker and stormier; the wind shook the house in gusts, and the farther shoulder of High Fell was almost hidden by the trailing rain clouds. But Catherine feared nothing when a human soul was in need, and, hoping to pacify the poor woman, volunteered to go out to the top of the Fell and over the very track of the ghost at the precise hour when she was supposed to walk, to prove that there was nothing near "but the dear old hills and the power of God." As she opened the door of the kitchen,



THE VICARAGE. HOME OF THE THORNBURGHS ("ROBERT ELSMERE")

Catherine was surprised to find Robert Elsmere there, and together they set out, over the rough, stony path, facing the wind and rain as they climbed the distant fell-side. There Robert pleaded his love against Catherine's stern sense of duty, and won.

When Robert and Catherine were married, they went to live at the Rectory of Murewell, in Surrey. This old house is at Peper Harow, three miles west of Godalming and a mile or so from Borough Farm. It was leased for one summer by Mrs. Ward. A plain, square house of stone, much discolored by the weather, it could hardly be called attractive in itself. In fact, the present occupant thought it quite amazing that any one should want to photograph such an ugly old house. But stepping back to the road, with its picturesque stone wall surmounted with foliage, and viewing the house as it appears from there, flanked on the left by a fine spreading elm and on the right by a tall, pointed fir and a cluster of oaks, with a little flower garden under the windows and the gracefully curving walk leading past the door in a semicircle stretching from gate to gate, the ugly house is transformed into a home of beauty, where Robert and Catherine, one can well imagine, might have been quite happy and contented with their surroundings.

In the rear of the house is the garden, famous for its phloxes, the scene of many walks and family confidences. At the farther end is the gate where Langham poured out the story of his life in passionate speech, impelled by the equally passionate sympathy of Rose, only to recall himself a moment later, "the critic in him making the most bitter, remorseless mock of all these heroics and despairs the other self had been indulging in."

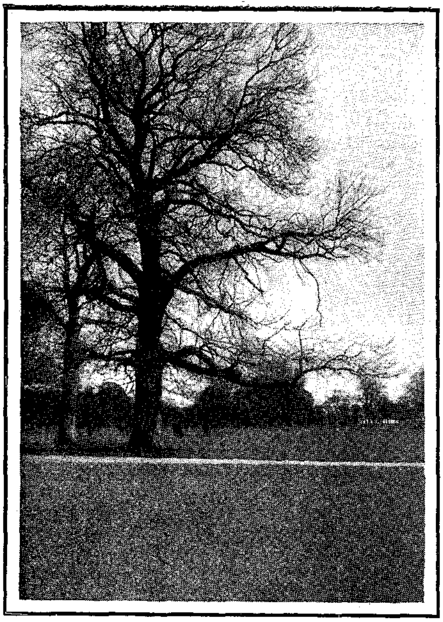
Only a short walk from the Rectory is the little church of Peper Harow, the scene of Robert's early clerical labors, and farther on is the large and beautiful Peper Harow Park, the present home of Lord Middleton. This attractive park is the original of Squire Wendover's, but the house itself is not described. The fine library owned by the Squire, which so delighted Robert Elsmere with its many rare books, was in reality the famous Bodleian Library of Oxford, with which the author became familiar very early in life.

Three characters from real life, each a man of marked individuality, stand out prominently in the pages of "Robert Elsmere." These are Professor Mark Pattison, whose strong personality and scholarly attainments suggested Squire Wendover; Professor Thomas H. Green, the original of Mr. Grey; and the melancholy Swiss philosopher, poet, and dreamer Amiel, who was the prototype of Langham.

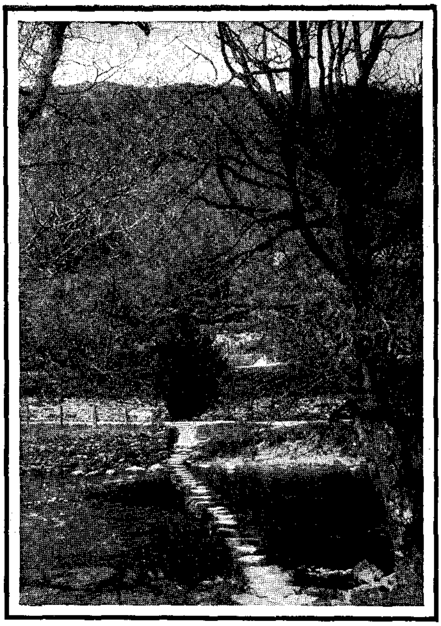
The theme of the novel is the development of Robert Elsmere's character and the gradual change of his religious views, brought about through many a bitter struggle. In this the principal influence was that of Roger Wendover, a typical English squire of large possessions, but, in addition, a scholar of the first rank, the possessor of a large library filled with rare and important volumes of history, philosophy, science, and religion, with the contents of which he was thoroughly familiar, and an author of two great books, one of which had stirred up a tremendous excitement in the circles of English religious thought.

"The Pentateuch, the Prophets, the Gospels, St. Paul, Tradition, the Fathers, Protestantism and Justification by Faith, the Eighteenth Century, the Broad Church Movement, Anglican Theology — the squire had his say about them all. And while the coolness and frankness of the method sent a shock of indignation and horror through the religious public, the subtle and caustic style, and the epigrams with which the book was strewn, forced both the religious and the irreligious public to read, whether they would or no. A storm of controversy rose round the volumes, and some of the keenest observers of English life had said at the time, and maintained since, that the publication of the book had made or marked an epoch."

Against the influence of such a book, and more particularly against a growing intimacy with its author, Robert Elsmere felt himself as helpless as a child. The squire's talk "was simply the outpouring of one of the richest, most skeptical, and most highly trained of minds on the subject of Christian origins." His two books were, he said, merely an interlude in his



ROGER WENDOVER'S PARK

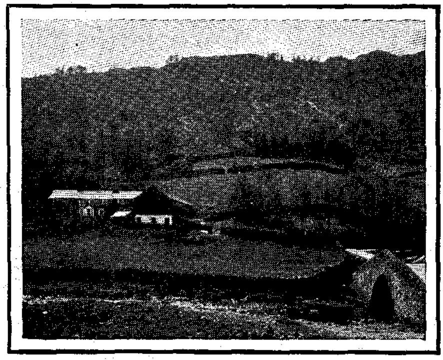


THE STEPPING-STONES

life-work, which had been devoted to an "exhaustive examination of human records" in the preparation of a great History of Testimony which had required learning the Oriental languages and sifting and comparing the entire mass of existing records of classical antiquity—India, Persia, Egypt, and Judea—down to the Renaissance.

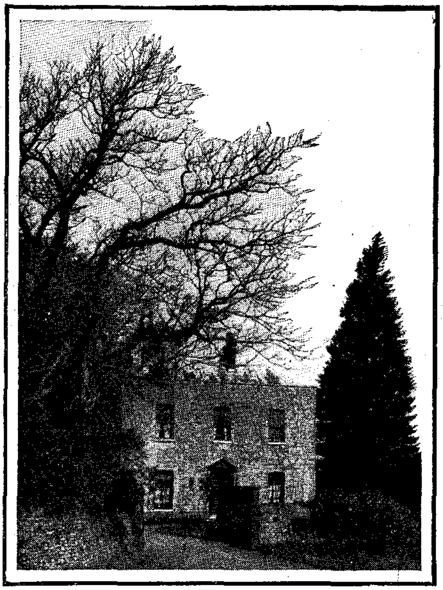
Reference has already been made to the influence of Professor Mark Pattison upon the early life of Mrs. Ward. To create the Squire she had only to imagine the house in the great park of Peper Harow, equipped with a library like the Bodleian, and inhabited by a person who might be otherwise like any English squire, but in mental equipment a duplicate to some extent of the Rector of Lincoln. Professor Pattison's father was a strict evangelical. He gave his son a good education, and the boy early manifested a delight in literature and learning. He soon developed an independence of character, and, refusing to confine his reading to the prescribed books of orthodoxy, delved into the classics extensively as well as the English literature of Pope, Addison, and Swift. He was graduated at Oxford in 1836 and took his M.A. degree in 1840. By this time he had abandoned the evangelical teachings of his youth, and with other young men came under the influence of Newman, in whose house he

BURWOOD FARM
The home of the Leyburns

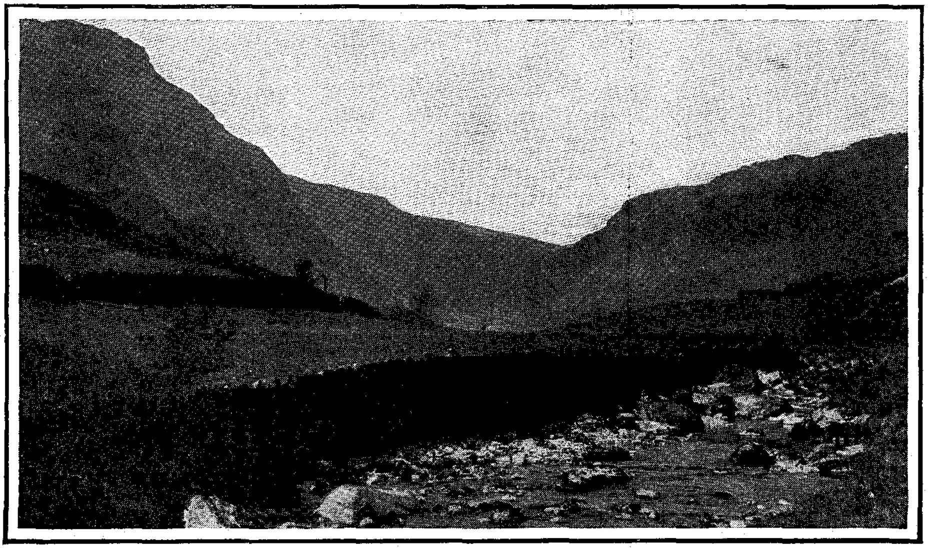


HOME OF MARY BACKHOUSE
High hill in the background

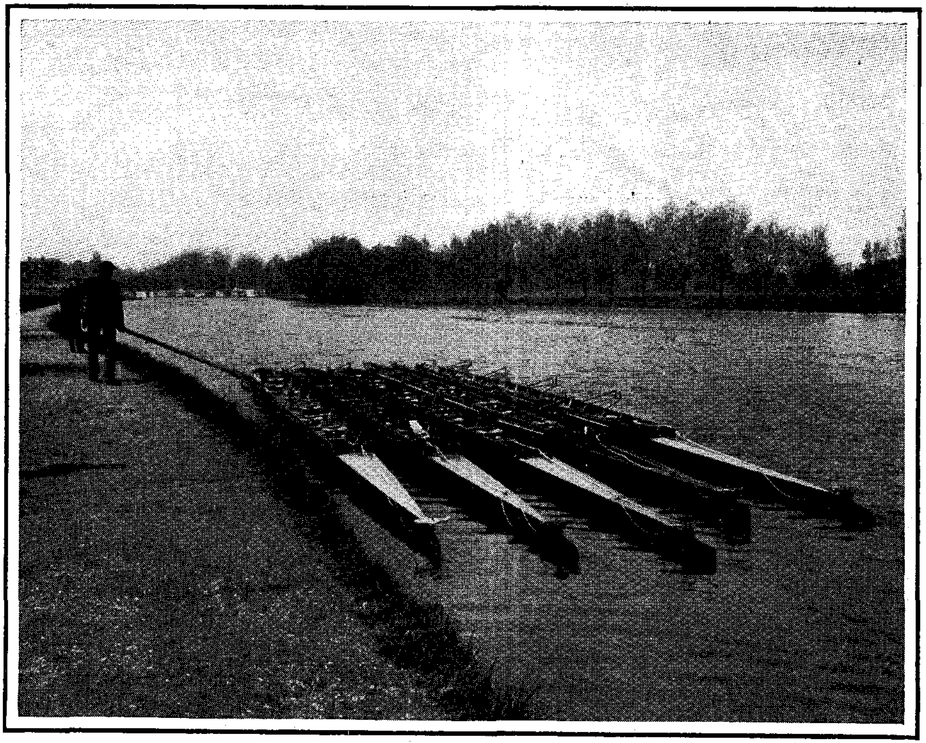
went to live. When Newman went into the Roman Catholic Church, in 1845, Pattison was not so much shocked as others. Indeed, he confessed that he "might have dropped off to Rome himself in some moment of mental and physical depression or under pressure of some arguing convert." But Pattison, who was now a Fellow at Lincoln College, was thoroughly devoted to his work and was fast gaining a great reputation, not only for his magnetic influence upon young men, but as one of the ablest of college tutcrs and lecturers. In 1861 he became Rector of Lincoln. He was an indefatigable writer, contributing to many magazines and to the Encyclopædia Britannica. An article on "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England, 1688–1750" aroused widespread comment. His literary work was marked by evidences of most painstaking research coupled with a profound scholarship and excellent judgment in the arrangement of his material. He devoted a lifetime to the preparation of a history of learning—a stupendous undertaking of which only a portion was ever completed. He possessed a library said to be the largest private collection of his time in Oxford. It numbered 14,000 volumes, and was extraordinarily complete in books on the history of learning and philosophy in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Of Professor Pattison's personality his biographer says: "Under a singularly stiff and freezing manner to strangers and to those whom he disliked he concealed a most kindly nature, full of geniality and sympathy and a great love of congenial and especially of female society. But it was in his intercourse with his pupils and generally with those younger than himself that he was seen to most advantage. His conversation was marked



THE MUREWELL RECTORY OF "ROBERT ELSMERE"



THE UPPER VALLEY OF WHINDALE, WHERE MRS. WARD LOCATED THE OPENING SCENES OF "ROBERT ELSMERE"



THE RIVER AT OXFORD

by a delicate irony. His words were few and deliberate but pregnant with meaning and above all stimulating, and their effect was heightened by perhaps too frequent and, especially to undergraduates, somewhat embarrassing flashes of silence." All these qualities are continually appearing in the Squire. But Professor Pattison's own definition of a man of learning is the best description of Roger Wendover:

"Learning is a peculiar compound of memory, imagination, scientific habit, accurate observation, all concentrated through a prolonged period on the analysis of the remains of literature. The result of this sustained mental endeavor is not a book, but a man. It cannot be embodied in print; it consists of the living word."

The second in importance of the potent influences upon Robert Elsmere's character was that of Henry Grey, a tutor of St. Anselm's (Balliol College), Oxford. Very early in his Oxford career Elsmere was taken to hear a sermon by Mr. Grey, which made a deep impression on his mind. The substance of this sermon, which is briefly summarized in the novel, was taken from a volume of Lay Sermons by Professor Thomas Hill Green, entitled "The Witness of God."

"The whole basis of Grey's thought was ardently idealist and Hegelian. He had broken with the popular Christianity, but for him God, consciousness, duty, were the only realities. None of the various forms of materialist thought escaped his challenge; no genuine utterance of the spiritual life of man but was sure of his sympathy. It was known that, after having prepared himself for the Christian ministry, he had remained a layman because it had become impossible to him to accept miracle; and it was evident that the commoner type of Churchmen regarded him as an antagonist all the more dangerous because he was so sympathetic." All of this, like all the other references to Grey throughout the book, applies perfectly to Professor Green. He was the leading exponent at Oxford of the principles of Kant and Hegel, and attracted many followers. His simplicity, power, and earnestness commanded respect. He associated with his pupils on terms of friendly intimacy, frequently taking some of them with him on his vacations. He was a man of singularly lofty character, and those who knew him were reminded of Wordsworth, whom he resembled in some ways.

When Elsmere is advised by his friend Newcome to solve all the problems of his doubt by trampling upon himself, flinging away his freedom, and stifling his intellect, these words of Henry Grey flash upon his mind:

"God is not wisely trusted when declared unintelligible." "Such honor rooted in dishonor stands; such faith unfaithful makes us falsely true."

"God is forever reason; and His communication, His revelation, is reason."

The words are taken from the same volume of Professor Green's sermons.

The death of this dear friend of Robert Elsmere, and of Mrs. Ward, occurred in 1882, and is most touchingly described. An old Quaker aunt was sitting by his bedside. "She was a beautiful old figure in her white cap and kerchief, and it seemed to please him to lie and look at her. 'It'll not be for long, Henry,' she said to him once. 'I'm seventy-seven this spring. I shall come to thee soon.' He made no reply, and his silence seemed to disturb her. . . . 'Thou'rt not doubting the Lord's goodness, Henry?' she said to him, with the tears in her eyes. 'No,' he said, 'no, never. Only it seems to be His will; we should be certain of nothing—*but Himself!* I ask no more.' I shall never forget the accent of these words; they were the breath of his inmost life."

To understand the third of the three characters from real life in "Robert Elsmere," it is necessary to glance at the story of Henri Frédéric Amiel, a Swiss essayist, philosopher, and dreamer, who was born in 1821 and died in 1881, leaving as a legacy to his friends a "Journal Intime" covering the psychological observations, meditations, and inmost thoughts of thirty years. They represented a prodigious amount of labor, covering some seventeen thousand folio pages of manuscript. This extensive Journal was translated into English by Mrs. Ward and published in 1883, five years before the date of "Robert Elsmere." Her long and exhaustive study of the life of this extraordinary man as revealed by himself made a deep impression upon the mind of the novelist—so much so that she could not refrain from introducing him in the person of the morbid Langham. A brief glance at some of the peculiarities of Amiel will prove the best interpretation of Langham, without which the latter must always remain a mystery.

Amiel's estimate of the value of his lifework was not a high one. "This Journal of mine," he said, "represents the material of a good many volumes; what prodigious waste of thought, of strength. It will be useful to nobody, and even for myself it has rather helped me to shirk life than to practice it." And again, "Is everything I have produced taken together, my correspondence, these thousands of Journal pages, my lectures, my articles, my poems, my notes of different kinds—anything better than withered leaves? To whom and to what have I been useful? Will my name survive me a single day? And will it ever mean anything to anybody? A life of no account! When it is all added up, nothing!"

"Amiel," says Mrs. Ward, "might have been saved from despair by love and marriage, by paternity, by strenuous and successful literary production."

Family life attracted him perpetually. "I cannot escape from the ideal of it," he said. "A companion of my life, of my work, of my thoughts, of my hopes; within, a common worship—towards the world outside, kindness and beneficence; education to undertake; the thousand and one moral relations which develop around the first—all these ideas intoxicate me sometimes."

But in vain. "Reality, the present, the irreparable, the necessary, repel and even terrify me. I have too much imagination, conscience, and penetration, and not enough character.

"The life of thought alone seems to me to have enough elasticity and immensity to be free enough from the irreparable; practical life makes me afraid. I am distrustful of myself and of happiness because I know myself. The ideal poisons for me all imperfect possession, and I abhor all useless regrets and repentances."

Mrs. Ward dramatized this strange individuality in the character of Langham.

Poor Langham, with the prize fairly within his grasp, found that he lacked the courage to retain it. And so the next morning, instead of the pleasantly anticipated call from her accepted lover, the unfortunate Rose was shocked to receive a pessimistic letter announcing that the engagement had not survived the night. To the casual reader it would seem that such a man as Langham would be impossible. But that Amiel was just such a person his elaborate Journal fully reveals. And Professor Mark Pattison has given his testimony that Amiel was not alone in his experiences, for six months after the Journal was published he wrote, "I can vouch that there is in existence at least one other soul which has lived through the same struggles mental and moral as Amiel."

Among the very large number of persons who come upon the stage in the action of this very remarkable book several besides the Squire, Grey, and Langham may have been suggested by persons whom the author knew. But the prototypes of these three are the only ones which really enter, in a vital way, into the actual construction of the novel. "But who was the real Elsmere?" one naturally asks. Many attempts have been made to identify this good preacher or that worthy reformer with the famous character, much to the annoyance of the author, who really created Elsmere out of the influences already described. The real Elsmere would be obviously one whose religious views were molded by Mark Pattison and Thomas H. Green, and one who was profoundly interested in, if not influenced by, the strange self-distrust of Amiel. The real Elsmere would be also one whose religious convictions led inevitably to the desire to perform some practical service to mankind. Such an Elsmere exists in the person of Mrs. Ward herself, who is to-day regarded by the workers and associates of the Passmore Edwards Settlement, in Tavistock Place, London, with very much the same love and gratitude as Elsmere won from the people of Elgood Street. For this beneficent institution was a direct result of the novel, and owes its existence to Mrs. Ward's energetic and influential efforts.

A SONG IN EXILE

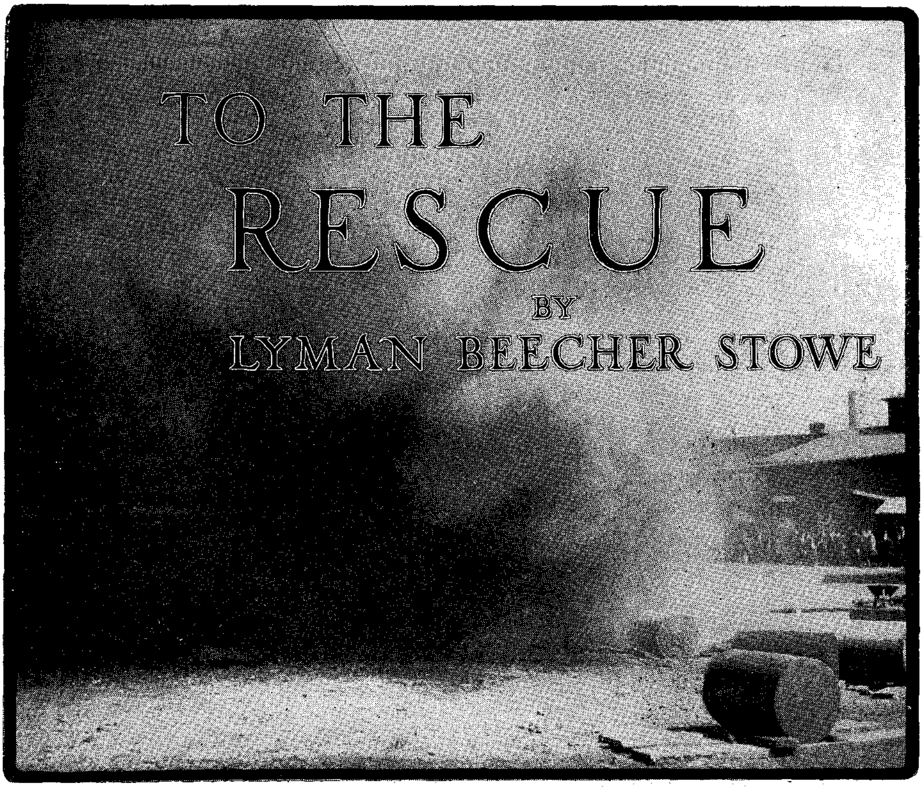
BY

MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

Oh, they that leave their fathers' land, new friends and homes to find them,
They turn their faces to the sea, but leave their hearts behind them.
Their hearts lie buried in the fields, along the blackthorn hedges,
Beside the brooks where rushes cool crowd close about the edges.
They're rooted in the holy soil, the green soil, of the sireland.
Who turn their faces to the West must leave their hearts in Ireland.

The West is wide and rich and free, a grand land—but a cold land.
I hunger for the warmth of love that's found but in the old land.
I hunger for the linnet's song across the sunlit spaces,
I want the sights and sounds of home, the dear familiar faces.
At twilight how the heart stirs—when the angelus is calling,
And on the misty Irish fields the silver dew is falling!

Asthore machree! The sea's between, and foreign skies are o'er me,
But in the night I feel my heart throb in the land that bore me.
I feel it beating strong beneath the shamrocks and the mosses,
It clings about my people's bones beneath the Irish crosses.
It calls and calls across the sea, to come home to the sireland,
The haunted hills, the singing winds, the smiling skies of Ireland.



TO THE RESCUE

BY

LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

NOT long ago I mentioned the great unnecessary loss of life in our coal mines to a man who holds a responsible position in a large corporation. He replied: "Yes; but, after all, it's not so serious, because most of the men killed are ignorant foreigners who can be easily replaced." That this man is a kind husband and father and an honest man of business I have every reason to believe. It is not heart he lacks so much as imagination. If every one had the same lack, much of what I have here to say might as well be left unsaid. Mr. Robert Watchorn, a man at the opposite pole from this man, some months ago, in an article entitled "The Cost of Coal in Human Life," presented to Outlook readers a graphic picture of the extent of this unnecessary loss of life and its effect in sorrow and privation upon thousands of women and children—the widows and orphans of those miners who "can be easily replaced." Unless it be the man quoted above and his ilk, no one could have read Mr. Watchorn's article without asking himself, "Is nothing being done to remedy these inhuman conditions?" Something is being done, as it is my purpose here to show. The Federal Government has at last come to the rescue of the miners.

We have heard much of late of the conservation of our natural resources. By natural resources we commonly mean coal and iron, silver and gold, water and trees, and the like. That human life is not only a natural resource, but the fundamental resource without which all others would be useless, is not generally realized. To save natural resources without saving human lives is like feeding the horse and starving the man who drives him. To save coal and waste the lives of the men who mine it would be indeed an anomaly in modern civilization. Fortunately, it would be not only an anomaly but an impossibility. Just in proportion as we waste coal we waste the lives of the miners. Just in proportion as we save coal we save the lives of the men who mine it. In this great work the commercial economists and the humanitarians meet on common ground.

Almost 30,000 men have been killed in the coal mines of the United States since 1889. In the year 1906 alone almost 7,000 were killed and injured, of whom over 2,000 were killed. The next year almost 9,000 were killed and injured, of whom over 3,000 were killed. There have been as many violent deaths in our coal mines within the last six years as during the preceding eleven years. And this increase in deaths is by no means entirely accounted for by the ever greater number of men employed, as is shown by the following figures: In 1895 the number of men killed for each 1,000 employed was 2.67. In 1906 it had risen to 3.40. During the period 1890 to 1895 the number of men killed for each million tons of coal produced was 5.97. During the period 1901 to 1906 it was 6.04. Six corpses taken out of the earth with each million tons of coal! We are now killing yearly in our coal mines vastly more men than we were twenty years ago; we are killing more proportionately to the number employed, and we are killing more proportionately to the number of tons of coal extracted. Under the same lack of adequate safeguards this death rate is not only bound to increase, but it is bound to increase at a constantly accelerated pace as our mines become deeper, and hence more difficult and dangerous to operate.

As everything is relative, even these facts are not in themselves a necessary condemnation of American methods of coal-mining. We must compare them with the figures for the other great coal-producing countries of the world. The following figures give the number of men killed for each 1,000 employed for the five great coal-producing countries during the most recent five-year periods for which statistics are available: France, 0.91; Belgium, 1; Great Britain, 1.28; Prussia, 2.06; the United States, 3.39. For every man killed in European mines we kill three or four. This sanguinary world's record is made even less excusable by the fact that the natural conditions in the United States are more favorable for mining coal with the minimum of danger to the men employed than they are in any other country in the world. Finally, the death rate is constantly decreasing in these four countries, instead of increasing as in the United States. In Belgium, before the Government intervened for the protection of the miners and the coal beds, the number of men killed each year for each 1,000 employed was 3.2. In other words, Belgium's death rate was then almost as large as ours now is. And the same is true to almost the same extent of France, Great Britain, and Prussia. "Go thou and do likewise!" is the obvious challenge, written in letters of blood. America has at last accepted this challenge. As a tragic and fateful spur to urge our Government to immediate action came four explosions in our coal mines in the one month of December, 1907, which left behind them 700 dead, besides many more injured.

These facts and figures were gathered during 1907 by Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, Chief of the Technologic Branch of the

THE EXPLOSIVE CHAMBER DEMONSTRATING THAT COAL DUST IS AN EXPLOSIVE
Photograph taken fifteen seconds after explosion

Geological Survey, and his assistants, acting on the orders of James Garfield, the Secretary of the Interior. These data, emphasized by the mute evidence of the 700 dead, had the desired effect. In May, 1908, Congress authorized the establishment under the Technologic Branch of the Geological Survey of a station for the investigation of mine explosions. The following December this station was opened in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the midst of the greatest coal fields of the world. In July, 1908, Congress appropriated $150,000 for the starting of mine rescue work in connection with the station. Thus the work of alleviation was coupled with that of prevention. It would be cold comfort to the maimed miners or to the grieving families of the dead merely to know that the causes of mine explosions were being scientifically investigated by the Government. In order to secure the benefit of Europe's greater experience, Secretary Garfield, through the State Department, invited Great Britain, Germany, and Belgium to send to this country their leading experts on mine disasters to aid in the starting of this work.

During the month of August, 1908, the three experts came. They were Captain Desborough, Inspector of Explosives under the Home Office, Great Britain; Herr Meissner, the head of the Mine Service, Germany; and Mr. Victor Watteyne, Engineer-in-Chief of the Administration of Mines of Belgium. Each had been granted a two months' leave of absence by his Government in order to help our Government start this new work. In company with Dr. Holmes they visited the anthracite region and the station at Pittsburgh which was then being built, the bituminous fields of western Pennsylvania, and the coal-fields of Illinois, Wyoming, Colorado, Alabama, West Virginia, and Oklahoma. While on this tour of inspection they exhaustively discussed mining problems, not only with the operators and State inspectors whom they met, but with the miners themselves. Before they returned to their own countries they submitted to the Secretary of the Interior a report on the prevention of mine explosions, giving detailed recommendations based upon their investigations in this country. The following is a portion of this report: "To be effective, investigations for the benefit of mining must be continuous. The opening up of new mines, the deepening of old mines, the meeting with new conditions, the changing of explosives, and the inauguration of new processes and methods will call for continuous investigations, to be followed by continuous educational work.

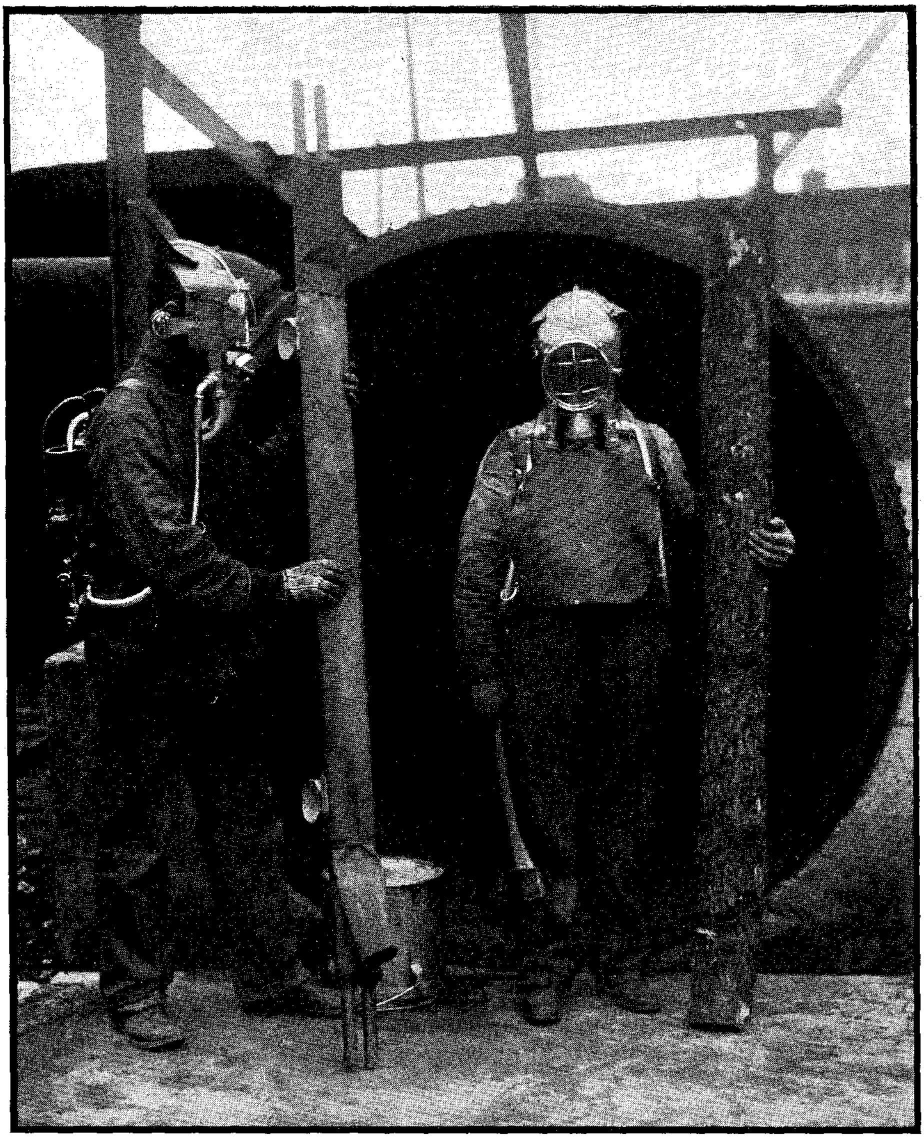
"Our investigations and recommendations relate primarily to questions of safety in mining; but in this connection we have been greatly impressed with another closely associated phase of the industry, viz., the large and permanent loss of coal in mining operations in many portions of the United States. This is a serious, permanent, and National loss. [This waste is estimated as between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 tons yearly.] It seems to be a natural outcome of the ease with which coal has been mined in the United States [the use of the past tense is significant] and the enormously rapid growth of the industry.

"The active competition among the operators and the constant resulting effort to produce cheaper coal has often naturally led to the mining of only that part of the coal which could be brought to the surface most easily and cheaply, leaving underground, in such condition as to be permanently lost, a considerable percentage of the total possible product. [It has been customary to leave about half a ton thus permanently buried for each ton taken out.] Certainly much of this loss can be prevented through the introduction of more efficient mining methods. . . .

"The cordial reception everywhere accorded us leads us to believe that these recommendations will be received by the operators and miners in the same spirit of good will as that in which they have been prepared. But the success of this movement for greater safety and efficiency will depend upon the hearty and patient co-operation of the operators and the miners working together for the accomplishment of this purpose."

Very briefly stated, these are some of the more important of the accompanying recommendations:

The United States Government should examine and test all explosives and should prohibit the more dangerous, permitting the use of such only as may be designated by the



MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT RESCUE CORPS
AT THE OPENING OF THE EXPLOSIVE CHAMBER

Government "permissible explosives." [This already has been done, and last May the Government published a list of seventeen "permissible explosives."]

All explosives should be made into cartridges and placed in closed receptacles before being carried into the mine, and each miner should be limited to the amount he needs for the day.

The roadways in the mines should be kept as free as possible from loose coal which may be ground into dust. [Contrary to the previous opinion of many of our practical miners, coal dust is frequently the cause of explosions.]

In mines containing as much as two per cent of gas locked safety lamps only can be used without great danger.

Electricity can only under the most rigid safeguards be used without grave danger. It should be borne in mind that most insulating materials are soon destroyed underground, and that no live wires should be left exposed. [As Mr. Watchorn pointed out, the use of electricity insufficiently safeguarded has been one cause of the increased number of explosions of recent years.]

All new construction, shaft lining and superstructures, should be built, so far as is possible, of non-combustible materials.

Thorough discipline about the mines is absolutely essential, and it can be effected only through the hearty co-operation of operators, miners, and the State.

Safety and efficiency would be greatly promoted through the establishment in the different coal regions of special schools for the training of fire bosses, mine foremen, superintendents, and inspectors.

Thus freely were the wisdom and experience of the Old World offered gratis to the New in its first attempt adequately to prevent the waste of lives and wealth in this great industry, the proper conduct of which is so essential to the present and future prosperity of the Nation. By order of President Roosevelt, this report was distributed among the coal mine operators and the million miners of this country.

In putting into effect the recommendations of our own mining experts and those of these European advisers, the Government has already established two Experiment Stations, the one already mentioned at Pittsburgh, and a sub-station at Urbana, Illinois, in connection with the University of Illinois. This station will cover the coal-fields of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, northern Missouri, and western Kentucky.

Government mining engineers thoroughly trained in the use of rescue apparatus are assigned to these stations. Besides constantly instructing miners and mine bosses in the use of the rescue apparatus, they are ready at a moment's notice to go to any disaster in their district. They are equipped with oxygen helmets, which make them look like the Martians of H. G. Wells's imagination. With these helmets they can enter a mine immediately after an explosion, no matter how full it may be of suffocating smoke and death-dealing gases. These helmets enable the wearer to breathe naturally for a continuous period of two to three hours. They are made up of tanks containing oxygen under high pressure, absorption cans for taking up the oxygen exhaled from the lungs, and a mouth attachment with breathing-bags. Training in their proper manipulation is essential for their successful use in rescue work. They must, too, be used by men accustomed to underground work, and who, through practice, have learned to have confidence in their efficiency. The trained men who use this apparatus are known as the Government Rescue Corps. In ordinary times they are teachers in its use. In times of disasters they are rescuers. When they find a man after an accident, they take him immediately outside, or to some place inside the mine where the air is breathable. There they revive him by administering oxygen and by exercising his body. Each corps carries a resuscitating cabinet, which consists of cylinders charged with oxygen, a flexible breathing-bag, a flexible tube, and a hood which fits over the mouth and nostrils of the patient.

Previously, after a disaster the miners who were not killed by the explosion frequently lived for many hours, until finally overcome by the poisonous gases. Meantime their friends above ground, although knowing they must be dying, were powerless to go to their rescue. Frequently the uninjured corpses of scores of men have been found when the ventilating apparatus had been finally started again so that the would-be rescuers could enter the mine. On the invitation of the Government, coal-mining companies send relays of picked men to these stations to be trained by the Government experts in the use of the oxygen helmets. It is not the intention of the Government permanently to carry on general rescue work, but simply to supervise rescue operations and to demonstrate the apparatus until the mining companies have thoroughly trained and equipped rescue corps of their own. Each station has air-tight rooms, simulating the conditions underground, where gas can be generated and the miners drilled in the use of the helmets.

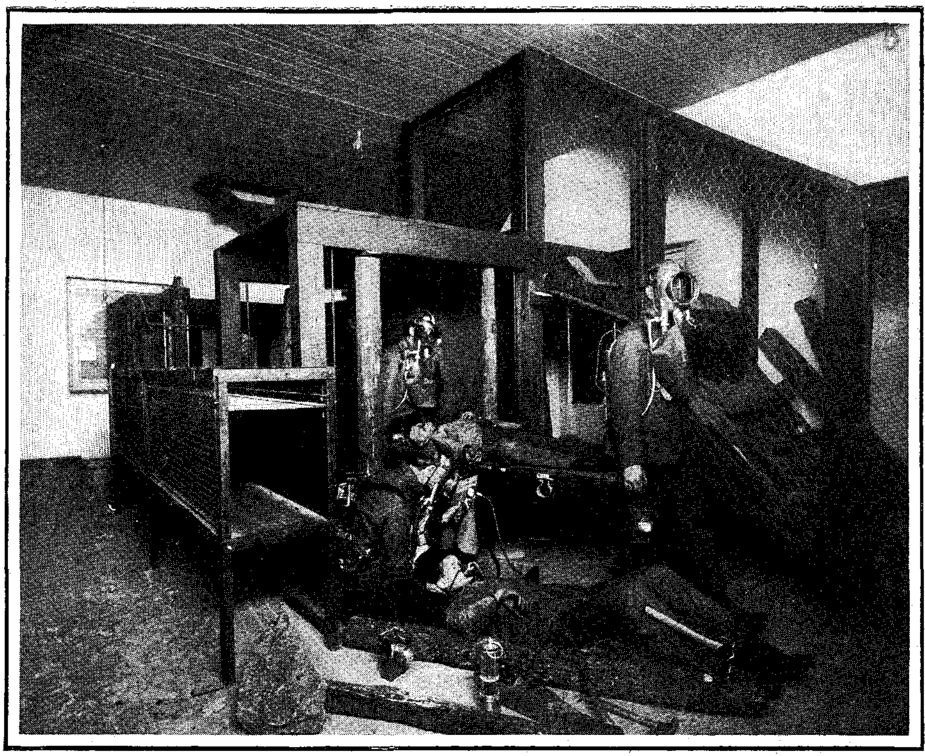
In the few months that these rescue corps have been in existence they have visited a number of mines where explosions have occurred and others where there have been serious fires. They have saved almost half a score of lives. They would have saved more had it not been that at the only serious disaster they have attended—at the Marianna mine, in Pennsylvania, where more than 150 men were killed—the explosion was so unusually violent that all the entombed miners except one were torn limb from limb. This one man they found groping through the darkness. They hurried him to the surface and gave him the resuscitating oxygen treatment. He has recovered from his injuries, and is now, thanks to the Rescue Corps, the sole survivor of this disaster. The Rescue Corps has done particularly notable work in stopping the spread of fires, and has thus indirectly saved many more lives. The Government officials have already received from the at first skeptical practical miners and mine operators many congratulations upon the great bravery and technical skill of the men of the Corps.

Besides the rescue work, these stations are engaged in testing explosives. They have exploded both literally and figuratively the costly fallacy that coal dust cannot cause explosions. The explosions represented in the accompanying illustrations were both caused by coal dust. These great explosive chambers, built to simulate the conditions in the subterranean galleries of a mine, were sprinkled with dry coal dust and then a charge, or "shot," was exploded, such as would ordinarily be used for blasting coal. The results were explosions which must have meant violent death to all concerned had the chambers been actual mine galleries filled with miners. In general, little or no care has been taken in removing or wetting down coal dust, as it was thought to be non-explosive except when combined with more than the usual amount of gas. Probably many of the worst disasters of the past have been caused by coal dust explosions.

These stations also serve as headquarters for engineers in the study of the conditions which result in waste of coal.

A MEMBER OF THE RESCUE CORPS

As mentioned before, the conditions which result in loss of life are often the same which cause waste of coal. For instance, if left to their own devices, miners are apt to use a dangerously large amount of explosive in a single "shot," in order to loosen a greater amount of coal and so facilitate the work of extraction. This loosens and weakens the props and increases the danger of roof-falls. Mine lamps are tested at the stations with respect to their safety in the presence of explosive combinations of coal, gas, and



MINERS BEING TRAINED TO USE THE RESCUE APPARATUS IN A ROOM CONSTRUCTED TO SIMULATE THE CONDITIONS UNDERGROUND

air. Reports of all mine accidents both in the United States and foreign countries are there collected. After each disaster mine experts are sent to study the conditions and find out, if possible, the cause of the accident. The data thus gathered are then tested by experiments in the artificial mine galleries and in a mine which is used as an experimental laboratory.

The Government is to establish other mine stations at or near the greater centers of accidents. There will probably be one at Raton, New Mexico, to cover the fields of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and Montana. There may be another at Salt Lake City, which will be the headquarters for the Utah fields and accessible to those of Montana and Washington. South McAlester, Oklahoma, has been selected as the probable site for a station to care for the fields of Oklahoma, Arkansas, and southwestern Missouri. Whether Knoxville, Tennessee, Birmingham, Alabama, or Lexington, Kentucky, would make the best location for the station to cover the fields of Alabama, Tennessee, Virginia, eastern Kentucky, Georgia, and southern West Virginia is still under discussion.

The Government's object-lesson has already borne fruit. Four of the larger coal companies have established mine accident stations of their own. The Frick Coke Company, which employs 30,000 men, has the most complete of these private stations. Near Connellsville, Pennsylvania, it is within easy reach of all the Company's mines. The corps of six men has been trained in the use of rescue apparatus by the Government experts at the Pittsburgh station. The Consolidated Coal Companies of Maryland have opened a rescue station at the mine of the Fairmont Company, Fairmont, West Virginia. Inspired by the heroic and valuable work of the Federal Rescue Corps at the time of the terrific explosion in their Marianna mine, the Pittsburgh-Buffalo Coal Company has there established a station. Here, too, are six Government trained men equipped with the oxygen helmets. The fourth station is at the Zeigler mines in Zeigler, Illinois. Here, again, are six helmeted rescuers, trained at the Government sub-station at Urbana, Illinois. When all or most of the great coal companies have followed the lead of these pioneers, the Government will retire from the rescue business, except, perhaps, in an advisory or supervisory capacity.

Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, who, as the Chief of the Technologic Branch of the Geological Survey, is the responsible head of all this work, believes that it cannot be adequately extended with coal at its present price. He says: "The price of coal in the United States is kept down by destructive competition to figures which permit the mining of only that coal which can be mined most cheaply, and the mining of that coal by the cheapest methods without due regard to the safety of the miner or any insurance for his family." Obviously, in Dr. Holmes's opinion, the co-operation between operators, miners, and the State, insisted upon by the European experts, is not alone sufficient to purge the Nation of this shameful waste of life and property. The American people must also co-operate—not only indirectly through their Government, but directly through their pocketbooks. They must pay whatever increase in the cost of fuel may be found necessary in order to safeguard the life of the miners and prevent the waste of resources the preservation of which is so essential to the Nation's welfare.

Furthermore, Dr. Holmes believes that this increased cost can be more than offset by the increased work we can derive from coal by improved methods of combustion. The combustion, as well as the extraction, of coal is one of the problems with which he is dealing as the head of the Technologic Branch of the Survey. Ordinarily, five to twelve per cent only of the coal burned in furnaces is converted into work. Government tests have already proved the possibility of increasing ten to fifteen per cent the efficiency of coal used under steam boilers. By using the power of coal indirectly as a gas producer each coal in a gas-producer plant develops two and one-half times its power when used in the ordinary steam-boiler plant. The practical application of these experiments has already saved the Government over $200,000 on its annual coal bill of approximately $10,000,000. Other experiments are proving that much the same increases in efficiency can be effected with residence-heating boilers. If one ton of coal henceforth can be made to do the work of two and one-half tons, even a doubled price would not be a serious grievance for the consumer. In such case the doubled price would mean a saving of money to the consumer, a saving of coal to the operator, a saving of life to the miner, and a saving of all three to the Nation.

In order that this work may be more adequately financed, more independently organized, wider in its scope, and hence more effective, it is essential that there should be a separate Bureau of Mines and Mining. Both the Republican and the Democratic party platforms of last year advocated such a bureau. It was urged by President Roosevelt in his special Message to Congress transmitting the report of the National Conservation Commission. A bill for the establishment of such a bureau under the Department of the Interior was passed by the House of Representatives in May, 1908, by an overwhelming majority. It was favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Mines and Mining, but failed to reach a vote in the Senate before the adjournment of the Sixtieth Congress. The subject will come up for consideration at the next long session. It is of vital importance that public interest in the measure should not in the meantime subside.

HARVESTING ON THE FLATHEAD RESERVATION NEAR KALISPELL, MONTANA

DRAWING WHEAT NEAR MODESTO, CALIFORNIA

THE PRICE OF THE LOAF

BY

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

"WHY, in this age of agricultural development, when great harvests are rolling in from wide areas, when farmers are prospering and their lands are producing as never before, must I pay more for a loaf of bread—or get a smaller loaf for the same money?"

This question in many forms has been asked repeatedly of late in every village and city of the Nation, and the answer has not been always clear.

"We have more to pay for our flour," from the baker, does not explain fully.

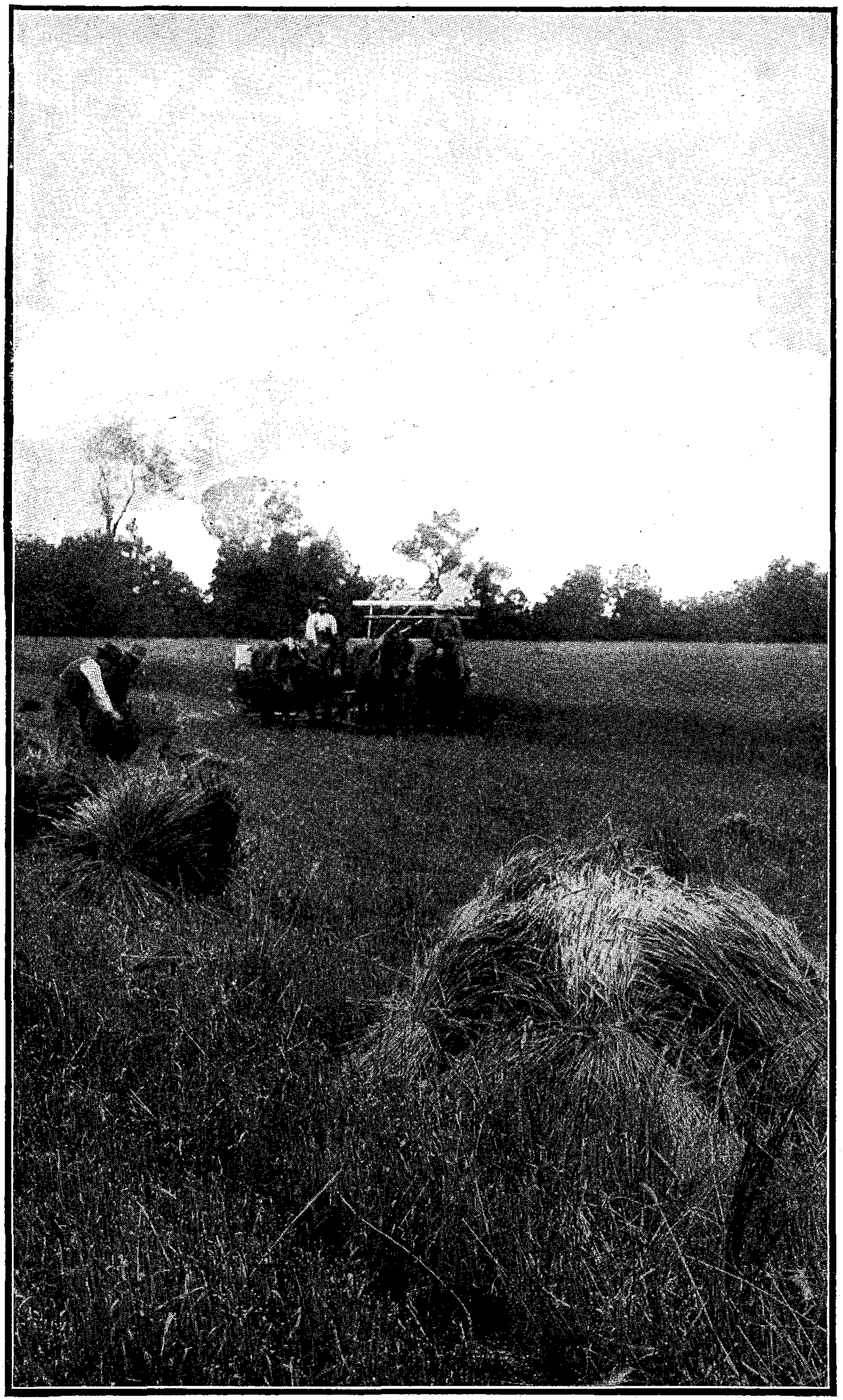
"Our wheat costs us more," from the miller, is not, of itself, satisfactory.

Experiences of the past few months with the problem of the size of the loaf of bread have intensified the consumer's interest in understanding conditions that to-day surround the production and marketing of the greatest food staple of the world—wheat. Widespread and many are these influences, each with its relation to household economies, particularly to the supply of daily bread.

For instance, the householder forgets that, though he hears so much of the crop of our own Middle West, Europe, with its smaller land area, produces more than twice as much wheat as North America. Italy last year raised twice as much as Kansas, and Germany more than four times as much as Illinois. The wheat-fields of Europe aggregate 120,000,000 acres, of which forty-seven per cent are in Russia; those of the United States 47,557,000 acres, of Canada 6,610,000 acres, these comprising practically the entire wheat acreage of North America. France, despite its varied industries, raises half as much wheat as the United States, and Spain nearly twice as much as Minnesota. South America raises a third as much as our own country, Australasia and Africa one-sixth as much, and Asia two-thirds as much. So it is a world crop, the one cereal meriting that title.

Of direct interest to this Nation, however, is the influence of American wheat-fields on world prices and world production, affecting the future of our own farmers and of our own consumers. The American farmer has found formidable rivals who must be considered in his plans for coming years. The acreage in Europe has been practically stationary for thirty years, except in Russia and Hungary. The latter shows an increase from 6,000,000 to 69,000,000 acres, and the former has doubled its fields. In the past sixteen years their combined area has grown ten million acres, and the production a hundred million bushels.

Such larger acreage of wheat now exists also in similar proportions in South America and other newer wheat countries, and is necessary to keep pace with the increase



JUNE HARVESTING AT TULSA, OKLAHOMA

in population. Ever the reddish-yellow stream flowing from the farmers' wagons must furnish a margin of surplus for the hungry inhabitants of earth—and it is a narrow margin, for if harvests were to cease the world would eat up the surplus stock of wheat in its bins, granaries, and elevators in two months. Somewhere area and production must increase if the world is to be fed.

The United States has done its share in adding to this food supply. Not so long ago the farmer of the East and of the Middle States tilled laboriously his fifty acres of wheat land and carried grain to the old-fashioned mill, taking home his winter's flour and selling the remainder for shipment. Not until the Middle West was opened after the Civil War did the wheat-raising of this Nation take on importance.

Then it ran riot. Managed often by men unfamiliar with climate and soil in their new homes, experiments as often gave failure as success. If the latter, the product was hurried to market. The farmer had no alternative. He owed a long overdue account at the grocer's, another at the dry-goods store, a third at the implement dealer's, while the interest on his mortgage note must be met. If the former, he renewed his mortgage and increased the size of the note.

"About the only time I saw real money," a pioneer farmer of the wheat belt expressed it, "was in the brief interval between unloading the grain and making the rounds of my insistent creditors."

In other words, the wheat-raiser was a speculator, working on borrowed capital, trying experiments, and hoping for vast rewards. In those days transcontinental trains were halted between great wheat-fields that the passengers might gaze on golden acres which realized all their dreams of agricultural splendor. If next year the wheat failed, many of the settlers, discouraged, left their homes and went "back East to the wife's folks."

But they returned in the spring, trusting in the virgin soil and believing that timely rains would not fail again. In the end their faith has been justified.

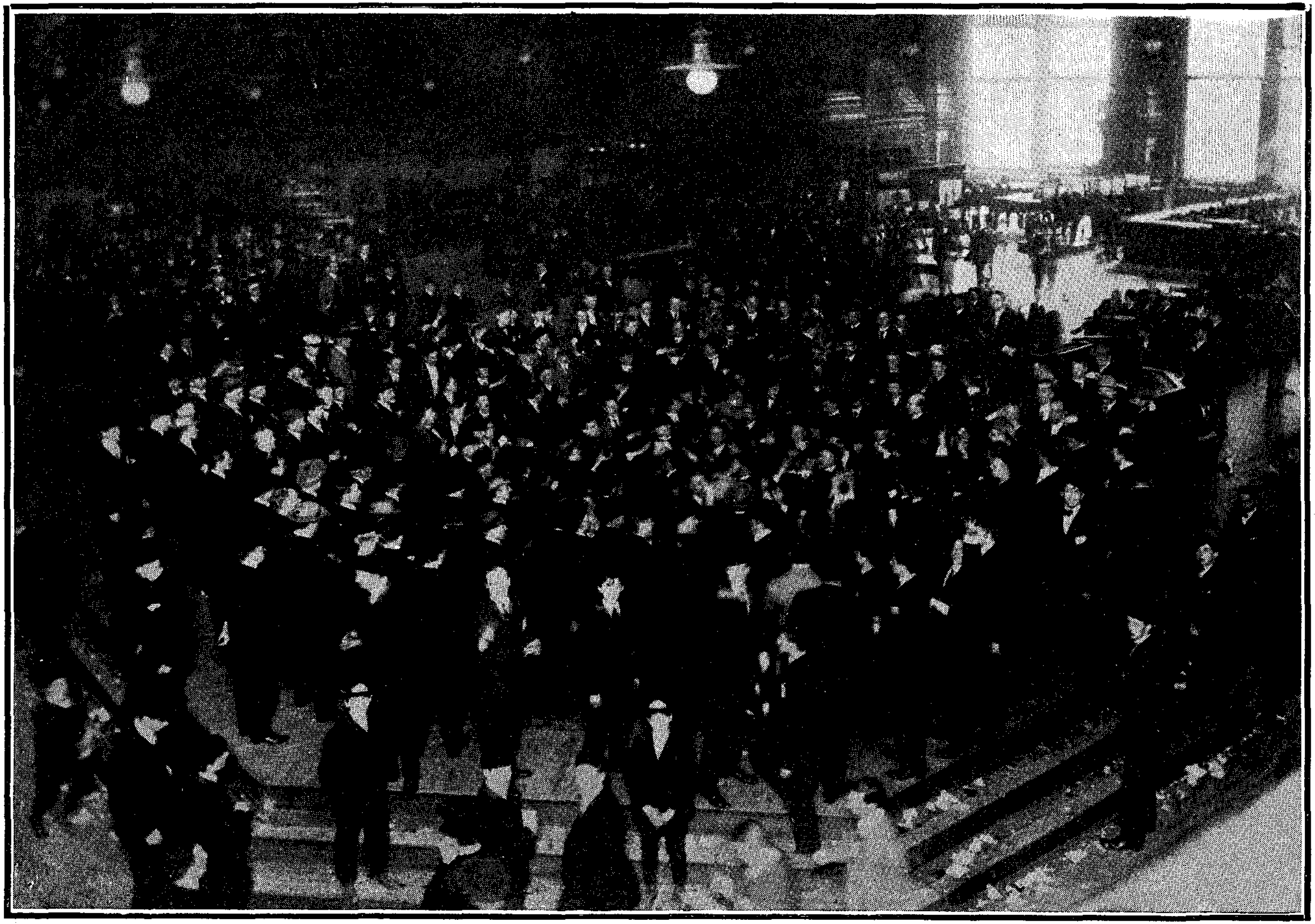
From that condition to present methods of wheat production and wheat handling in the United States is a long step, one throwing some light on to-day's markets. Complicated with it, however, are the rise and fall of per capita consumption, depending on prosperity's barometer and on the consequent wastefulness or caution that results. When wheat is low, consumption of flour increases; when high, other foodstuffs are substituted, unless the other foods, too, are high and it is no great economy to use them. It should be remembered, also, that our wheat prices depend at bottom on world production, whether or not we have a call from abroad that takes our surplus, or store it for ourselves. Producing last year 664,602,000 bushels of the 3,172,800,000 bushels raised in the world, and exporting one-sixth of our yield, the influence of the United States' production is of moment.

What has been the change in the American Western farmer's methods?

Principally he has learned properly to till his land. Not that he has reached a point of even approximate perfection, but he works with better system. Ten years of good crops, including nearly everything he produces, has relieved him from the feverish anxiety to trust to luck in the hope of winning a prize. He plows deeper and harrows more thoroughly. He studies the seed problem, and has comprehended something of the secret of breeding better grain. When the educational wheat train sent out by the agricultural college, a feature of every wheat-growing section of the West in recent years, stopped at his station, he listened to the lectures, asked questions, and then went home to practice the information.

"I always thought raising wheat was guesswork, but it seems it is a science," one gray-haired pupil put it.

Along with this came two additional factors in extending the area. Experiment showed that with intensive cultivation wheat could be raised far beyond what was earlier considered the safety line—out in the semi-arid region of the high plains. This process, now known as "dry farming," is nothing more than so pulverizing the top soil that the dust blanket formed shall prevent excessive evaporation. Under these conditions less rainfall than otherwise will produce a crop. Hence wheat-fields are spread far toward the Rockies on prairies where first settlers considered the land worthless save for



THE CHICAGO WHEAT PIT

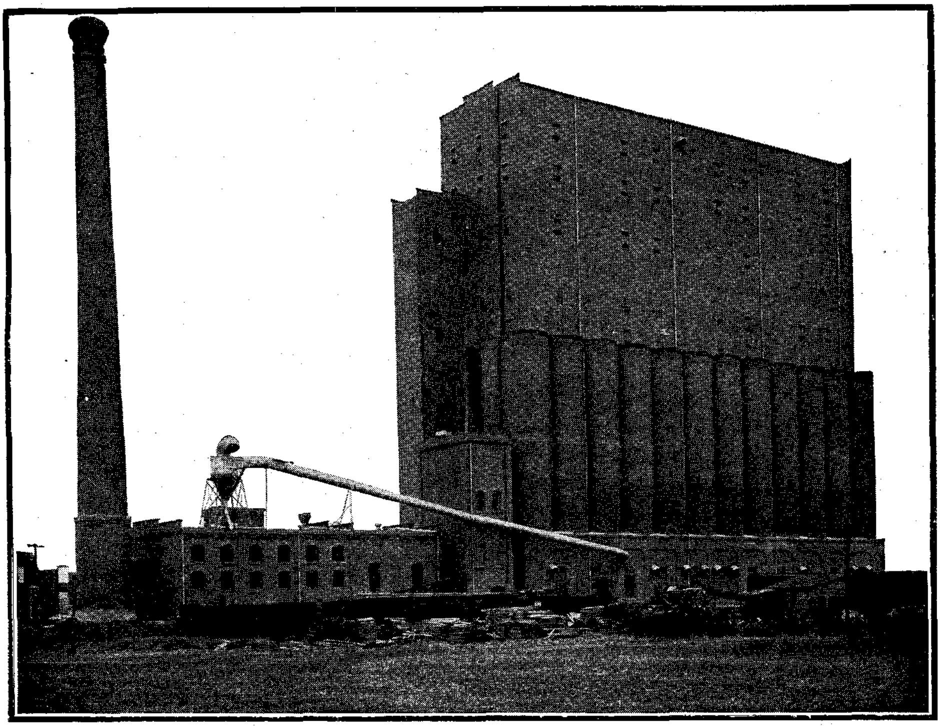
grazing. Government experimental stations throughout the wheat belt have added to the information needed to secure good results. In addition, irrigation has transformed hundreds of thousands of barren acres into fertile farms where phenomenal yields of wheat are produced with the regularity of the seasons.

Thus the American farmer has become a wheat expert after a fashion, and, aided by the more equable distribution of rainfall induced through the breaking up of sod, has been heaping up his yields year after year.

What does he do with it? He has passed the stage when he rushed from the elevator to the grocer, to the dry-goods merchant, and to the note-holder. His finances are well in hand. He can afford to wait. Every morning he receives from the rural carrier his daily paper. He is in touch with his neighbors and with the nearest towns by telephone. He considers the situation from a new viewpoint.

If he decides to follow the advice always being heralded, "Hold your wheat," he is able so to do. On hundreds of farms of the Northwest are private elevators built for the convenience of the farm-owner. Of frame, concrete, or tile, they hold 10,000 to 15,000 bushels; each is equipped with gasoline engine and cleaner, and places the farmer in an independent position. He may hold his wheat a year if he pleases, and be certain all the time that he has an undisputed asset.

This idea is spreading through the Southwest, and it will not be long until practically every Western farmer who raises 200 to 300 acres of wheat will have a place to store it.



WHERE THE GRAIN IS STORED

Contrast this with such conditions as have existed within a half-dozen years, when tens of thousands of bushels of wheat have been heaped on the open prairie at railway stations because public elevators were filled to bursting and cars were lacking, while the farmers were compelled to dispose of the grain as fast as threshed.

Another thing: the farmers are becoming wheat dealers. In Minnesota there are 192 farmers' elevators; in North Dakota, 144; in South Dakota, 68; in Nebraska, 138; in Kansas, 87; in Oklahoma, about 50. The stockholders of these companies are farmers, forty to seventy-five grain-raisers being interested in each. They handle their own and their neighbors' grain on a small margin of profit, seeking to save the middlemen's profits. At first they were opposed by the "line," or corporation-owned concerns; now so numerous are they that their business is sought by the millers and shippers, and they have become an integral part of the grain trade.

In their earlier efforts they frequently had difficulty in securing railway facilities. Now it is different. Said one manager: "We were for months unable to induce the railroad to build a track for our accommodation. We took the matter to the Railroad Commissioners, who looked over the ground, ordered the railway companies to give us a switch, and now we are getting two-thirds of the grain from our community. Twenty years ago the railroad would have laughed at us and we would have been powerless."

All this means that the Western wheat farmer is mastering the situation, and making of wheat-raising a business.

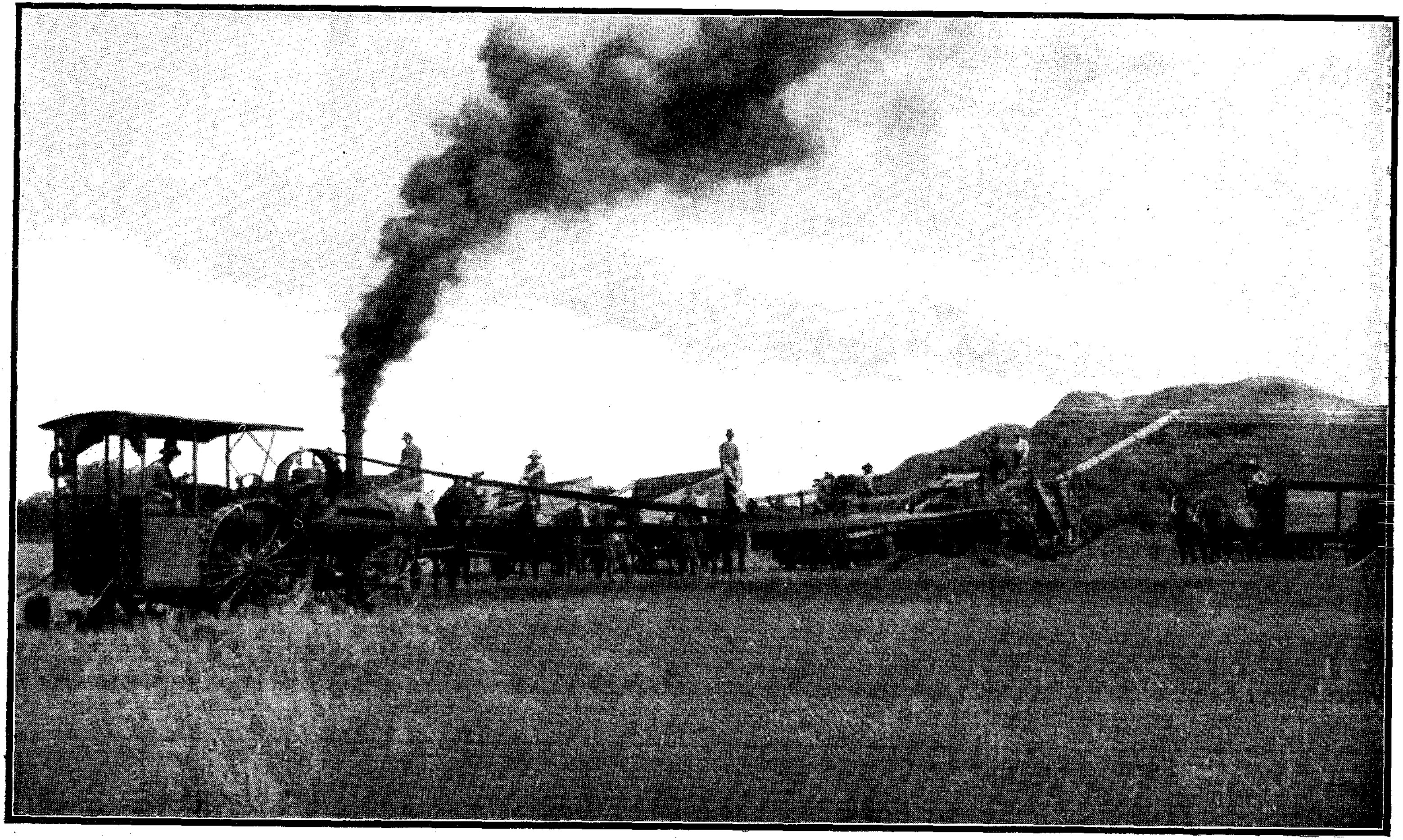
Reaching up into the Canadian Northwest is another wheat empire, marvelously developed in the past decade. There, too, are the farmers' elevators, a half-dozen of them sometimes in a single district. There, too, fertile soil is being broken, and is producing crops that make the farms dividend-payers beyond the expectations of the beginners. It matters not whether it be the winter wheat of Kansas and Oklahoma, the spring wheat of northern Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Canada, or the famed macaroni variety, promised to grow where other wheats will not, though considered inferior by millers—it all makes a part of the great volume of production, giving to the American farmer a commanding position in the world markets.

When to the great center of the wheat market of the world, Broomhalls of Liverpool, there come cablegrams of drought in Hungary, of Hessian fly in the Southwest of the United States, of rains in Russia, the price barometer fluctuates in quick response. The news flashes to the exchanges in every great city; it is carried to the farmer, and his hopes rise or fall accordingly. Last winter, when wheat sold at the same price on the plains of America and in Liverpool, he sought the reason. He found it in a world shortage—the aggregate crops of 1908 and 1907 had been nearly 600,000,000 bushels less than those of 1905 and 1906. Yet the world had gone on eating. Only by looking at the world product could the farmer find reason for his local conditions. In the grain headquarters of Europe, as well as in our own milling centers, was evident great difficulty in securing supplies.

At the same time some forty million bushels of wheat were locked up by Chicago speculators and other great dealers, on the expectation that they would get higher prices by holding. This feeling extended even into the farming sections, and not until the farmer's dream of "dollar wheat" was realized, for the first time in many years, did the grain come freely to market.

"It is an odd fact that selling is slower on a rising market than on a falling one," said an interior miller. "When wheat was bringing $1.25 a bushel, nearly twice the price of four months previous, grain came in slowly. Then one day it fell off to $1.20, and a dozen farmers hurried to town with loads of grain." So it was that the wheat supply was held up while the prices advanced.

Along with it went some features not easy to explain. The American crop of 1908 was estimated at 664,602,000 bushels, against 634,087,000 in 1907. Here was an original supply 30,000,000 bushels larger than in the year preceding, yet we exported 7,000,000 less than in the year before. The consumption of wheat must, then, have greatly increased, the Government overestimated the yield, or there was more wheat on hand than the speculators claimed. But the fact that wheat was high abroad indicated that the world shortage was real. One of the favorite contentions of the Patten combination was that, had it not been for storing to control prices, wheat would have left the country and the prices of wheat and of the loaf of bread would have been greater than actually resulted, because this country would have been drained of its wheat by early spring. Whether or not this is true, the world has been in a critical condition regarding its wheat problems



BUSY THRESHING WHEAT

HARVEST TIME AT

for the past twelve months, and it is not certain that the end has come.

Figures are not dry reading when they apply to the loaf of bread. Here is a series of annual wheat yields in thousands of bushels, our own Department of Agriture's estimates being used:

	United States.	Europe.	Whole World.
1908........	664,602	1,751,696	3,172,814
1907........	634,087	1,691,395	3,142,150
1906........	735,261	1,867,875	3,432,688
1905........	692,979	1,865,356	3,330,447
1904........	552,400	1,791,756	3,163,562
1903........	637,822	1,900,183	3,189,813
1902........	670,063	1,902,320	3,148,517
1901........	748,460	1,574,700	2,945,275
1897........	530,149	1,252,158	2,233,637
1896........	427,684	1,598,056	2,506,320

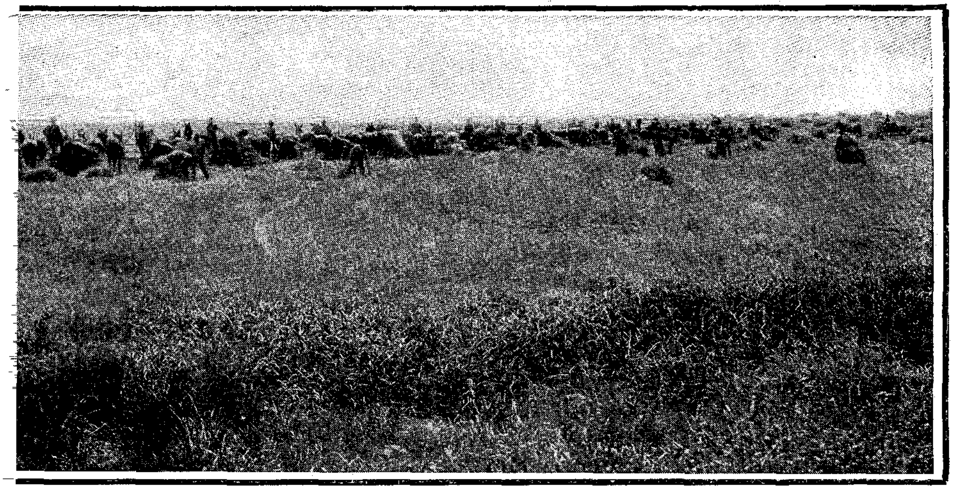
Since 1906 Europe has been running short of its best yield. In 1905 Australia and Argentina filled the void, and in 1906 the United States made up the shortage. Since then it has been a hand-to-mouth business, with progressive exhaustion of reserves. Had Europe and America both fallen below normal this year, the loaf of bread would shrink yet more. Conditions in the end must come to one of two things—the supply will be sufficient, or the elasticity of consumption will make adjustment to the situation. Thus far in the world's history nature has been generous.

In 1897 and 1879, when Europe's crops ran disastrously short in the face of low supplies, America produced a bumper yield. In 1893, when our wheat was a disappointment, Russia and Austria filled the needs of the occasion. Not since 1881, the famous "famine year," have both continents fallen short.

The problem of the wheat price has thus been kept reasonably steady. At least there has been no shortage maintained long enough to become a permanent situation, such as has been predicted by many economists as inevitable at some period of the world's history. That there are yet great areas capable of producing wheat is unquestionably true, but much of this will not be opened and properly cultivated until there is a permanent high price for that cereal, warranting the expenditure of capital and development.

In our own country no such expansion of the wheat acreage is possible as has been effected in the past two decades. The tide of immigration has already reached to the foothills of the Rockies, and farms dot the plains. Even the valleys of the mountain ranges are being utilized, and the increase of production must come rather from more scientific farming than from greater area.

However, within certain limits wheat acreage does fluctuate. One year come low prices, and the next year farmers fail to plant the usual amount; or the prices of other grains are high and the farmer plants corn and oats instead of wheat. "Even with wheat at a dollar, I make as much from my corn at present high prices as I do from wheat—and with less anxiety at harvest time," said a Middle West farmer a few weeks ago. While this condition exists he will not increase



E 101 RANCH

his wheat acreage, and may, indeed, lessen it. Then there is always a variance from the fall-sown area. In spring "green bugs" may destroy a portion of the fields of the Southwest, or late frosts, as in 1907, may cut down what seems like a record-breaking yield—all these cause an ebb and flow of the total harvesting that makes the ultimate yield an uncertain quantity.

All the time a million inhabitants are added each year to this Nation's population and more mouths are eager for the loaf of bread, and, should there be established a permanent market of one dollar or more a bushel, it is fair to reason that in ordinary times the farmer would be stimulated to sow more acres and to raise more bushels to the acre.

Scientists and statisticans frequently show that there is a limit to the area capable of wheat-raising, but they sometimes fail to take into account the possibilities of better methods of agriculture. In Germany average yields of 29 bushels to the acre are reported year after year. In the virgin soil of Alberta last year, according to the Canadian Department of Agriculture, the average for fall wheat was 29.7 bushels per acre and for spring wheat 22.6 bushels. In Minnesota the Government estimate was 12.8 bushels; North Dakota, 11.6; in South Dakota, 12.8 bushels; and in Kansas, 12.5 bushels. To be sure, the older lands had been tilled for many years, but there will be found ways in which the soil can be replenished and the yield increased—particularly if there shall be a large profit therein. It costs approximately $8 an acre to sow and reap an acre of wheat ground on the Western plains; the profit in a yield of, say, 20 bushels to the acre at a dollar a bushel is apparent; it contrasts sharply with 13 bushels at 60 or 70 cents a bushel, as has been the experience of some seasons.

"Could you raise more wheat if you tried?" was asked of a Western farmer.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "It would take more work and cost more in labor, but I would do it if it paid. One farmer of my State tried an experiment on fifty acres. He cultivated it three times, and when he sowed the seed, the field was like a garden. It produced forty bushels to the acre. On the remainder of his wheat land, prepared in the old-fashioned way, he reaped sixteen bushels an acre—less than one-third as much as from the well-cultivated field. Any one in a favorable year can do as well with sufficient tillage. In the agricultural experiment stations it is common to raise year after year an average of twenty-five to thirty bushels an acre; the farmer can do that, too."

That tells the whole story of where the wheat is to come from with which to feed the increasing population; but some part of the dwellers on farms will have to mix more science with labor, and will have to doff coats and roll up sleeves to put the soil in condition to double or treble the yield.

The transportation facilities of the

world have been perfected to a greater extent than have methods of grain-growing. The railways have sent their branch lines up every valley; they have gridironed the prairies. Longer trains of larger cars, drawn by more powerful locomotives on heavier rails, are rumbling seaward day and night. Great terminals have been erected, marvelous in their equipment for swiftly transferring the product from train to boat or warehouse. Great vessels ride the Gulf of Mexico, the Great Lakes, and the ocean harbors in every port of the world, waiting for the tide of wheat. Out in the Middle West to-day is projected a million-dollar boat line that shall bring back to the lower Missouri its old-time freight service and make it possible to send wheat from Kansas City and Omaha, the heart of the wheat belt, to Europe by an all-water route.

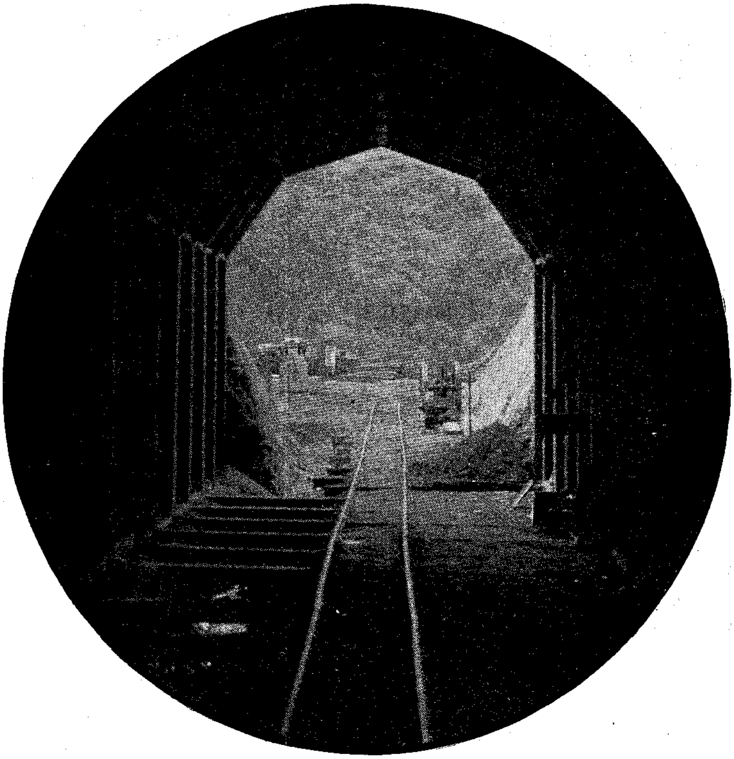
This preparation has been enlarged during the past two decades, until wheat circulates over the world with the facility of gold—as, indeed, it is the gold of agricultural commerce. Early in harvest, the system of reports and estimates puts down on paper for the information of every dealer in every market approximately the yield of every country on the globe, what there will be for export from each, what there will be consumed at home, and from these reports is deduced the normal price, subject to the influences of pests and calamities. The era of guesswork is passing into one of exact calculation.

On July 1 of this year the United States Department of Agriculture estimated the yield for 1909 at 663,500,000 bushels, practically the same as last season. It is estimated that the population of the United States is 88,806,000. If five bushels of wheat be required for each person, it means 444,030,000 bushels; if we allow six bushels, it will take 522,836,000 bushels. At the latter figure only 130,664,000 bushels will be left for export and seeding—certainly not a large margin. On this showing, the price of the loaf of bread, so far as this country is concerned, is not likely to increase in size nor to decrease in price unless other nations shall come to the fore with unusually abundant yields—and at this writing, midsummer, no such prospect is presented.

This it is that makes the farmer, the grain dealer, and the miller increase storage rooms and prepare to hold wheat, expecting higher prices before another harvest. Should there be a world shortage, it will be as well; for, if wheat be rushed to market and shipped abroad, this country might find itself importing wheat, and the prices would then make last winter's figures pale. If the wheat be kept back, we shall at least have our grain, and it may exert some influence on the price.

Never in the world's history were the production and the marketing of wheat so much a business and so little a speculation as to-day. Never was so much thoughtful effort given to the betterment of seed and of methods. Never was there so full a comprehension on the part of the farmer and of the dealer of the world-wide importance of this largess of the soil. Governments are spending millions investigating new ways of increasing the yields, and of striving to secure new varieties of seed that shall give better results. States are assisting their citizens to import pure seed that shall add to the quality of the product. Railways are sending instructors along their routes to teach farmers how they can raise larger crops and make greater profits.

Vast wealth and the trained brains of skilled students in agronomy are bent toward solving the problem of the loaf of bread. Unless they succeed notably, the prospect is that the loaf will not soon be cheaper; but a great body of consumers will be reasonably well satisfied if it does not become dearer.



ONE OF THE COMPLETED TUNNELS OF THE JAWBONE DIVISION

THE LONGEST AQUEDUCT IN THE WORLD

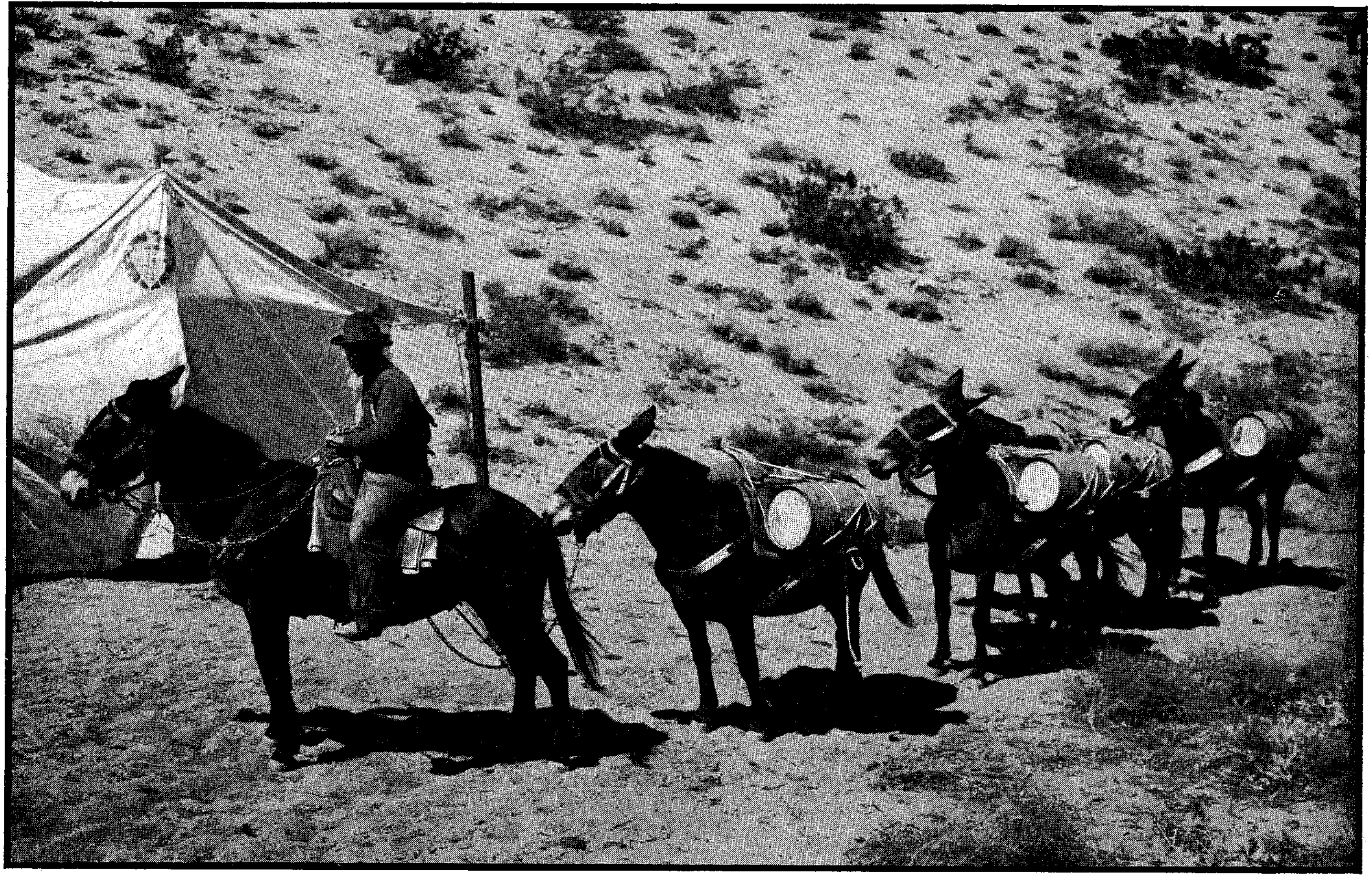
BY

BURT A. HEINLY

WIND-SWEPT and inhospitable to the tired traveler, the Mojave Desert, with its infrequent water-holes and mile on mile of yellow sand, appears an impossible region in which to quarter an army of five thousand men for four years. And yet this is what a city is doing, under the stalwart leadership of one man. The municipality is Los Angeles, California, and the character which has swept everything before it in an effort to give this Southwestern metropolis a water supply is its Water Superintendent, William Mulholland.

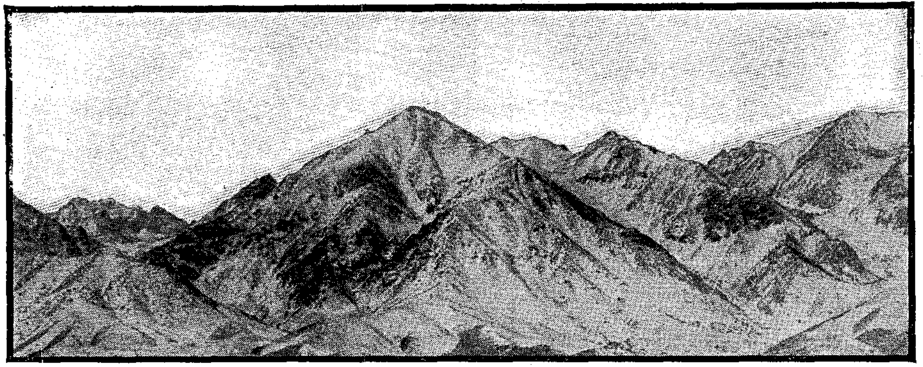
Los Angeles must have a larger supply of the precious fluid, at whatever cost. The price is the construction of the longest aqueduct in the world. This conduit of steel and concrete is to stretch from the everlasting snow-fields of the Sierra Nevadas two hundred and forty miles across the Mojave Desert and under the Coast Range of mountains, thence into the San Fernando Valley, at the mouth of which Los Angeles is situated. To make the undertaking possible Los Angeles has voted an expenditure of $24,500,000; for in a country where no rain falls between the months of April and October, and with irrigation as a necessity to production from the soil, a drop of water has a very proper valuation.

Four years ago a stage of the descrip-



TRANSPORTING WATER AND DYNAMITE

Used in constructing the mountain roads, which cost Los Angeles $5,000 a mile to build, to make accessible a portion of the aqueduct



WHERE THE WATER COMES FROM—THE EASTERN SLOPES OF THE SIERRA NEVADAS

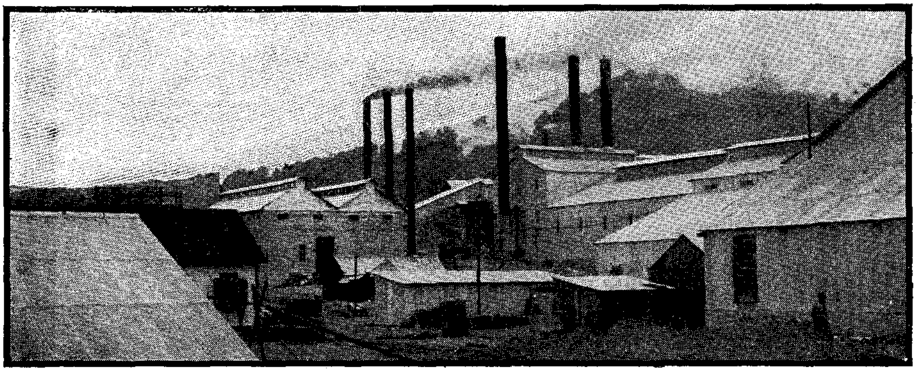
tion used in the early forties of California gold-crazed days made trips three times a week from Mojave, a point on the Southern Pacific Railroad, to Keeler, on the northern edge of the desert. The distance is one hundred and twenty miles. In the autumn prospectors outfitted at Mojave and with their burros tracked across the waste into the mountains that hem Death Valley, prospecting as the winter heat permitted. Other than these, the Mojave saw little more life than that of the jack-rabbit, the rattlesnake, and a wandering coyote strayed from the foothills.

To-day five thousand men are either tunneling the mountains that front upon this desert or they are cutting a long and narrow scar twelve feet wide and ten feet deep across its face. All of them are Americans, and all of them are working under the Western will that conquers.

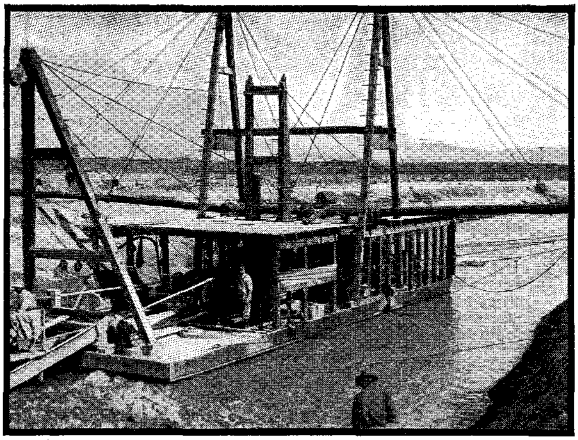
A less courageous man than Mulholland would not have picked up the gauntlet that Nature had thrown down. But Mulholland, with all the Irish determination of his make-up, seized the glove, and how well he and his chief assistant, J. P. Lippincott, have fought we shall see.

The first thing, evidently, was to provide water—a very large amount of it, because men and animals become sieves on the Mojave when the thermometer, shielded from the sun, reads 124 degrees; and water is a very necessary component in the mixing of concrete. Scouting parties were sent out. Water was found in half a dozen places far back in the mountains, and immediately the work of piping it to the line of the aqueduct was begun. These water-pipe lines now have a length of one hundred and forty-eight miles, and the work of development is still going forward. On high elevations large cisterns covered and lined with cement have been excavated and serve as storage reservoirs.

Hardly less important was the problem of getting this army of men into the desolate region, and, when they were once there, to be able to keep them in food. Even more necessary was some means



THE MUNICIPAL CURRENT PLANT AT TEHACHAPI, CALIFORNIA



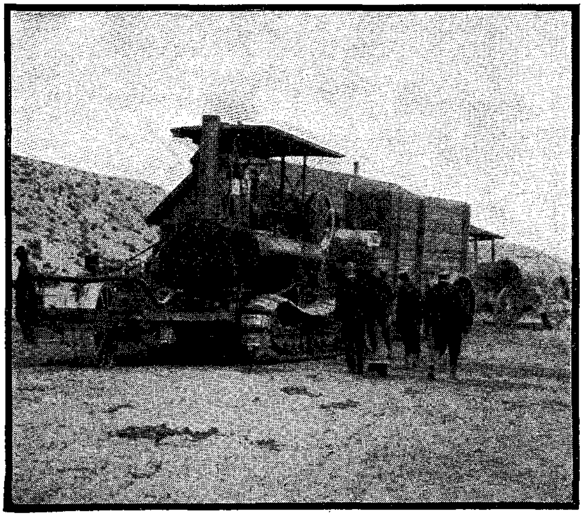
DREDGING ACROSS THE DRY LAND IN THE OWENS VALLEY

for furnishing the million ton-miles of cement, lumber, steel, machinery, and other materials used in construction. A railroad to cost a million dollars was a necessity. Los Angeles did not wish to extend its plunge into municipal ownership to the limit of building and operating a steam railway, but there seemed no alternative. So legislation was enacted by the State Legislature making this possible, an engineering party was placed in the field, a survey was completed after ten months of investigation, and the city began looking about for materials and a railway organization for building. At this juncture the Southern Pacific agreed to build the road for the privilege of handling all freight over its own lines. This was a year ago. To-day eighty of the one hundred and twenty miles are completed and in operation.

With water, transportation, and subsistence problems solved, there still remained that of housing the army. Aqueduct engineers were placed at work, and plans were drawn for houses best adapted to the climatic conditions to be overcome. Many of these houses are portable—so constructed that they can be taken down in sections and set up at other points as the work progresses. In truth, the houses are all windows and doors. It has cost the city twenty-five dollars on an average for each man housed. There are one hundred and eighty-five of these bunk houses and dwellings, and all are lighted by electricity developed by the city's hydro-electric plants in the Owens Valley. Three of such plants, with an aggregate of thirty-three hundred horse-power, have been built to furnish power along the aqueduct for the tunnel and conduit excavating machinery. Warehouses and storehouses line the railway at convenient intervals.

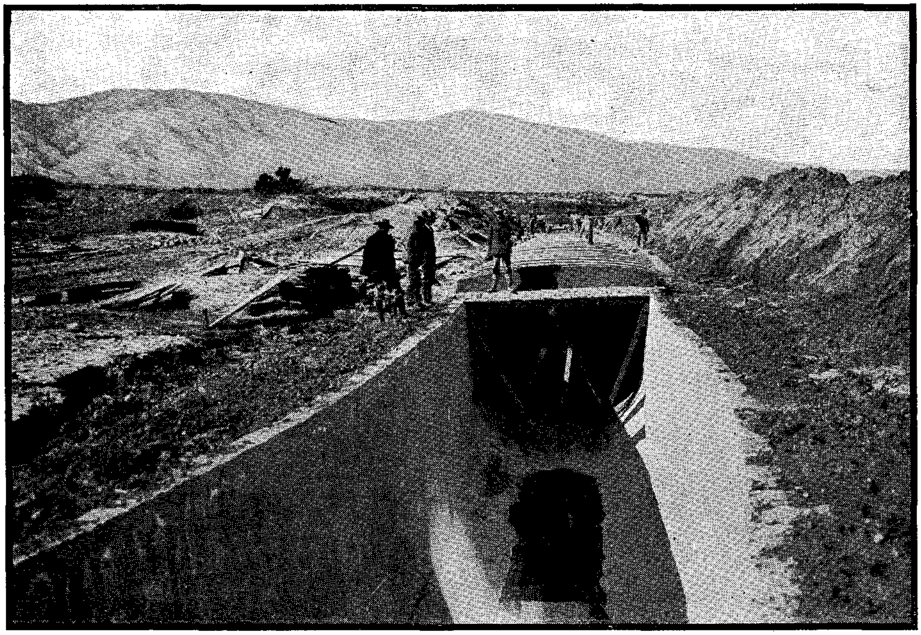
There is little sickness on this desert. It has an elevation of from 3,000 to 3,600 feet, and man has as yet sown few of the seeds of disease upon it. Health, however, is the first attribute of good work, and a hospital corps guards the strength of this laboring army with unceasing vigilance. Separated into divisions under a physician and his staff, and with a hospital in each, provision is made for sickness, contagious or otherwise, and the accidents which are a part of the toll of human life in every great enterprise. The medical staff has in charge the sanitary conditions of the fifty-five camps, with regular inspections and reports to the medical headquarters in Los Angeles.

The American saloon has been a hard



THE CATERPILLAR ENGINE

By which food and construction materials are hauled from the desert to the line of the aqueduct, high in the mountains. This engine was first used in the Boer War



A SECTION OF THE AQUEDUCT

problem to overcome. Mr. Mulholland figured that to permit saloons to gain a foothold along the line of the aqueduct where they would be easily accessible would decrease the efficiency of his men by twenty per cent and cost the city $4,000,000. With the beginning of construction these saloons sprang up overnight like mushrooms. Los Angeles went to the State Legislature for assistance. It was no easy task to dislodge these saloons with the "balley houses" that went with them, for they were strongly intrenched, with the brewery interests of the State at their back. Dislodged they were, however, by the passage of a law which prohibited the location of a saloon within four miles of any public work and providing for the closing of all grog-shops along the aqueduct which had not had an existence of at least two years.

Mojave, a division point on the Southern Pacific, has twelve saloons, three lodging-houses, a post-office, two restaurants, and a general store. As a town the recent law cannot be made to reach it. Mojave is, or was before Los Angeles began its operations on the desert, the stepping-off place. "God made the rest of the world for human bein's, this desert he made for himself," an old prospector who had traversed the Mojave and loved it for its desolation told me, "but he never made that town of Mojave." More desolate than the desert, for Mojave pretends to civilization and the desert does not, this town is the Gomorrah of the West. The sheriff not long ago refused to look up some horse thieves until he had finished a game of poker with a stranger who had come to town with "a roll of green." After ten hours at the table, the sheriff expressed a willingness to hunt the rustlers and asked for particulars of the theft.

As a whole this army of day laborers is better than the usual run that follow a great engineering enterprise. All employees above day laborer, miner, and mechanic are under the city's Civil Service rules, and so far politics has found no entering wedge.

With one exception, the work is being done by the city, under the direction of the city's engineers. This fact is responsible for the better than average grade of labor employed. The one contractor on the job, who is doing a million dollars' worth of work twelve miles north of Mojave, evidently believes that cleanliness is next to godliness. If he is unable to govern the condition of their souls, he takes upon himself a responsibility for their bodies. A laborer on accepting employment is introduced to a bath-tub (in many instances it is an introduction of total strangers), and he is told to scrub himself. Meanwhile his clothes and blankets are disinfected. He is then given a bed with *sheets*—think of it, sheets on the Mojave Desert!—and ten cents per night is deducted from his wages in payment for the luxury. This thrifty contractor furnishes first-class board at twenty-five cents per meal. Saloons, of course, are tabooed, but there are plenty of soft drinks on sale at the amusement hall (also run by the contractor), where there are reading matter, games, and pool-tables. Checks are issued to the players at five cents a cue, and are redeemable for half that amount in trade. Yes, Perry Howard is a thrifty soul, but his men are well satisfied and there isn't a better grade of workmen on the job.

To-day, and every day since the work started, the "stakeman," with his thin blankets in a light roll at the end of a stick over his shoulder, treads in scores the line of the aqueduct from camp to camp. He is the typification and warning illustration of the rolling stone that gathers no moss. To-day he is mucking in the tunnels of the Coast Range, recovering from yesterday's debauch in Los Angeles, and now accepting employment at the first camp in which he can find employment. Next week he will be at work in the ditch behind a steam shovel some place on the desert. A month hence he will ask for his time-check for labor on the canal in the Owens Valley. Late summer will see him, with his roll of blankets on his back, footing the trail which leads over the White Mountains and into the rich mining camps of Nevada, where early winter will find him breaking out gold ore. The Unknown calls always to him, and always he obeys the summons. Too parsimonious to purchase a pair of three-dollar blankets or a pair of shoes, he spends a month's pay-checks with the munificence of a millionaire at the first point where he comes in contact with civilization and a saloon. He begins life anew the next morning with a raging headache as his only capital.

Sometimes the "stakeman" works in as many as nine camps within three or four weeks, each time, usually, under an alias; and where five thousand men may be actually employed for the month, the pay-rolls may contain seven thousand five hundred names. But, for all that, he is a part, and a valuable one, in the great scheme by which Los Angeles, with that relentless energy of the new Western city, is thrusting herself forward to what she believes is greatness.

INDIAN SUMMER

BY

ANNIE KATE BARNES

The trees are leafless, and the grass is dead
Beneath the feet. The summer flowers sleep
(Except a truant rose), the low skies weep
At dawn, because the summer's fled:
And yet within the gardens (gold and red)
The brave chrysanthemums their vigil keep
In colors of the summer; light winds heap
The fallen leaves; the sun from overhead
With warmth and cheer sends down his golden light
Through the bare trees, or at the casement gleams.
Through rosy twilight draws the quiet night—
Anon a bird-note falters, and the streams
Of traffic cease, and in the softened light
The soul of summer lingers still and dreams.

Four English Songs

by

Shakespeare

Lovelace

and

Herrick

With an Introduction

by

Hamilton Wright Mabie

F·C·GORDON

Introduction

SHAKESPEARE the dramatist looms so large on the stage of English literature that Shakespeare the lyric poet is overshadowed and thrust into the shade; and yet in the poetry that is primarily musical and, so to speak, sings itself, the author of "Fidele," which Tennyson loved and which lay beside him on his death-bed, shows himself as much a master of the vocal resources of versification as of its potencies of emotion, passion, and terror. In a few flowing lines the common destiny, the general pathos, of life are touched so lightly that they can hardly be called the burden of his song, for they convey no sense of weight; but not one of the many contrasts between the place and power of the king as sovereign and his fragility as man in which the plays abound strikes a graver note. The common fate of the race could hardly be more tenderly and beautifully phrased. On the other hand, in the whole range of poetry there is not a lovelier morning song than "Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings," with its springing joy in awakening life, its jubilant welcome to the day in the rising of the lark, the setting forth of the sun, the opening of flowers, the happy call of love. The freshness and fragrance of the birth of the world are in these exquisite lines; so free from care or toil, so akin with the hour and the streaming life they sing.

Born thirty years later than Shakespeare and dying in 1674, Robert Herrick kept the singing quality through the storm of civil war, and was silenced only by death. A pastoral poet of very high rank, he is also a master of the lyric; indeed, if called upon to name the most beguiling maker of pure song in English, most lovers of poetry would probably unite on Herrick. In an age of unique lyrical genius, he alone among the singers lived the life of a poet, undisturbed by the tumult of the time. Crashaw, Carew, Lovelace, Cowley, Davenant, felt the malign influence of civil war; Milton was lifted by its antagonisms as a bird rises against a strong wind, but the lyric joy of "L'Allegro" was no longer in the lonely soul of the author of "Paradise Lost." Herrick spent fourteen years in Cambridge and twenty in a Devonshire vicarage. A clergyman of pagan temper, a priest of classical taste and culture, he could write the "Hesperides" and "Noble Numbers" without any consciousness of incongruity. He was a belated heathen who had strayed into a pulpit, but whose temperament and genius were not subdued by the dim religious light in which he preached, nor his frankly sensuous habit of speech toned down by ecclesiastical propriety. He wrote more than twelve hundred poems, most of them short; some of them mere snatches of song. In his study, it may be suspected, he read the classics oftener than the Fathers; and in his garden he seems always to have been breaking into little songs. And these little songs were the best of him; unforced, deliciously unconscious of official duties and dignity, they have the charm of perfect spontaneity; entire sincerity, overflowing spirits, untiring freshness of imagination, childlike joy in nature, in beauty, in life for its own sake, mastery of the liquid music of words. Herrick was a man of the earth, with a wonderful voice, who had strayed into a church and sang indifferently lyrics to old goddesses or hymns to the saints without any change of tune or temper. Mr. Gosse has said of the "Hesperides" that there is not a sunnier book in the world. "The poet sings, in short flights of song, of all that makes life gay and luxurious, of the freshness of a dewy field, of the fecundity and heat of harvest, of the odor and quietude of an autumn orchard." But life did not leave Herrick untouched by its monitions, and the lines "To Daffodils," which The Outlook reprints with three other lyrics in this issue, sound this deeper note.

The career of Richard Lovelace was in striking contrast with that of Robert Herrick. Born in 1618, two years after Shakespeare's death, he was for a time the darling of his generation, often called the handsomest man of his age; born to rank and wealth, of captivating manners, turning with ease from the reading of Greek poetry to music and to feats of arms, early a favorite at Court, he was thrown later into prison, his betrothed, thinking him dead, married another man, and after a few years of the recklessness that is born of despair he died in extreme destitution in a cellar, in his early prime.

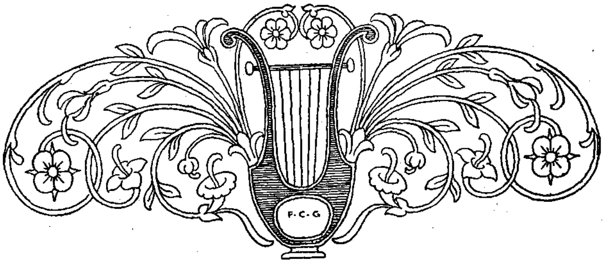
Lovelace was a poet as he was a courtier, a scholar, and a soldier; the writing of verse was incidental in his adventurous and unregulated life. His work was stamped by haste and extreme carelessness; he was often trivial, affected, and frivolous; but there is a touch of gallantry, a heroic note, in his poetry as in his life. He had a manly temper, a loyal nature, and a command of the phrase that rings with conviction and restrained emotion; and these qualities made it possible for him to write two of the most spirited and noble songs in our language, and to give honor a definition which has become part of our common speech. The lines "To Althea from Prison" and "To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars," are to be counted among the finest English songs.

The lyric is, of all poetic forms, nearest the heart of the world because it is, at its best, simple in language, musical to the ear, and holds and conveys those experiences, passions, hopes, and aspirations in which all men share. To the lyric has been committed the expression of all that is dearest to the heart of humanity: freedom, as Tyrtæus, Körner, and Burns have sung it; the rapture of youth and life as Shakespeare and Goethe have voiced it; the loveliness of nature as Theocritus and the tranquil and penetrating truth of nature as Wordsworth have found speech for them; the mounting joy as Shelley sets it to music, and the mellow richness of the world as Keats evoked it in magical phrase; the tenderness and pathos and love of wife and child and home as Lowell and Whittier and Longfellow and a great choir of poets of all races and times have given them speech.

The singing note in English poetry was heard oftenest between the birth of Shakespeare in 1554 and the death of Herrick in 1674. There were masters of musical verse before Shakespeare, and there have been many since Herrick, but they have not been primarily singing poets; their verses have not seemed so be trembling on the verge of song. The verbal harmonies of Swinburne are as capacious and varied as any in literature, but they do not seem to be waiting for the composer to set them to music. In the century after Shakespeare's birth there was a joy in life which, in the face of tragedy on the stage and in affairs, was a common emotion among poets; there was an unabashed delight in beauty and nature and in women; above all, there was an almost universal knowledge of music and skill in singing. The air was full of songs which were known to people of all classes; practically the whole populace could read music and sing it in parts at sight. Poetry and music were still mated, and words were coupled with notes almost instinctively.

It was this singing habit of the English people, probably, that made the period from Shakespeare to Dryden so rich in the poetry that trembles on the verge of music; for in every period in which an art flowers with prodigal richness it is significant that, while the practice of it may be confined to a few, the love of it and joy in it are shared by the many. Our thoughtful, earnest, care-burdened age has produced noble meditative poems like "In Memoriam," deeply felt and finely phrased poems like the "Commemoration Ode," rhapsodies charged with imaginative power like "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," delicate and tender lyrics like Aldrich's "Nocturne." But its poets have rarely sung as the birds sing in the dawn, forgetful of the night that has gone and care-free of the day that has come.

H. W. M.



Fidele
by William Shakespeare

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
  Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
  Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
  Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
  To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
  Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
  Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Hark! Hark! the Lark
by William Shakespeare

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
  And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
  On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking May-buds begin
  To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
  My lady sweet, arise;
      Arise, arise.

To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars

by Richard Lovelace

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honor more.

To Daffodils

by Robert Herrick

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

OVER BEMERTON'S[1]

BY EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

CHAPTER XXI

WE ARE WHIRLED AWAY BY THE 2:20 FROM CHARING CROSS AND MEET THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC

WE went straight through, leaving Charing Cross by the 2:20 which has carried so many happy travelers away from London through the smiling valleys of Kent. Were I a poet, I would address an ode to that romantic liberating train.

It was after midnight on the following day when we drew up at last at Venice, tired and dusty and hungry and stained, and not a little wondering why we had left London. But the next few minutes set that right, for all our weariness rolled away as we sat in the gondola under a soft starry sky, and watched the lights in the water, and heard the porters in fluent altercation, and at last got away and began to thread the narrow canal to Danieli's, where we were staying for that night.

The next morning we moved on, by Dollie's advice, to the large hotel by the landing-stage at the Lido. I will not say that there are no mosquitoes—*zanzare*—there, but I am prepared to admit that the manager's theory is correct, and that we brought them with us from Venice.

The secret of the peculiar buoyancy of the Lido waters I do not know; but they are wonderful. "Like bathing in champagne," Alderley said; and that, though a vile sophisticated simile, comes near the mark. Other sands may be gayer; but for its gift of exuberant gladness the Lido comes first.

Drusilla's face, as we met, on our way to the sea down the wooden gangway, on the first afternoon, an Italian gentleman clad almost entirely in his own hair, was worth its weight in kodak films.

"Why can't he wear a bath towel like Kent and father?" she asked indignantly.

"Because he's an Italian," was Naomi's unanswerable reply, which, however Drusilla may have resented its insufficiency then, she was bound to agree with later; for the sea was full of such shameless happy monsters and their ladies, gamboling in the waves with both feet planted firmly and frankly on the bed of the ocean, and none of the Briton's shame at being found out no swimmer, or any of his acrobatic efforts to convey to the shore an illusion of buoyancy.

Perhaps, when all is said, the profoundest difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin is the Latin's indifference to public opinion. There is no true civilization without it—if by civilization is meant the art of enjoying life.

As a general rule, after our bathing was done we lunched, and then crossed to Venice, where we spent the rest of the day very lazily and very happily. Venice, indeed, imposes laziness. Even Americans doing Europe approach restfulness there. There is no hurrying a gondolier.

My stepsister, who had not sketched for years, once more produced her paint-box and block, and we used to establish her comfortably in a corner and leave her for an hour or so; Drusilla and Alderley paired off, and Naomi and I. Drusilla had, of course, to see all the pictures, and we let her and her father find them for us and take us only to those which they thought very good. Venice is rich in beautiful pictures; but it is quite possible to prefer to see the Venetian painters elsewhere. To pursue pigment when one might be in the sun or in the sea seemed a kind of sacrilege. I am not sure that, with a few exceptions, I am enamored of the Venetian School. The sweet and pious Palma I love, and Giovanni Bellini delights, and Titian, of course, is gorgeous and glorious, and Tintoretto at his best takes one's breath away; but for the most part I prefer the Umbrians, and certainly the Lombards. This is temperamental, and means nothing. I saw nothing in Venice by Tintoretto that I liked so much as our own "Origin of the Milky Way," although the San Rocco walls are a kind of eighth wonder of the world. Titian's "Assumption" does not move me as some of his smaller scenes

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[1] Copyright, 1908, by the Macmillan Company.

have done. But, of course, I am all astray in these matters, for there are no pictures in Buenos Aires. Next year I must begin to look at the Masters seriously. One no longer sees a Venetian maturing into a Robusti or Vecellio. The Venetians that throng the piazza of San Marco when the band is playing are not like that. Shrewd they seem to be, self-contained, masters of their narrow lives, but no more. Perhaps they account for the appalling deterioration of modern Venetian art.

As for Naomi and me, we preferred the real life of Venice to its show life, and we spent most of the time, after reaching the city, on foot. For one may walk about Venice all day, and by following the little narrow paths and bridges at random, not only get lost, but come upon fascinating little squares and churches, family groups at the doorsteps, and richly colored fruit-baskets. Being lost is, however, no inconvenience, for the Grand Canal is never far away, with some adjacent pier where one can board a steamer that will in time come to the Molo again.

We did not even see all the show places. The Doges' Palace spread its nets for Naomi and me in vain; but I cannot say how many times we found our way to the statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni on horseback in the Campo SS. Giovanni e Paolo, and more than twice did we cross to San Giorgio Maggiore to be taken round the choir stalls by a courtly priest and hear him explain in fascinating broken English the carved scenes in the crowded life of St. Bernard; and more than twice did we glide on from San Giorgio to the Redentore, where a tall monk with a long gray beard unveiled one after the other the treasured paintings of the sacristy and set us, with all the solicitude of an enthusiast, in the best light for each, enlarging earnestly in easy, companionable Latin on their beauties. A simple, kindly creature, who surely will be seated high in heaven after a life thus spent.

Meeting some English friends one day, we heard that the angel with a flaming sword no longer stood at the gate of the Edens' garden, but instead, the family being away, their compatriots were admitted on the presentation of a visiting card, and off we voyaged thither, across the Canal della Giudecca into the narrow *rio* whence this paradise is gained: a tangled tropical place, lacking no charm but undulation. One walks on the flat between flowers and fruit along paths that seem never-ending, beneath a sun whose beams carry a fragrance of their own to add to that of the vegetation. The southwest boundary is the still and magical lagoon.

Here we loitered, careless as man in his first state, while the lizards darted between our feet, flashing in and out of the beds and the stonework by thousands. That is the ultimate impression conveyed by this Venetian garden—lizards. Large lizards and small, green and yellow, swift as arrows on the wing, and stopping as suddenly as arrows in the target, bright-eyed, wary, daring, silent as shadows, clear and radiant as jewels. Lizards. Oranges and peaches, figs and nectarines, may grow here like weeds; but it remains in the mind a garden of lizards.

On the days when we did not cross to Venice we would have tea either at the casino or in our hotel, watching the steamers empty and fill and the arrival or departure of that prince in exile Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, whose habit it was every afternoon to visit the Lido in his motor launch with the ensign of Spain, accompanied, like a figure in the "Arabian Nights," by a lady, a huge dog, and a black page. Tall and massive and bearded, I see him still, as he returned to his boat, pausing to open his purse and distribute alms, as a prince should, to all the beggars of the quay.

Usually in the evening we returned to Venice again to hear the music and eat an ice and recognize our countrymen. For Venice between eight and ten is concentrated into so small a space that it becomes a mere annex of Piccadilly and Broadway.

When we had pored over Baedeker in Queen Anne's Gate, we had planned a score of excursions to neighboring places—to Verona and Treviso, even to Bergamo; but Venice was too much for us. We had no such energy. Life was too sweet for sightseeing, and we said, "If we make an expedition, let it be to-morrow and not to-day," and loafed and loafed.

One afternoon we had a very unexpected meeting. Naomi and I were in the last room in the Accademia, where Bellini's "Madonna of the Two Trees" hangs; and who should be already there studying the little gay series of allegories but Mr. Dabney, of The Balance? He looked up with a face radiant with pleasure—not a trace for the moment of his usual critical discontent.

"At last!" he said.

"Then you have been expecting to find us?" I asked.

"I have been to all the hotels," he replied, "and no one had ever heard of you. I found I could snatch a fortnight, and I came right out at once."

From that time Mr. Dabney was constantly near us or with us, and was good company in the mass, but I found him no particular addition on such rambles as Naomi and I had been accustomed to take together. He had, however, not been in Venice before, and we, with our brief familiarity with it, being in the very agreeable position of comparatively oldest inhabitants, found a certain pleasure in showing him the sights.

In France he would have been, I think, a sad bore, for there he would have discovered so many points of superiority to the English; but not even so keen a censor of his own country and countrymen as Mr. Dabney could find aught in Venice, except such forgivable and inimitable advantages as crumbling and picturesque architecture and clear skies, to hold up as a model for home adoption.

And so, although a few walks with Naomi were ruined, I did not think hardly of Mr. Dabney or suspect danger, until one evening, after he had returned to the city in the last steamer, Drusilla remarked that he was evidently hard hit.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"By Naomi," she answered; and straightway the soft languorous moon left the sky and the delicate stars were blotted out. . . .

Of course. . . .

Why had I been so blind?

Returning to the hotel, I said good-night to the others, and again walked out. I sat on the quay and looked over towards the mainland, and realized, as one can realize only on very beautiful nights, how empty life is if it holds not one's desire.

What was my desire?

Did I want Naomi?

I had never put the question to myself in so many words; I hardly put it now. But I knew, as I had known when Miss Gold made that remark about Trist and Naomi, just before we came away, that I did not want any one else to want her.

Eternal dog in the eternal manger, that will not claim for itself, and equally dislikes others to claim!

I was not a philanderer; I had hated philandering almost more than any of the selfish vices; I was not a coward, or, at any rate, I was sufficiently a fatalist to have no fear of the future. These things I knew. What, then, was it that I suddenly recognized was making me loathe myself and my kind?

Could I really be one of those hesitants in love who had so puzzled me, and against whom I had, in my perplexity, my imperfect knowledge, directed so many a hard adjective?

Strange how gradually one has to come to the understanding not only of other men but of one's self! In a flash now I realized their tragedy and felt for them a great sorrow, none the less intense for its inclusion of myself.

They truly are food rather for our sympathy than contempt who have not loved enough to demand, but have loved too much or have too much hated the thought of others loving to be able to renounce. How that worm must gnaw!

There is no end to the subtle tortures which civilization has devised and is devising, but surely not the least is this modern hesitancy, which increases and will increase as we become more complex and believe less in another world, and therefore more in enjoying this: this terror lest the step we are taking should produce anything less than the maximum of happiness. In one life, so short, to make a false move, how can one bear to contemplate it? And, thus terrified, we make none at all.

Was I like that? I asked myself, and repudiated the charge. No, I was not like that; nor must I be.

I grew calmer as I decided thus, and calmer still as I realized that such fears, such panics, were common to those on the brink of a passion.

As I was?

Was I? Is it possible to reach one's first passion at the age of fifty-five? I laughed aloud at the use of such a novelist's word. But one thing was certain, and that was that Naomi was the dearest companion I could ever know—I, who had never much wanted a companion at all—Naomi's quiet presence and alert interest, Naomi's serene face, Naomi's atmosphere. I could not, indeed, think calmly of life without Naomi at all.

And she? Had she any such thoughts of me as a companion? I knew nothing, less than nothing. How should I know? I had never studied women. I had got on with them very well; had had a few friends among them in the Argentine; but always, I realized now, with the gloves on. Naomi was my first frank companion—since Agnes Gold those many years ago.

Agnes Gold. What was she thinking, as she lay there on her poor back, about Naomi and me? She had mentioned Trist as the ideal husband, but it was Naomi and me whom she had invited to control her affairs.

That thought gave me comfort, and I braced myself under it. I drew a long breath and turned my back on the soft stars and the lights of Venice and the pitiless, lovely, still lagoon, and went to bed convinced of two things: one being that it was fortunate our visit to this accursed beauty spot was nearly done, and the other that I would do all I could to keep out of the black pit of melancholia, for I saw swiftly down a vista of very dark possibilities.

CHAPTER XXII

MR. BEMERTON'S SECOND BED BOOK SOLACES ME WITH THE ODD AND HUMANE HUMORS OF STUARTS AND TUDORS

John Aubrey, whose "Brief Lives" Mr. Bemerton has sent me with a strong recommendation, and to whom I turned that night, is a man after my own heart. He had an eye for character, if you like, and his interest in the picturesque foible was at least as great as his interest in virtue. To read his concise little summaries of Elizabethan and Stuart personalities is to be made free of a most conversible company very near real life.

He knows his value as a kind of footpage to the Muse of Biography. He admits it in the following passage: "About 1676 or 5, as I was walking through Newgate-street, I sawe Dame Venetia's bust standing at a stall at the Golden Crosse, a brazier's shop. I perfectly remembered it, but the fire had gott off the guilding: but taking notice of it to one that was with me, I could never see it afterwards exposed to the street. They melted it downe. *How these curiosities would be quite forgott, did not such idle fellowes as I am putt them downe!*" The italics are mine.

Then again in the following passage in the notes on John Hoskyns: "He lies buried under an altar monument on the north side of the choirs of Dowre Abbey in Herefordshire. (In this abbey church of Dowre are two *frustums* or remaynders of mayled and crosse-legged monuments, one sayd to be of a Lord Chandois, th'other the lord of Ewyas-lacy. A little before I sawe them a mower had taken one of the armes to whett his syth.)" That is the seeing eye.

All sorts and conditions of men, provided they had some merit or station, appear in his pages just as in my Chinese book; but Aubrey kept a special corner for mathematicians and merry ladies. His chief mathematician and perhaps greatest hero was Hobbes of "The Leviathan;" but there are many others. Here, for example, is the description of one: "He is of little stature, perfect; black haire, of a delicate moyst curle; darke eie, but of great vivacity of spirit. He is of a soft temper, of great temperance (*amat Venerem aliquantum*), of a prodigious invention, and will be acquainted (familiarly) with nobody." Who was that? A thousand guesses. I will tell you. Do you remember at the beginning of atlases a map of the world with the hemispheres flattened out, entitled Mercator's Projection? Well, that is a description of Mercator—Mr. Nicholas Mercator. Philip Melancthon, says Aubrey, was Mercator's great-grandmother's brother.

For the merrier ladies, Aubrey's own pages must be consulted, since one may no longer write all one would; but here is his account of the wife of the great Falkland: "At length, when she [Letice Cary] could not prevaile on him [her husband] she would say that, 'I warrant you for all this, I will obtaine it of my lord; *it will cost me but the expence of a few teares.*'"

Aubrey's pen now and then could etch almost like Rembrandt. Here is Sir John Birkenhead: "He was exceedingly confident, witty, and very grateful to his benefactors, would lye damnably. He was of middling stature, great gogli eies, not of a sweet aspect;" and Sir John Denham's eye is made again to shine too, though it has been shut these many years: "His eie was a kind of light goose grey, not big; but it had a strange piercingness, not as to shining and glory, but (like a Thomas) when he conversed with you he look't into your very thoughts." It was Sir John Denham (author of "Cooper's Hill") who wrote to King Charles II begging for George Wither's life to be spared, because "whilest G. W. lived he (Denham) should not be the worst poet in England."

Aubrey indeed had a special gift for the salient trait. Thus, of my dear Thomas Fuller, of the "Worthies," he writes: "He was of a middle stature; strong sett; curled haire; a very working head, in so much that, walking and meditating before dinner, he would eate-up a penny loafe, not knowing that he did it." That tells more than chapters might.

Whether or not Aubrey told the truth, we shall, I suppose, never know, but he reads like fact. One sees, at any rate, that he wanted the truth; other things did not interest him. His account of Milton may be taken as an example. One did not quite expect it, and yet one believes it: "His harmonicall and ingeniose soul did lodge in a beautifull and well-proportioned body. . . . He had abroun hayre. His complexion exceeding faire—he was so faire that they called him *the lady of Christ's College.* Ovall face. His eie a darke gray. He had a delicate tuneable voice, and had good skill. His father instructed him. He had an organ in his howse; he played on that most. Of a very cheerfull humour. He would be chearfull even in his gowte-fitts, and sing." One does not think of the blind Milton as cheerfully singing; and yet I believe it if Aubrey says so.

Milton's friend, Andrew Marvell, comes very engagingly out of these pages: "He was of a middling stature, pretty strong sett, roundish faced, cherry cheek't, hazell eie, browne haire. He was in his conversation very modest, and of very few words; and though he loved wine he would never drinke hard in company, and was wont to say that *he would not play the good fellow in any man's company in whose hands he would not trust his life.*"

Aubrey on Shakespeare has one very interesting detail: "Mr. William Shakespear was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick. His father was a butcher, and I have been told here before by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he kill'd a calfe he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher's son in this towne that was held not at all inferior to him for a naturall witt, his acquaintance and coetanean, but dyed young." Now, the gods stand up for butchers; but what a thing it would have been had this other lad grown up too, and written plays too! Two Swans of Avon. For the rest, Shakespeare "was a handsome, well-shap't man; very good company, and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt."

Between Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, says Aubrey, "there was a wonderfull consimility of phansey which caused that dereness of friendship between them."

I find that the famous story of Sir Walter Raleigh and his son is Aubrey's. The boy, who was a bit of a firebrand and by no means in the paternal favor, was taken by his father, much against his will, to dine with a great distinguished company. "He sate next to his father, and was very demure at least halfe dinner-time. Then sayd he, 'I, this morning, not having the feare of God before my eies but by the instigation of the devill, went . . .' Sir Walter being strangely surprized and putt out of his countenance at so great a table, gives his son a damned blow over the face. His son, as rude at he was, would not strike his father, but streches over the face of the gentleman that sate next to him and sayd, 'Box about: 'twill come to my father anon.'"

Of Nicholas Hill there is this good story, which I must remember to tell Miss Gold: "In his travells with his lord (I forget whether Italy or Germany, but I think the former), a poor man begged him to give him *a penny*. 'A penny!' said Mr. Hill, 'what dost say to ten pound?' 'Ah! ten pound!' (said the beggar) 'that would make a man happy.' N. Hill gave him immediately 10 *li*, and putt it downe upon account,—'Item, to a beggar ten pounds, to make him happy.'"

One of Aubrey's friends—old Thomas Tyndale (whom he put into his comedy, "The Country Revel," as Sir Eubule Nestor)—reminds me of Mr. Dabney. Tyndale survived long into the Stuart age from that of Elizabeth, and he was forever looking fondly back. Aubrey quotes some of his lamentations: "Our gentry forsooth in these dayes are so effeminated that they know not how to ride on horseback.—Tho when the gentry mett, it was not at a poor blind sordid alehouse, to drinke up a barrell of drinke and lie drunke there two or three days together; fall together by the eares. They mett tho in the fields, well-appointed, with their hounds or their hawkes; kept up good hospitality; and kept a good retinue, that would venture that bloud and spirit that filled their vaines which their masters' tables nourisht; kept their tenants in due respect of them. We had no depopulacion in those dayes. You see in me the ruines of time. The day is almost at end with me, and truly I am glad of it; I desire not to live in this corrupt age. I foresawe and foretold the late changes, and now easily foresee what will follow after. Alas! O' God's will! It was not so in Queen Elizabeth's time: then youth had respect to old age." And so forth. I suppose there have always been such deplorers of the present, from the days of Cain.

I have always had a warm feeling for the author of "The Farewell to the Fairies," certain lines of which recur so exquisitely again and again, like a refrain in music, in Mr. Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill:"

> "Farewell, rewards and fairies,
> Good housewives now may say,
> For now foul sluts in dairies
> Do fare as well as they;
> And though they sweep their hearths no less
> Than maids are wont to do,
> Yet who of late for cleanliness
> Finds sixpence in her shoe?"

Dan and Una knew it all by heart:

> "At morning and at evening both,
> You merry were and glad,
> So little care of sleep and sloth
> These pretty ladies had.
> When Tom came home from labor
> Or Ciss to milking rose,
> Then merrily went their tabor,
> And nimbly went their toes."
>
> "Witness these rings and roundelays
> Of theirs which still remain,
> Were footed in Queen Mary's days,
> On many a grassy plain.
> But since of late Elizabeth,
> And later James came in,
> They never dance on any hearth
> As when the time hath bin."

Isn't it charming? Could it ever have been done better, before or since?

> "By which we note the fairies
> Were of the old profession.
> Their songs were Ave Mary's,
> Their dances a procession;
> But now, alas, they all are dead,
> Or gone beyond the seas,
> Or farther for religion fled,
> Or else they'd take their ease."

Of Bishop Corbet, of Oxford and Norwich, who wrote that somewhere shall we say about the year 1612—at about the time that William Shakespeare, having finished his own dealings with the fairies, settled down as a gentleman of leisure at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon—Aubrey has much to tell.

A bishop who will go to the trouble of lamenting the loss of fairies at all is something of a *rara avis*, especially when he admits their Romish tendencies; but to be the only begetter of such a story as "Dymchurch Flit" (even at an interval of three hundred years), that is the true road to gratitude.

Witty bishops are always good company—just as a joke in a serious paper gives one more pleasure than a joke in a comic paper. In fact, so much is this the case that a bishop to gain a reputation for wit need not, as one too often blushingly discovers, really be witty at all: a very thin imitation of the real thing will suffice. It is the same with Judges: laughter holding both its sides (in parenthesis) will pursue their mildest *facetiæ*. Richard Norwich, however, was a true wit, although, as he lived at a time before biography was much practiced, we have few enough of his good sayings.

Whatever happened, we should have

the Bishop's verses; but had it not been for John Aubrey we should know little of his spoken jests, some of which are very modern in spirit. Here is Aubrey: "After he was doctor of divinity, he sang ballads at the Crosse at Abingdon. On a market-day he and some of his comrades were at the taverne by the Crosse (which, by the way, was then the finest in England: I remember it when I was a freshman: it was admirable curious Gothicque architecture, and fine figures in the nitches, 'twas one of those built by king . . . for his queen). The ballad-singer complayned he had no custome—he could not put off his ballads. The jolly Doctor puts off his gowne, and puts on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket; and being a handsome man, and a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many.

"His conversation was extreme pleasant. Dr. Stubbins was one of his cronies; he was jolly fat doctor, and a very good housekeeper. As Dr. Corbet and he were riding in Lob Lane in wet weather ('tis an extraordinary deepe dirty lane), the coache fell, and Corbet said that Dr. S. was up to the elbows in mud, and he was up to the elbows in Stubbins." Sydney Smith might have said that. I know of no better fat-man joke, industrious as the humorists have always been on that promising topic.

Aubrey continues: "A.D. 1628, he was made Bishop of Oxford; and I have heard that he had an admirable grave and venerable aspect. One time as he was confirming, the country people, pressing in to see the ceremonie; said he, 'Beare off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staffe!' Another time, being to lay his hand on the head of a man very bald, he turns to his chaplaine, and said, 'Some dust, Lushington,' to keepe his hand from slipping.

"There was a man with a great venerable beard; said the Bishop, 'You, behind the beard.'" That is quite in a modern comedian's manner: "You, behind the beard!"

Aubrey ends with this convivial memory: "His Chaplaine, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned and ingenious man, and they loved one another. The Bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine cellar, and he and his chaplaine would go and lock themselves in and be merry; then first he layes down his episcopal hood, 'There layes the doctor;' then he puts off his gowne, 'There layes the bishop:' then 'twas 'Here's to thee, Corbet;' 'Here's to thee, Lushington!'" Bishops and then chaplains are not like that now; and perhaps it is as well. But those were more spacious days. And, after all, when a chaplain is named Lushington . . . !

I find one excellent and more serious saying of Corbet recorded by another acquaintance, for I have been looking into his history. On a public occasion—the visit of King James to Cambridge in 1614–5, the Bishop, who was present, was much beset by his companions to indulge his satirical vein, for the employment of which there was no lack of material. But he refrained, saying that "he had left his malice and judgment at home, and came there only to commend."

Next to the "Farewell," the Bishop's prettiest verses are to his son Vincent, on his third birthday:

"I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health:
Nor too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee;
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know;
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee, not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy not contentious days;
And when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art."

How many a wish in verses to a child has been falsified in this sad world! Poor little Vincent Corbet grew into a wastrel, and after his father's death was to be seen begging in the streets of London. The Bishop was perhaps a wiser man than parent. Many wits are. He died in 1635; his last words were, "Good-night, Lushington."

(To be continued)

SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

THE TEMPLE: THE INTUITION

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Quench not the Spirit; despise not prophesyings; prove all things; hold fast that which is good.—1 Thess. v. 19-21.

THESE are not four independent aphorisms. Combined, they embody Paul's religious philosophy. Man possesses a spiritual nature by which he immediately discerns the invisible world; let him not quench this spiritual nature. Does he lack it? let him not despise one that possesses it in large measure, the man of spiritual genius. Yet let him not accept all his visions or all theirs with unquestioning faith; let him test them all. How? By asking the question, Are they profitable?

The first two counsels find a counterpart in modern philosophy in a remarkable passage by Professor Huxley in his monograph on Hume:

> In whichever way we look at the matter, morality is based on feeling, not on reason; though reason alone is competent to trace out the effects of our actions and thereby dictate conduct. Justice is founded on the love of one's neighbor; and goodness is a kind of beauty. The moral law, like the laws of physical nature, rests in the long run upon instinctive intuitions, and is neither more nor less "innate" and "necessary" than they are. Some people cannot by any means be got to understand the first book of Euclid; but the truths of mathematics are no less necessary and binding on the great mass of mankind. Some there are who cannot feel the difference between the "Sonata Appassionata" and "Cherry Ripe;" or between a gravestone-cutter's cherub and the Apollo Belvedere; but the canons of art are none the less acknowledged. While some there may be who, devoid of sympathy, are incapable of a sense of duty; but neither does their existence affect the foundations of morality. Such pathological deviations from true manhood are merely the halt, the lame, and the blind of the world of consciousness; and the anatomist of the mind leaves them aside, as the anatomist of the body would ignore abnormal specimens. And as there are Pascals and Mozarts, Newtons and Raffaelles, in whom the innate faculty for science or art seems to need but a touch to spring into full vigor, and through whom the human race obtains new possibilities of knowledge and new conceptions of beauty; so there have been men of moral genius, to whom we owe ideals of duty and visions of moral perfection, which ordinary mankind could never have attained: though, happily for them, they can feel the beauty of a vision which lay beyond the reach of their dull imaginations, and count life well spent in shaping some faint image of it in the actual world.[1]

What Huxley here declares to be true of morality is equally true of religion. Both are an experience. The truths of religion and the truths of morality are not demonstrated; they are perceived. Immortality is not an hypothesis concerning the future, more or less probable; it is a present experience of a continuing life which does not share the decay and mortality which the body experiences. Forgiveness of sin is not a theory, so that one may discuss its possibility. The soul forgiven feels the burden of the past lifted off, the sting of remorse extracted, and a new inspiration to a better life in the future. When the Psalmist says, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered," he is describing his own experience, which one can no more take away from him by argument than he can take from the musician the enjoyment derived from hearing a noble orchestra play a great symphony. The inspiration of the Bible is a theological theory, and theories differ as to its nature. But the fact that the Bible has inspired men with courage and hope and loyalty to truth and virtue as no other collection of literature has ever done is not a theory; it is an experience which philosophy has not given and philosophy cannot destroy. Faith in Christ is neither a historic opinion that such a person lived and taught, nor a theological opinion that he stood in a unique relation to the Infinite and Eternal One. It is an appreciation of the beauty of Christ's character, the perfection of his life and the truth and goodness of his teaching. Its antithesis is not a doubt whether all that is written of him in the Gospels is true, nor whether he is uniquely divine; it is the experience "When we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." God is not a scientific hypothesis; he is the Great Companion, the one in whom we live and move and have our being. He is an experience in the heart of his child as the mother is an experience in the heart of her child. "Religion," says Max Müller, "consists in the perception of the infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of man."[1] A perception is something very different from a conclusion. The soul immediately and directly perceives the Infinite. "Spirit with spirit can meet." And, meeting with his Father and filled with the consciousness of the Everlasting Presence, the soul cries out, Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon the earth that I desire beside thee."

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[1] T. H. Huxley, "Collected Essays," Vol. VI, pp. 239, 240.

The present age is called a skeptical age. In so far as it is skeptical the reason may be easily seen. We have allowed this spirit in us which immediately and directly perceives the invisible and the eternal to be quenched. We have been for the last century looking, not at the things which are unseen and eternal, but at the things which are seen and temporal. We have focused our attention on the material world and dimmed our vision of the immaterial and spiritual world. What, in a famous and pathetic passage, Charles Darwin has said of himself the nineteenth century might say: "Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and, even as a schoolboy, I took intense delight. But now, for many years, I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music."[2]

The remedy is not new arguments for immortality, new theories of the atonement, a new philosophy of inspiration, a new definition of divinity, a new conception of divine personality. These are all well in their way; they may be valuable, possibly indispensable. But they do not constitute a radical remedy for modern skepticism. The scientific method will never give demonstration of unscientific truth. Arguments will never take the place of a living experience. As well expect an exposition of the undulatory theory of light to give sight to the blind. The radical remedy is a new point of view, a new habit of thought, a new exercise of the unused spiritual faculty. I once stood on the prow of an Atlantic steamer by the side of the lookout. When he saw a sail in the distance, he sounded a little whistle as a notification to the wheelsman. It was sometimes ten or fifteen minutes before I could see what he had seen. I needed, not a philosophy of vision, but a better pair of eyes. He who cannot see God lacks, not sound philosophy, but spiritual vision. We have lost our far-sightedness because our eyes have been fixed on the near-by things. Not unintelligently: the microscope, the telescope, the laboratory, have all been employed in honest investigation. Not fruitlessly: we need to know the world we live in, and we know it a great deal better than our fathers knew it. Not always selfishly: we have unselfishly sought to improve the condition of our fellows. But too exclusively. And so we have developed one side of our nature at the expense of the other. There are philosophers who deny that there is any other side of our nature; who affirm that we can only know what we can touch, taste, see, hear; all else is hypothesis; that scientific knowledge is the only knowledge. There are philosophers who affirm that most men can get no further into the invisible world than to see the justice that is founded on love of one's neighbor and the goodness that is a kind of beauty; that religion, like art and music, is only for the elect few. But most of us have no such philosophy. We recall devout souls; we realize that they have an experience which we have not; we envy them their possession; we want some article or sermon or book to give it to us. But no article, sermon, or book can give it to us. Nothing can give it to us but the development of an undeveloped faculty. We can acquire the power to see only by looking.

So far as this is a skeptical age it is so because it is too exclusively a scientific age. I do not know what the booksellers would say, but I do not believe that there is a great demand for devotional literature. The Bible is studied more thoroughly than before, but it is critically, that is, scientifically, studied. That it is more used as a simple expression of devotional life I doubt. Biblical scholars have been more busy in endeavoring to ascertain who wrote the Twenty-third Psalm than in endeavoring to ascertain how a twentieth-century Christian can have this blessed experience of divine companionship; they have been more desirous to discover who wrote the Fourth Gospel than to learn how we can make the prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John the supreme desire of our lives. Not only devotional literature—all literature takes a second place. Our great poets are of the past, and I wonder how much their poems are read by the present generation. Our favorite novels are problem novels; our favorite plays society plays. To present in fiction as nearly as possible a reproduction of what we see in daily life is the ambition of realism; to present a caricature of it is the ambition of American humor. It is true that the study of literature has been in recent years taken up in our schools and colleges; but, with rare exceptions, it is the scientific, not the literary, study which is pursued. Greek, which is pre-eminently the language of the greatest literature of the past, is not only dead but well-nigh forgotten. And we wonder that the age is skeptical, and endeavor to supply the defect of an undeveloped faculty by a scientific method; to substitute a religious hypothesis for a religious experience.

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[1] Max Müller, "Natural Religion," p. 188.

[2] "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," Vol. I, p. 81.

The first step in the remedy for the skepticism of the twentieth century is indicated alike by Paul and by Professor Huxley: by Paul in the three words, "Despise not prophesyings;" by Huxley in the more ample statement, "There have been men of moral genius, to whom we owe ideals of duty and visions of moral perfection, which ordinary mankind could never have attained; though, happily for them, they can feel the beauty of a vision which lay beyond the reach of their dull imaginations, and count life well spent in shaping some faint image of it in the actual world."

There are men of outsight—careful, skilled, trained observers—under whose guidance and direction we put ourselves if we desire to investigate the external world. There are men of insight, with quick, sensitive spiritual vision, under whose guidance and direction we may well put ourselves if we desire to become acquainted with the invisible world. These men also tell us what they have seen; and their testimony is worthy of our consideration. These are the poets and prophets, the men of moral genius. Their ideals of life are not their creation; they are their visions of the eternal and invisible realities. Tennyson and Browning have something to give us as well as Darwin and Huxley. There have been explorers of the deeps of spiritual experience as well as explorers of the mysteries of the stars and the molecules. To get acquainted with them, live with them, learn to love them, to consider carefully their visions which lie beyond the reach of our dull imaginations, and to count our life well spent in the endeavor to shape some faint image of these visions in our actual world, is the first step toward that acquaintance with the invisible and the eternal which Paul calls faith. We can find in Browning's "Christmas Eve" inspiration to a larger spirit of catholicity; in Tennyson's "Quest of the Holy Grail" a summons to a nobler pilgrimage; in Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" a call to enlist in a more unselfish service; in Whittier's "Eternal Goodness" a glimpse of the All-Father which will at least create in us a desire to know him better. Nor shall we find in literature any better interpretation of these spiritual visions than in portions of the Bible, nor anywhere in the Bible a better interpretation than in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

The real and radical remedy for skepticism is a sincere, continuous, and persistent endeavor to acquaint ourselves with these ideals, and to shape some faint image of these visions of truth and beauty in our lives.

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